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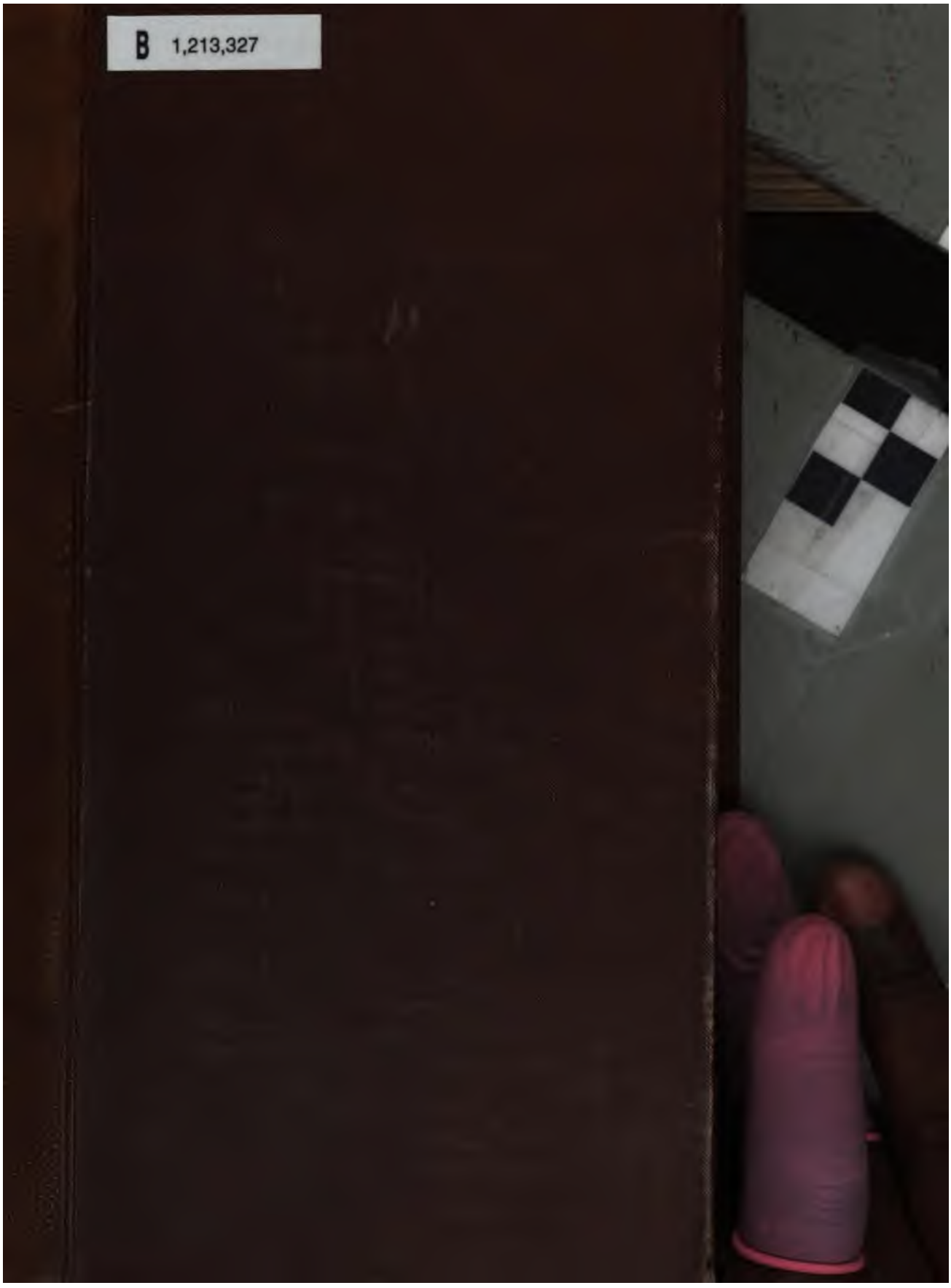
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THE

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THE WORKS OF

Jonathan Swift

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Second Edition

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES

VOL. XIX.

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1884

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OF

VOLUME NINETEENTH.

—o—

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SWIFT'S
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS

FROM OCTOBER 30, 1736, TO FEBRUARY 14, 1750.

SWIFT'S
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN STANLEY, BART.

Dublin, October 30, 1736.

SIR,

I HAVE had, for several months, a strong application made me, by a person for whose virtue, honour, and good sense, I have a great esteem, to write to you in behalf of one of your tenants here, whose case I send you enclosed; and if he relates it with truth and candour, I expect you will comply with his request, because I have known you long, and have always highly esteemed and loved you, as you cannot deny: I know you will think it hard for me, or any one, to interfere in a business of property; but I very well understand the practice of Irish tenants to English landlords, and of those landlords to their tenants. Yet, if what Mr. Wilding desires is rightly represented, that he has been a great improver, his offers reasonable, his gains by no means

exorbitant, and his payments regular, you neither must nor shall act as an Irish racking squire. I have inquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honesty; and that worthy friend, who recommends him to me, durst not deceive me: so I fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or shew me strong reasons to the contrary; in which case I will break with that friend, and drive your tenant out of doors, whenever he presumes to open his lips again to me on any occasion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occasion of inquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leisure, and what share I keep in your good will. As to myself, years and infirmities have sunk my spirits to nothing. My English friends are all either dead or in exile, or, by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; having loved this present world. And as to this country, I am only a favourite of my old friends the rabble, and I return their love because I know none else who deserve it. May you live long, happy, and beloved, as you have ever been by the best and wisest of mankind. And if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and shall ever continue, with the truest respect and esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I know not the present state of your family; but, if there be still near you the ladies I had the honour to know, I desire to present them with my most humble service.

I am now at the age of blundering in letters, syllables, words, and half-sentences, as you see, and must pardon.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

November 2, 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he also is troubled at it, as the person you recommend is, indeed, what you say, a very worthy person; but Mr. Molloy, who was Lord George's second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer, or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before: and I am now literally setting out for the Bath. So adieu! dear Dean.

—o—

FROM MRS. BARBER.

Bath, November 3, 1736.

SIR,

I SHOULD long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me; nor think me ungratfeul, nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to

you, which, Heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in inviting me to return to Ireland, and generously offering to contribute to support me there? But would it not be base in me, not to try to do something for myself, rather than be burdensome where I am already so much indebted?

As to the friend, who you say, sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I did not assure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of letting lodgings, your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health, has made you think of it for me; it is impracticable, but am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling Irish linen, which I find is coming much into repute here: in that way, my daughter, who is willing to do everything in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from Bath, I have reason to think that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever; since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good; besides this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son,* who is learning to paint, goes on well; and, if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at Bath; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be ever so indifferent; and I am

* Mr. Rupert Barber, an eminent painter in crayons and miniature.—F.

in hopes that Con * may settle here. Dr. Mead, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined, that I do not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then: and I find Mr. Barber is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are; nor, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms; that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable: and if I live till my son the painter goes into business, he might be with me. As for Con, if he does not choose to settle here, good Dr. Helsham, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to Ireland.

I have now, sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation; and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me, I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour; which if you, sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr. King of Oxford was last in Ireland, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on Polite Conversation, and gave such an account of it in London, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady Worsley,† who heard of it from Mrs.

* Dr. Constantine Barber, a very learned physician, and president of the College of Physicians in Dublin. Some of his poems are printed in the collection of his mother.—F.

† Wife of Sir Robert Worsley.—B.

Cleland,* and many more of my patronesses, pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription, if I had that, and a few of your original poems; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume farther upon your goodness: but, when I was last in London, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and indeed I have attempted it many a time since, but never could till now. I humbly beseech you, sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for asking it; for it was others, that out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself, by your writings; and that, since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you, to see me in easy circumstances; that everybody would gladly subscribe for anything Dr. Swift wrote; and indeed, I believe in my conscience, it would be the making of me.†

There are a great many people of quality here this season; among others, Lady Carteret and Mrs. Spencer,‡ who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. Spencer's account, who is better in her health since she drank

---

* Wife of Major William Cleland, a friend of Mr. Pope, and author of the Letter to the Publisher of the Dunciad, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem.—B.

† The Dean complied with this request by presenting Mrs. Barber with the copy.

‡ Daughter of Lord Carteret, married, first to the Honourable John Spencer, brother to the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards to William, second Earl Cowper.—B.

these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold stomach, I believe there is not anything in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the Bath waters; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of that kind; I know, sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? if you will not try for your own sake, why will you not, in pity to your country? O, may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you that Mr. Temple * was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine Madeira, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself you will visit Moor Park once again. Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful, humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

---

* John Temple, Esq., nephew of Sir William Temple, whose granddaughter he married. He was brother to Lord Viscount Palmerston.—B.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Paris, Nov. 9, O.S., 1736.

As soon as ever you cast your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was transported from Edinburgh to this place, requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a small hint; you know I am a Laplander,* and consequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with some witches of distinction. I speak in the phrase of this country; for the first man I spoke to in Paris, told me, he had the honour to live next door to Mr. Knight's hatter. But to our business. I would not have you imagine I forget my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me shall be dated from London, where I propose to arrive about the twentieth of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the press, and oblige the whole English nation.† As to the history, the Dean may be assured I will take care to supply the dates that are wanting, and which can easily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleases, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed less trouble than the interweaving them in the body

* This alludes to the doctor's satire, called "The Toast," which he pretends was written originally in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, a Laplander. This poem is now exceedingly scarce. It is reprinted, but without the notes and observations, in the Foundling Hospital for Wit.—N.

† The History of the last Four Years of Queen Anne's Reign. In the following letters, the reader will find the reasons why this was a posthumous publication.

of the history, and will do the author as much honour, and answer the purpose full as well. This is all I need say in answer to that part of your letter which is serious: for I hope you are not in earnest, when you throw out such horrible reflections against my friends in Scotland. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greatest politeness and delicacy during my short stay in that country? I found everything as neat and clean in the houses, where I had my quarters, as even you could desire. I cannot indeed much commend Edinburgh; and yet the s——ks, which are so much complained of there, are not more offensive than I have found them in every street in this elegant city, which the French say is the mistress of the world; *Madame, il n'y a qu'un Paris.* As to my own thoughts of this nation, you shall know them, when I am out of it: and then I will write to the Dean, and give him some account of his old friend my Lord Bolingbroke. When the Dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to hasten the publication of his history. In the meantime, I beg of you to assure him, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to execute his commissions very faithfully. I am truly sensible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the honour he hath done me, not in the French sense of that word.

I desire my humble service to Miss Harrison, and tell Mr. Swift * I shall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real service. At the same time, I assure you, with the greatest truth, that I am, madam,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

* Mr. Swift was at this time in Ireland, but returned to Oxford in the spring following.—D. S.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, November 21, 1736.

I RECEIVED the vexatious account of your disappointment in the nuts and water, which were both in perfection when they left me, and for which I will make the carrier an example as soon as I can lay hold of him. I do believe this same country, wherein I am settled, exceeds the whole world in villainy of every kind, and theft. It is not long since a pair of millstones were stolen and carried off from within two miles of Quilca; the thieves traced and pursued as far as Killishandra, and farther they were never more heard of, any more than if they had been dropt into hell. I do believe this dexterity may challenge history to match it. It has made all our country merry, but the poor miller that lost them.

I sincerely congratulate with you upon the recovery of our dear friend the Dean. May he live long to enjoy his friends, and the vexation of his enemies! I have been for a week past composing an Anglo-Latin letter to him, which is not as yet finished. I hope it will make him a visit upon his birth-day, which I intend to celebrate with some of his own money, and some of his own friends here. Three tenants have lately run away with thirty pounds of my rent: I have by good fortune got one rich honest man in their place, who has commenced from September past, and is to pay me their arrears the next May; so that I am well off. I will gather as fast as I can for the Dean; but indeed he must have a little longer indulgence for me. It is very hard that the

Squire —— should keep my money in his pocket, when it is nothing out of his. I suppose he intends it shall keep him in coals for two or three years; for the devil a one he burns, except it be sometimes in his kitchen, and his nursery upon a cold day. I have this day written a complaint of him to my scholar —— of ——, who, I hope, will have gratitude enough to do me justice. There never was known such a scarcity of money as we have in the north, owing to the dismal circumstances of some thousands of families preparing to go off, that have turned their leases and effects into ready money. Some squires will have their whole estates left to themselves and their dogs. O what compassion I have for them! I have written a little pretty birth-day poem against St. Andrew's-day, which, when corrected, revised, and amended, I intend for Faulkner to publish. I do assure you, madam, it is a very pretty thing, (although I say it that should not say it,) and as humorous a thing as ever you read in your life; and I know the whole world will be in love with it, as I am with you. But how the devil came you to tell the Dean you are no longer my mistress? I say, that you are, and shall be so in spite of the whole world.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

—o—

DR. DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 30, 1736.

MADAM,

I HAD proposed vast pleasure to myself, from the hopes of celebrating the Dean's birth-day with you; but as I have been afflicted with a violent headache

all day, which is not yet abated, I could not safely venture abroad. I have, however, as in annual duty bound, attempted to write some lines on the occasion; not indeed with that accuracy the subject deserved, being the crudities of last night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indisposition of my pate: but if they should in any measure merit your approbation, I shall rejoice in my pain. One comfort, however, I enjoy by absenting myself from your solemnity, that I shall not undergo a second mortification, by hearing my own stuff. Be pleased to render my most dutiful respects agreeable to the Dean; and pardon this trouble from, Madam,

Your most obliged, most obedient servant,

W. DUNKIN.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

December 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles' riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the

impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you began to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherly, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, &c., and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a contemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow; in short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs, as well as my own life. May my friends be happy in this and a better life! but I value not what becomes of posterity, when I consider from what monsters they are to spring. My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has £3000 a-year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years' rent unpaid; this is our condition in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he has not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave has restored his health. How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my Lord Bathurst and Lord Masham, and Mr. Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance, I desire, when you see them, to deliver my compliments; but

chiefly to Mrs. Patty Blount, and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? And are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*,* is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subject of such epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

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* "Ill-natured censor of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past."

FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.*

Castledurrow, Dec. 4, 1736.

SIR,

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot wheel is too trite a quotation; I shall compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your economy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for suet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of Dean Alrich, the greatest man that ever presided in that high post; that over

* Only son of Thomas Flower, Esq., of Durrow; created Baron of Castledurrow in 1733.

Virgil and Horace, Rag* and Philips smoked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, besides the expense of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled; but a scrap of paper I design to enclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and such other innocent amusements I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old-fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and refit myself for the public: but my own notion of the world, for some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. Woodward's shield;† though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next month for England. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son

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* Edmund Smith, usually called Rag Smith.

† The character of Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, in the Memoirs of his son Martinus Scriblerus, is intended for Dr. Woodward, who wrote a dissertation on an ancient shield; and Dr. Cornelius is represented as having intended to place his son in what he conceived to be an antique shield, to be christened; but which being given to the maid, with its venerable rust upon it, she scoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old sconce without a nozzle.—H.

will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a Christmas-box: small as the present is, pray believe I am, with sincere respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

I hope you are as well as the news says. *A propos*, can you agree with me, that the little operator of mine, whom you saw lately at his Grace of Dublin's, has a resemblance of your friend Mr. Pope?

Verses by Lord CASTLEDURROW, enclosed in the above letter.

LÆTITIA'S Character of her Lover, rendered in metre.

Old women sometimes can raise his desire;
The young, in their turn, set his heart all on fire;
And sometimes again he abhors womankind.
Was ever poor wretch of so fickle a mind!

The Lover's Answer.

Parciùs junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen. HOR. 1, Od. xxv.

No more shall frolic youth advance
In serenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling stroke no more shall beat
Against thy window and thy gate;
In idle sleep now lie secure,
And never be unbarr'd thy door.

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, London, Dec. 7, 1736.

I ARRIVED here yesterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a positive resolution concerning the History. You need not hesitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any public papers; for I can supply them without the least trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of those public pieces which you determined should be inserted at length; I mean Sir Thomas Hanmer's Representation; this I have now by me. If you incline to publish the two Tracts as an Appendix to the History, you will be pleased to see if the character given of the Earl of Oxford in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the same person in the History. Perhaps on a review you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of Guiscard, and the quarrel between Rechteren and Mesnager. But as these are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiss if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the Gazettes, or any other newspapers of those times. This is all I have to offer to your consideration; and you see here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this History should be published from the original manuscript, it must be done while you are living: and if you continue in the same mind to intrust me with the execution of your orders, I will

perform them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thousand obligations, which I shall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greatest truth, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

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TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, Dublin, Dec. 8, 1736.

I AM glad of any occasion to write to you, and therefore business will be my excuse. I had lately a letter from Mrs. Warburton, the widow of him for whom I got a living in those parts where your society's estate lies.* The substance of her request is a public affair, wherein you and I shall agree; for neither of us are changed in point of principles. Mr. John Williams, your society's overseer, is worried by a set of people in one part of your estate, which is called Salter's Proportion, because he opposed the building of a fanatic meeting-house in that place. This crew of dissenters are so enraged at this refusal, that they have incensed Sir Thomas Webster, the landlord (I suppose under you) of that estate, against him, and are doing all in their power to get him discharged from your service. Mr. Warburton was his great friend. By what I understand, those factious people presume to take your timber at pleasure, contrary to your society's instructions, wherein Mr. Williams constantly opposes them to the utmost of

* The Londonderry Society, of which Barber was president.

his power, and that is one great cause of their malice. Long may you live a bridle to the insolence of dissenters, who, with their pupils, the atheists, are now wholly employed in ruining the church; and have entered into public associations, subscribed and handed about publicly for that purpose. I wish you were forced to come over hither, because I am confident the journey and voyage would be good for your health; but my ill health and age have made it impossible for me to go over to you. I have often let you know that I have a good warm apartment for you, and I scorn to add any professions of your being welcome in summer or winter, or both: pray God bless you, and grant that you may live as long as you desire, and be ever happy hereafter. Is our friend Bolingbroke well? He is older than either of us; but I am chiefly concerned about his fortune: for, some time ago, a friend of us both writ to me, that he wished his lordship had listened a little to my thrifty lectures instead of only laughing at them. I am ever, with the truest affection, dear Mr. Alderman,

Your most hearty friend,

and obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

This letter, I suppose, will reach you, although I have forgot your street and part of the town.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, London, Dec. 21, 1736.

I WAS at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay till my return to London, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physic and water-drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them.

For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. Stopford's good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the Duke of Dorset, who, I dare say, will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since John Gay assured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterwards upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think it is in Tully's Offices, which I admire extremely, and should be

tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one. *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though, perhaps, never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the Duke of Dorset, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more among you, and the rather, since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord Essex will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to shew some regard to my recommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from France, who assures me the person you inquire after,* and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination towards it, though near ninety years old.† I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope shewed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it might be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord Chesterfield says, if

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* Lord Bolingbroke.

† Lord St. John, father of Lord Bolingbroke.

he does not come by Twelfth-day, the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it: one Mrs. Mapp, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road was met by a rabble of people, who, seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No Hanover whore! no Hanover whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, She was no Hanover whore! she was an English one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risk the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good? You, that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished; and yet I dare say I do not know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to Lord Carteret when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and, if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour: for I assure you that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

FROM MR. POPE.

December 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy than almost anything in this world now can do. For I can bear everything in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary, when you open your mind to me: and, indeed, it is but a prudent part to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves, as we really are; for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us; for, if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity; but if ever you live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birth-day. I can assure you something better and greater than high birth and quality must go towards acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you

mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my Book of Letters, which, so much against my inclination, has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

> Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
> Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias! *

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance, innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of anything to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reason to fear those which you have too partially kept in your hands will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine, to you, which we wrote in the year 1723,) and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost (wit as well as money) to these needy poetical readers.

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible;

* "How pants my heart old friendship to renew!
How pierced with grief old loves decay'd I view!"—S.

for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But, as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance acquaintance of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament; and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors; but I will own to you my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impressions, it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than these I see daily. You, dear sir, are one of the former sort to me, in all respects, but that we can yet correspond together. I do not know whether it is not more vexatious to know we are both in one world, without any farther intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: let me drop into common things.—Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has

just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter* in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing. Adieu.

FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.

Castledurrow, Jan. 18, 1736–7.

SIR,

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon.

I am delighted with the sketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister,

* On this letter Mr. Bowles has made the following just and beautifully expressed remark: "These letters, that almost *set us* among the very persons who wrote them, create, with all their faults, a melancholy interest. We hear of their acquaintance, friends, pursuits, studies, as if we knew them; we see the progress of years and infirmities, and follow them through the gradations from youth to age, from hope to disappointment; and partake of their feelings, their partialities, aversions, hopes, and sorrows, till all is dust and silence."

Sir Robert.* Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet thing I ever eat. The economy of your table is delicious; a little and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of Corelli's *orcastro*,† in forming which he excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than Lord Chancellor Middleton; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in Dublin, which, to be sure, was entirely owing to his lady. You really surprise me, when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. Dublin is famous for vanity this way; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any lord-lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence, than our present viceroy.‡ He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any allay in so beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising

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* Mrs. Brent, the Dean's housekeeper or prime-minister.

† His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. Corelli, the famous Italian musician and composer, and director of the Pope's choir at Rome, was eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert.—B.

‡ The Duke of Dorset.—H.

his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you have any commands to England for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience; but I beg to see you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority; for, as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and, with sincere esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, Jan. 29, 1736–7.

I OWE your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure, at a very cheap rate,

to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great Mogul; while the very few honest or moderate men of the Whig party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but entirely by consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the points of promises and employments; but a plain honest English farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a piece for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve silently, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the Duke of Dorset.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health has driven you to the Bath; the same cause has hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But I am at a time of life when I am to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left; while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which Heaven bestowed on you, for the delight of your friends, the comfort of

the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my Lady Suffolk, and your happy brother. I am, with the truest respect, Madam, your, &c.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Feb. 9, 1736–7.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havoc have time, death, exile, and oblivion, made.* Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion; I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if anybody cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have

* All these letters of Swift are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellects and temper, and strength of mind and body; and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into *discontent*, into *peevishness*, into *indignity*, into *torpor*, into *insanity!*—Dr. WARTON.

forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What has sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is, reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni*,* &c. You have put them into a strong and admirable light; but, however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried.—I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance,† and some of them may be deserving; for youth is the season of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future ministers, and future kings.—As to the new lord-lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

JON. SWIFT.

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* "The circling years on human pleasures prey,
They steal my humour and my mirth away."—S.

† His new acquaintance were, probably, Lyttleton, Murray, Lord Cornbury, &c.—BOWLES.

TO MR. NICHOLLS.*

Belcamp, March 14th.

SIR,

RIDING this morning to dine here with Mr. Grattan, I saw, at his house, the poor lame boy that gives you this; he was a servant to a ploughman near Lusk, and while he was following the plough a dog bit him in the leg, about eleven weeks ago. One Mrs. Rice endeavoured, six weeks, to cure him, but could not, and his master would maintain him no longer. Mr. Grattan and I are of opinion that he may be a proper object to be received into Dr. Stephen's Hospital. The boy tells his story naturally, and Mr. Grattan and I took pity of him. If you find him curable, and it be not against the rules of the hospital, I hope you will receive him.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

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* It appears from the list of the governors of Stephen's Hospital, published in the Dublin Almanack, that Mr. Nicholls was of that number. This serves to ascertain the person to whom this letter is addressed, for the direction is torn off. It is now published for the first time.

TO MR. JOHN TEMPLE.*

SIR, Dublin, February, 1736–7.

The letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin Mrs. Dingley, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not mention or inquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness: as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your aunt's picture† is in Sir Peter Lely's best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs. Dingley. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt: and if I live any time, I shall see that she keeps herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady, or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. Hatch can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at Moor-Park.

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* John Temple, Esq., was the nephew, and his lady the granddaughter, of Sir William Temple, by his only son, John Temple, who died before his father, in 1689. Mr. Temple was Solicitor and Attorney-General in Ireland, and esteemed an excellent lawyer. He died at Moor-Park, in February, 1752.—N.

† Picture of Lady Giffard, sister of Sir William Temple.

I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house: but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he has an Irish title, (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather,) and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.*

This letter goes by my Lord Castledurrow, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your lady, with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble, faithful servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, March 7, 1736–7.

I MUST begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health and old age; and yet I confess that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues, urges me on to

* See the correspondence with Lord Palmerston.

retain some little place in your memory, for the short time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letter is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country with more than an old Roman spirit: which has reached this obscure, enslaved kingdom, so far, as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from Bath; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers of the post-offices here and in London have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned, ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind: which, however, I do not value a rush nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. Stopford was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and

acknowledgments by you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morals and religion.*

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the Duke of Dorset's having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us; particularly in his disposal of two bishoprics, and other church as well as civil preferments. I wrote to a lady in London, his grace's near relation and intimate, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never design to attend him again; † and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost anywhere met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he has seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles: but failed in both.

The father of our friend in France ‡ may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in England, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring, to make a trip to England, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great

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* *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* See Mr. Pulteney's letter, dated December 21, 1736, p. 23.—H.

† See his Letter to Lady Betty Germain, Jan. 29, 1736–7.—H.

‡ The friend in France appears to be Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, whose father, Sir Henry St. John, Bart., had been created Baron St. John of Battersea, and Viscount St. John, July 2, 1716. —B.

service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an academic, *Nego consequentiam.* And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the French call *plein de vie.* As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. Mapp while it was new to us: there was something humorous in it throughout, that pleased everybody here. Will you engage for your friend Carteret that he will oppose any step toward arbitrary power? he has promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm, and yet some reports go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he has, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he has bestowed you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say, Amen.

I am, with the truest respect, and highest esteem, Sir, yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, Cork, March 15, 1736–7.

I RECEIVED your commands, by Faulkner, to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of Cork is ever the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at Helvoetsluys, than I am here. The butchers are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, and the Presbyterians as

holy, and full of the Lord, as usual: all things are *in statu quo;* even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will write on; Ogilby, Blackmore, and my Lord Grimston,* have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the Change; but am told, that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned of them having read a most dreadful account, in Littleton's dictionary, of Pandora's gold box, it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered, that Pandora was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. Littleton forgets to mention,) they would have seen, that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, when I have taken my seat among the greybeards.

My letters from England speak of great combustions. Absalom continues a rebel to royal David: the Achitophels of the age are numerous and high-spirited. The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the meantime, here we live, drones of Cork, wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine.* Heaven, and all good stars protect you! For let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe, and unsinged, who cares whether Persia submits its government to the renowned Kouli Khan, or that beardless, unexperienced youth, the Sophi. At least the Vicar of Bray and I shall certainly be contented.

ORRERY.

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* Author of "Love in a Hollow Tree."—H.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Cork, March 18, 1736–7.

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have received from Mr. Pope, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you a part of a fifth volume of Curll's Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you (one from Mr. Pope, the other from Lord Bolingbroke) just published, with an impudent preface by Curll. You see, Curll, like his friend the devil, glides through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pope is still uneasy about his letters; but I hope a letter I sent him from Dublin, (which he has not yet received,) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution. God forbid that any more papers belonging to either of you, especially such papers as your familiar letters, should fall into the hands of knaves and fools, the professed enemies of you both in particular, and of all honest and worthy men in general!

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanery, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. Pope's letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to England in June, you may depend upon a safe

carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I entreat you, give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life; which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant,

ORRERY.

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MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.*

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of your friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I enclose to you, that you may shew him. The man's declara-

* Enclosed in the preceding letter.

tion, "That he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water," with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either,) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the Dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this: and, the third time silent. I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and in whatever hands, while they are Irish hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the Dean so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by shewing him what I write. I told him as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not a eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however, to say, they would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by their management of them, than I by mine: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment at least, I presume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains, a want of memory. I would rather

suffer from any other cause than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many of his works will live; which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, (this last I mean,) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and Curll, and everybody else, may say and lie of me as they will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

TO MR. GIBSON.

March 23, 1736–7.

MR. GIBSON,

I DESIRE you will give my hearty thanks to Mr. Richardson for the fine present he has made me; and I thank you for your care in sending it me in so good a condition. I have invited several friends to dine upon it with me to-morrow, when we will drink his health. He has done everything in the genteelest manner, and I am much obliged to him. I am your friend and servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

March 23, 1736–7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task: for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed; they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse: though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and I firmly hope your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, &c., is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though

one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death; and who I cannot but hope have an attractive power to draw you back to a country, which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him, at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves in it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their imperfections on their head, so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old housekeeper and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

—o—

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, Arlington Street, March 24, 1736–7.

I THIS day attended the cause * you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of January: the decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and £100 costs given to the respondent. Lord Bathurst attended likewise. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, though I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention Greek, I must tell you, that my son, at sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, "Study Greek," *καὶ οὐδὲν οὐδέποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνθυμηθήσῃ οὔτε ἄγαν ἐπιθυμήσεις τινός.* He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord-lieutenant † told me, some time ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and shewed him the article of your letter relating to himself; I believe I did wrong: not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard

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* An appeal depending between certain persons of the name of Delane.

† The Duke of Dorset.—H.

that since they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been jacobites, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Mr. Delany. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which Lady Granville, my wife, and children, have eat, though I have not yet answered his letter. My Lady Granville, reading your postscript, bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the third place. My wife and Lady Worsley desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your most humble, and obedient servant,

CARTERET.

When people ask me, how I governed Ireland? I say that I pleased Dr. Swift.

Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.

—o—

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, March 30, 1737.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he is to deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Colrane. It seems your society has raised the rents of that town, and your lands adjoining, about three years ago, to

four times the value of what they formerly paid; which is beyond all I have ever heard even among the most screwing landlords of this impoverished kingdom; and the consequence has already been, that many of your tenants in the said town and lands are preparing for their removal to the plantations in America; for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the adjoining northern parts to the same plantations; I mean the oppression by landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider that no society can, or ought in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire who lives upon his own estate, and is able to distrain in an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, that they may depend upon receiving their rents, and thereby be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus, bishops, deans, and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as at half the value; and when they raise those rents which are scandalously low, it is ever by degrees. I have many instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as in that of my chapter. Although my own lands, as dean, be let for four-fifths under their value, I have not raised them a sixth part in twenty-three years, and took very moderate fines. On the other side, I confess there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle; and therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, that if you could be prevailed on just to double the old rent, and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner; for I am as much convinced as I can be of anything human, that this wretched oppressed country must of necessity decline every year. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent,

but not by such leaps as you are now taking; for you ought to remember the fable of the hen, who laid every second day a golden egg; upon which her mistress killed her, to get the whole lump at once. I am told that one condition in your charter obliges you to plant a colony of English in those parts: if that be so, you are too wise to make it a colony of Irish beggars. Some ill consequences have already happened by your prodigious increase of the rent. Many of your old tenants have quitted their houses in Colrane; others are not able to repair their habitations, which are daily going to ruin, and many of those who live on your lands in the country, owe great arrears, which they will never be in a condition to pay. I would not have said thus much in an affair, and about persons to whom I am an utter stranger, if I had not been assured, by some whom I can trust, of the poor condition those people in and about Colrane have lain under, since that enormous increase of their rents.

The bearer, Mr. Lloyd, whom I never saw till yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of great truth and good sense; he has no interest in the case, for, although he lives at Colrane, his preferment is some miles farther; he is now going to visit his father, who lives near Wrexham, not far from Chester, and from thence, at the desire of your tenants in and near Colrane, he is content to go to London, and wait on you there with his credentials. If he has misrepresented this matter to me in any one particular, I shall never be his advocate again.

And now, my dear friend, I am forced to tell you that my health is very much decayed, my deafness and giddiness are more frequent; spirits I have none left; my memory is almost gone. The public corruptions in both kingdoms allow me no peace or quiet of mind. I sink every day, and am older by

twenty years than many others of the same age. I hope, and am told, that it is better with you. May you live as long as you desire; for I have lost so many old friends, without getting any new, that I must keep you as a sample of the former. I am, my long dear friend, with great esteem and love,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

When I would write to you, I cannot remember the street you live in.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, Cork, April 3, 1737.

I AM very glad there are twelve thousand pounds worth of halfpence arrived; they are twelve thousand arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the same state of the unfortunate Achæmenides amidst tyrants and monsters.——Do you not remember the description of Polypheme and his den?

——— Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis
Intus opaca, ingens, ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
Sidera, (Dii talem terris avertite pestem!)
Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli:
Visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.*

* The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was paved with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
One monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies:

Remember also, that

> Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
> Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.*

Translate these lines, and come away with me to Marston; there you shall enjoy *otium cum dignitate;* there you shall see the famous *Sacsockishkash*, and his two pupils, who shall attend your altars with daily incense; there no archbishops can intrude; there you shall be the sole lord and master; while we your subjects shall learn obedience from our happiness.——If you ever can think seriously, think so now; and let me say, with the curate of my parish, Consider what has been said unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God, of his infinite mercy, direct you!—Mrs. Whiteway shall be truly welcome to Marston's homely shade. Hector shall fawn upon the doctor; and I myself will be under the direction and government of Sir Robert Walpole.

You tell me I am to carry a load for you to England; the most acceptable load will be yourself, and that I would carry with as true piety as Æneas bore the ancient Anchises on his shoulders, when he fled from fire, from blood, from Greeks, and from ruined Troy!

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it

> Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue;
> Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
> The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food,
> And for his wine, he quaffs the streaming blood.
>
> DRYDEN.

* Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep,
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides they stalk from steep to steep.
DRYDEN.

not below our station to think where or when we are to go? But, if my coach and six is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to start a hare in Steven's-Green about the first of next month. In the month of June I will hope to set sail with you to England. Mr. Pope will come out beyond the shore to meet you: you will exchange Cyclops for men; and, if one must fall, surely the choice is right:

Si pereo, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.*

My next shall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewell; but hereafter expect my whole life and conversation; you shall certainly have the cheeses. If you will come to Somersetshire, I will eat one for joy.† The best in England are made in my manor.

I am so well, that I had almost forgot to answer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happiness to your very affectionate, obliged, and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Dover Street, April 7, 1737.

I AM extremely obliged to you for several letters which I, with great shame and concern, acknowledge that I have not answered, as also several remem-

* I die, content to die by human hands.
DRYDEN.

† The Earl of Orrery hated cheese to such a degree, that he could scarcely bear the sight of it.—D. S.

brances of me and my family in your letters to Mr. Pope: I stand very strongly obliged to you upon these accounts; I dare say you will do me that justice, that you will not attribute my not writing to proceed from any neglect of you, or from any forgetfulness: I am certain of this, that I do retain the warmest esteem and sincerest regard for you of any one, be he who he will; and therefore I hope you will pardon what is passed, and I promise to amend, if my letters would in the least be agreeable to you.

One reason of my writing to you now is, (next to my asking your forgiveness,) this; I am told that you have given leave and liberty to some one or more of your friends to print a history of the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, wrote by you.

As I am most truly sensible of your constant regard and sincere friendship for my father, even to partiality, (if I may say so,) I am very sensible of the share and part he must bear in such a history; and as I remember, when I read over that history of yours, I can recollect that there seemed to me a want of some papers to make it more complete, which was not in our power to obtain; besides there were some severe things said, which might have been very currently talked of, but now will want a proper evidence to support; for these reasons it is that I do entreat the favour of you, and make it my earnest request, that you will give your positive directions, that this history be not printed and published, until I have had an opportunity of seeing it; with a liberty of shewing it to some family friends, whom I would consult upon this occasion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will be so good as to grant my request: I do it with great deference to you. If I had the pleasure of seeing you, I could soon say something to you that would con-

vince you I am not wrong: they are not proper for a letter, as you will easily guess.

My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter is extremely pleased with the notice you are pleased to take of her, she is very well: she brought me another grand-daughter last month: she desires your acceptance of her most humble service, and would be glad of the pleasure of seeing you here in England.

The Duke of Portland so far answers our expectations, that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the best husband, the best father, and the best son; these qualities are, I assure you, very rare in this age.

I wish you would make my compliments to my Lord Orrery; do you design to keep him with you? I do not blame you, if you can. I am, with true esteem and regard, Sir, your most obliged, and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

I wish Mr. Faulkner, when he sends anything to me, would say how you do.*

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* Mr. Faulkner, was with Dr. Swift when he received this letter, which he instantly answered, and made Faulkner read it to him: the purport of which was, "that although he loved his lordship's father more than he ever did any man; yet, as a human creature, he had his faults, and therefore, as an impartial writer, he could not conceal them." The Dean made Faulkner write on the same sheet of paper to his lordship, to answer for himself, and to put it into the post-office, as he would not trust a servant with it, that he might vouch the truth, if ever he should hear his character called in question upon this occasion.—F.

Notwithstanding what Mr. Faulkner has above stated, and, no doubt, accurately, as it consisted with his own knowledge, it appears, from a subsequent letter from Mr. Lewis, 8th April, 1738, first printed in this edition of the Dean's works, that Swift actually complied with Lord Oxford's reiterated request, and that the

TO DR. SHERIDAN

April 9, 1737.

ABOUT a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse, which will serve all my friends, I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forsaken me, except Mrs. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others, who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana, Tu clamas meretrix primus;* for we have all expected you here at Easter, as you were used to do. Your muster-roll of meat is good, but of drink in sup port able.

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manuscript history was revised by his lordship and some of his friends. It seems more than probable that the remarks which they offered, and the alterations which they proposed, induced the Dean to suspend, or to lay altogether aside, his intention to publish the work in question. See also the Dean's subsequent letter to Lord Oxford, 14th June, 1737, and Lord Oxford's answer, 4th July following, in which he again strongly urges the request here made.

Yew wan twine. My stress Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harrison; which caused many speck you'll ash owns.——I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which beggs innswyth mad dam.—So I will go on by the strength of my own wit upon points of the high est imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling;* which explains many fine qualities in ladies, such as *grow ling, ray ling, tip ling,* (seldom) *toy ling, mumb ling, grumb ling, cur ling, puss ling, buss ling, strow ling, ramb ling, quarry ling, tatt ling, whiff ling, dabb ling, doub ling.* These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower; they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble.——Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray, tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of £50 to be got? But, before you make complaints of ill payments from your school, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finished my will for the last time, wherein I left some little legacy, which you are not to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe to my executors. And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will, as the consideration of my leaving these legacies to you.

Explain this proverb, *Salt dry fish, and the wedding gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time.

The old hunks Shepherd has buried his only son, who was a young hunks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhyme; it is a satire on an inconstant lover :—

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once, Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

A Specimen of *Latinitas Grattaniana.*

Ego ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?
Ego faciam te fumare.
Duc uxorem veni super.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te secare saltum.
Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid est materia tecum?
Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus: Nihil est nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in farti tempore.
Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.
Esne tu super pro omni die?
Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis ursis?
Ille est ex super suam servationem.
Tu es carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem.
Ego dicam tibi quid: hic est magnus clamor, et parva lana.
Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam servâsti tuum verbum.
Hic est diabolus et omne agere.
Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum?
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.
Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullum manum in id.

Esne tu in aure nido?
Tu es homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula super.
Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.
Fæminæ et linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelæ lucem.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.*

SIR, April 9, 1737.

I HAVE wondered, since I have had the favour to know you, what could possibly put you upon your civility to me. You have invited me to your house, and proposed everything according to my own scheme that would make me easy. You have loaded me with presents, although it never lay in my power to do you any sort of favour or advantage. I have had a salmon from you of 26lb. weight, another of 18lb., and the last of 14lb.: upon which my ill-natured friends descant, that I am declining in your good-will by the declining of weight in your salmon. They would have had your salmon double the weight: the second should have been of 52lb., the third of 104, and the last of 208lb. It seems this is the way of Dublin computors, who think your country gentlemen have nothing to do but to oblige us citizens, who are not bound to make you the least return, farther than, when you come hither, to meet you by chance in a coffee-house; and ask you what tavern you dine in, and there pay your club. I

* See letter to Mr. Richardson, dated Oct. 23, 1736.

intend to deal with you in the same manner; and if you come to town for three months, I will invite you once to dinner, for which I shall expect to stay a whole year with you; and you will be bound to thank me for honouring your house. You saw me ill enough when I had the honour to see you at the deanery. Mrs. Whiteway, my cousin, and the only consin I own, remembers she was here in your company, and desires to present her humble service to you; and no wonder, for you sent so much salmon, that I was forced to give her a part. Some ten days ago there came to see me one Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman, who lives, as I remember, near Colrane. He had a commission from the people in and about that town, which belongs to the London Society. It seems that, three years ago, the society increased their rents from £300 to £1200 a-year; since which time the town is declined, the tenants neglect their houses, and the country tenants are not able to live. I writ a letter by him to Alderman Barber, because their demands seem very extravagent; but I had no other reason for doing so than the ample commission he had from the town of Colrane.* I wish I knew your sentiments in this affair. I never saw the gentleman before; but the commission he had encouraged me so far, that I could not refuse him the letter. Although I was ill enough when I saw you, I am forty times worse at present, and am no more able to be your guest this summer than to travel to America. I have been this month so ill with a giddy head, and so very deaf, that I am not fit for human conversation: besides, my spirits are so low that I do not think anything worth minding; and most of my friends, with very great justice, have forsaken me. I find you deal with Faulkner. I

* This expostulation is dated the 30th of March preceding.

have read his Rollin's History. The translator did not want knowledge enough, but is a coxcomb by running into those cant words and phrases which have spoiled our language, and will spoil it more every day. Your presents are so numerous that I had almost forgot to thank you for the cheese; against which there can be no objection but that of too much rennet, for which I so often wish ill to the housewife. I am, Sir, with true esteem,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

REVEREND SIR, April 17, 1737.

I RETURNED last night from Derry, where I have been for some time past, and where you will be received with great respect. I pleased myself with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you design being here. My disappointment occasions you this trouble; and I hope you will suffer that which can do it best to plead my excuse for being so importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleasant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year; the fields are putting on their gayest liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their sweetest notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river Bann, when they come in view of your apartment, will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I must brag of my situation, and will pawn my

credit with you in those matters, that you will pronounce it the most delightful you have seen in Dublin at least.

Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a self-interest I have in honouring this place with your presence. All the enclosures I intend in my demesne are now finished, and I am ready to begin what I intend by way of ornament; but until I am fixed in the scheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the best manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final resolution, till I shall have the opportunity of entreating your opinion and assistance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourself no disagreeable amusement, and occasion something elegant and correct in miniature, where nature has almost done everything. When you let me know that you have fitted your stages, I will contrive to meet you as far as Armagh or Stewarttown. I will only add, that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troublesome to you; and that I am, with the greatest truth, as well as esteem, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

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TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, April 30, 1737.

SIR,

IF it had pleased God to restore me to any degree of health, I should have been setting out on Monday next to your house; but I find such a weekly decay, that has made it impossible for me to ride above

five or six miles at farthest, and I always return the same day heartily tired. I have not an ounce of flesh or a dram of spirits left me; yet my greatest load is not my years but my infirmities. In England, before I was twenty, I got a cold which gave me a deafness that I could never clear myself of. Although it came but seldom, and lasted but a few days, yet my left ear has never been well since: but when the deafness comes on, I can hear with neither ear, except it be a woman with a treble, and a man with a counter-tenor. This unqualifies me for any mixed conversation: and the fits of deafness increase: for I have now been troubled with it near seven weeks, and it is not yet lessened, which extremely adds to my mortification. I should not have been so particular in troubling you with my ailments, if they had not been too good an excuse for my inability to venture anywhere beyond the prospect of this town.

I am the more obliged to your great civilities, because I declare, without affectation, that it never lay in my power to deserve any one of them. I find by the conversation I have had with you, that you understand a court very well for your time, and are well known to the minister on the other side. The consequence of which is, that it lies in my power to undo you, only by letting it be known at St. James's that you are perpetually sending me presents, and holding a constant correspondence with me by letters. Another unwary step of yours is, inviting me to your house, which will render your election desperate, by making all your neighbour squires represent you as a person disaffected to the government. Thus I have you at my mercy on two accounts, unless you have some new court refinements to turn the guilt upon me. I wrote a long letter some weeks ago; but I could not find by the

messenger of your last salmon that he knew anything of that letter; for you take, in every circumstance, a special care that I may know nothing more than of a salmon being left at the deanery. Thus there is a secret commerce between your servant and my butler. The first writes a letter to the other—says the carriage is paid, that the salmon weighs so much, and was sent by his master to me. If some of our patriots should happen to discover the management of this intrigue, they would inform the privy council, from which an order would be brought by a messenger to seize on the salmon, have it opened, and search all its entrails to find some letter of dangerous consequence to the state. I believe I told you in my former letter, that Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman, minister of Colrane, but who lives four miles from it, came to me upon his going to England, to see his old father in Chester, and from thence goes to London to wait upon the Society. He shewed me very ample credentials from the magistrates of Colrane to deliver to the Society, upon some hard things that colony lies under. It seems, about three years ago, their lease was out; the rent was £300 a-year; but upon the renewal it was raised to £1200, which was beyond what I have known in leases from corporations. I had never seen or heard of Mr. Lloyd. He is middle aged, and walks with a stick as if he were infirm. I wrote by him to Alderman Barber, putting the case as Mr. Lloyd gave it me, who says that the townsfolks and tenants of the estate round Colrane would be content to double the rent; but that the present prodigious addition had made the townsfolks let their buildings decay, and the country tenants were in despair. I then wondered you came to mention nothing of this to me, since you are concerned for the society. If Mr. Lloyd has not fairly represented the matter, he has

not behaved himself suitable to his function: However, pray let me know the truth of the matter, and how he came to be employed: only I find that he is not known to any of my acquaintance that I have seen since.

Pray God preserve you, sir, and give you all the good success that I am convinced you deserve.

I am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

May 22, 1737.

I WILL on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22, as you will read above in this date) send to talk to Mr. Smith: but I distrust your sanguinity so much, (by my own desponding temper,) that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed, but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the duke and his clan against the lowering of gold,* which is just a kind settlement upon England of £25,000 a-year for ever: yet

* The proclamation for lowering the English and foreign gold coin to the standard of English silver, was published August 9, 1737. Debates with respect to the propriety of this measure ran very high in Dublin. Lord Primate Boulter was the chief supporter of the scheme which was designed to remedy the scarcity of silver by bringing that of gold nearer to a par with it. Before this measure was adopted, the comparatively low price of gold in England occasioned the payments from Ireland to that kingdom being made in silver, and consequently drained Ireland of that metal. But the measure was violently opposed by Dean Swift and the bankers, and the public mind was, for a time, not a little agitated on account of the apprehended consequences.

some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will just be so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy, but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of Quadrille, (did you ever see it?) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises (against his nature) to consider him, but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives herself airs of loving you; but do not trust her too much, for she grows disobedient, and says she is going for to get another favourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me; and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the christian name of Knatchbull,* and I would have writ to him; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The poem on Legion Club is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only saw the original,) and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait

* Secretary to Lord Chancellor Wyndham.

for revenge to their next meeting. Others say the privy-council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy I would send it you. Your bishop * writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the work. Your loss of flesh is nothing if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar;* for half my body is already spent.

FROM THE HON. MISS DAVYS.

May 27, 1736.

SIR,

I KNOW you are always pleased to do acts of charity, which encourages me to take the liberty of recommending a boy about ten years old, the bearer of this, to your goodness, to beg you would employ it in getting him put into the Bluecoat Hospital. I received the enclosed letter from him this morning. Your compliance with this request, and pardon for this trouble, will oblige, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. DAVYS.

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* Dr. Hort.—H.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true, I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that has hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twitenham; for deafness being not a frequent disorder, has no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which, by your way of reckoning, I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy.

All the letters I can find of yours, I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles indorsed; but, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I keep them with all possible care: but I have been forced,

on three or four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends, yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles, to some faithful friends; however, what I have, are not much above sixty. I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: none of them have anything to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men, by your religion, and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this, such is my weaknêss.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: it was sent me in the English edition, as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for ironies in it; the sour folks think they have found out some: but your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the profession of friendship to me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you are a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray who is that Mr. Glover,* who writ the epic

* Few poems, on their first appearance, have been received with greater applause than Leonidas. Lord Lyttleton, in the paper called Common Sense, gave it a very high encomium. Dr. Pemberton wrote a long and critical examination of its merits, equalling it to Homer and Milton. Nothing else was read or talked of at Leicester House; and by all the members that were in opposition to Sir R. Walpole; and particularly by Lord Cobham and his friends, to whom the poem was dedicated. If at first it was too much admired, it certainly of late has been too much neglected. Many parts of it are commendable; such as, the parting of Leonidas with his wife and family; the story of Ariana and Teribazus; the hymn of the Magi; the dream of Leonidas; the description of his shield; the exact description of the vast army of Xerxes, taken from Herodotus; the burning the camp of Xerxes; and the last conflict and death of the hero. Many of the charac-

poem, called Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and has great vogue? We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation,* and two or three others. But the crowd do not encumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper: I am, my dearest friend, yours sincerely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, June 14, 1737.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your lordship, dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to answer until this time. Your lordship must needs

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ters are drawn with discrimination and truth. The style, which sometimes wants elevation, is remarkably pure and perspicuous; but the numbers want variety, and he has not enough availed himself of the great privilege of blank verse, to run his verses into one another, with different pauses. And I have often (as I had the pleasure of knowing him well) disputed with him on his favourite opinion, that only iambic feet should be used in our heroic verses, without admitting any trochaic. His Medea is still acted with applause. He was one of the best and most accurate Greek scholars of his time; and a man of great probity, integrity, and sweetness of manners. He died November 25, 1785, aged 74; and has left behind him some curious memoirs, which, it is hoped, will be one day published.—Dr. WARTON.

* By Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, published afterwards in Dodsley's Miscellanies. He was a learned, modest, and ingenious man; a great and skilful botanist. He died in 1771.—Dr. WARTON.

have known, that the History you mention, of the Four last Years of the Queen's Reign, was written at Windsor, just upon finishing the peace; at which time, your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery (after the peace was made) I could not stay here above a fortnight, being recalled by a hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I finished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my Lord Masham's, at St. James's. My Lord and Lady Masham left us together. I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my lord-treasurer; I pretended business that prevented me; expecting they would come to some * * *.† But I followed them to Windsor; where my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate; they grew more estranged every day. My lord-treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my Lord Masham's. He left us together; and therefore I spoke very freely to them both; and told them, "I would retire, for I found all was gone." Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, "I was in the right." Your father said, "All would do well." I told him, "That I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use." I

† Here is a blank left for some word or other; such as *agreement*, *reconciliation*, or the like.

took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there staid until the queen's death; and then to my station here; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my lord your father afterward. They could not agree about printing the History of the Four last Years: and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those rascals who have accused the queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the lord-treasurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the secretary's office, during the treaty of peace: out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that History, which I am now going to publish for the information of posterity, and to control the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time: and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and the most able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your lordship has any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the History, such as letters or materials, I am content they should be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it; and to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances; and desire to

present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the duchess. As to the History, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry at that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in Popery and the Pretender: and farther to demonstrate, that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to see England: I am now too old and too sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestic life: I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country; not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it.

Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and the duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy! I shall diligently inquire into your conduct from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and so should be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

CERVE DECANE, June 22, 1737.

EGO longus audire a te, nunc Francisci sunt venti intus. Dominus M'Carty erat apud Sanctas Catherina,* qui olim minabatur me cum scripto, et sue ego ibam ad Dunboyn. Non reddebam ad Dublinum apis causa debebam nummum, et ego habebam id non ad cicerem.

Meus filius Thomas sedebat nuper pro scholasticâ nave, et perdidit id per malitiam unius domini Hughs, qui gignebat super apud asserem,† et dixit, quod puer erat nimium juvenis, pro juramento. Diabolus cape ingratum Socium; nam olim dedi illum doctrinam pro nihil; et sic servit me nunc. Quomodo unquam ego non volo capere ad cor, sed ego faciem optimum de malo mercatu. O qualis mundus est hic! Sed ego dicam non plus. Scio quod scio; et tenebo mentem ad meipsum, et ego solvam id de cum cogitando.

Ego habeo tres libros sapientum dictorum ‡ transcriptos pro te in pulchrâ et magnâ manu, quos mittam ad te per primam opportunitatem, ante ut meus dominus Orrery vadit pro Angliâ: nam promisit capere illos cum se, et facere pactum, pro me cum prælatore.

Corrigo illos libros valde puteus, ut jubebas me, sic id ego spero non habebis multum agere; nam

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* *St. Catherine's*, Lady *Mountcashel's* villa about six miles from *Dublin*.—D. S.

† When the provost and fellows of the university of *Dublin* meet in Council, they call it a Board.—D. S.

‡ The Doctor's collection of Bons Mot.—D. S.

est non rationabile dare tibi multam molestiam circum sarciendo stylum. Amica Donelson est cito ire ad Dublinum, mittam illos cum illâ.

Ego habeo non ullos nuncios, sed quod nostra tempestas est valde calida, in sic tantum, ut omne nostrum gramen est ustum super, et pecora habent nihil edere. Caremus pluvia valde multum, si Deus placeret mittere—Mitte me verbum quid genus tempestatis est in Dublino, et si placet te mitte ad me rationem tuæ sanitatis. Da meum humile servitium omnibus, qui rogant pro me, Ad Dominum Orrery, ad Doctorem Helsham et cæteris amicorum. Precare cape curam de teipso, et sic obligabis tuum humillimum famulum,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Junii die 22°, unum mille septem centum et triginta septem.

Servitum et amor dominæ albæ viæ.

FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, June 23, 1737.

MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

I WAS favoured with a letter some time since by the hands of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, and by him take the opportunity of answering it.

I do assure you, sir, that as the society have always had the greatest regard for your recommendation, so, in this affair, they have given a fresh instance of their respect; for they have resolved to relieve their

tenants in Colrain from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire satisfaction of the bearer.

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great satisfaction to all honest men who wish well to their country.

Our friend Mr. Pope is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with several things in his way; among the rest, a translation of Horace's odes; in one of which you are mentioned "as saving your nation:" which gave great offence; and, I am assured, was under debate in the council, whether he should not be taken up for it; but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they passed it by.

I hope you see the paper called Common Sense, which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kissing your hand this summer; but we are all in confusion at Derry about power, which will prevent my coming at present; but I am in hopes of having that happiness before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almost; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord Bolingbroke is in France, writing, I am told, the History of his Own Time: he is well. You will please to make my compliments to Lord Orrery and Dr. Delany.

I have many things to say, which in prudence I must defer.

I shall conclude with my hearty prayers to Almighty God to preserve your most valuable life for many years, as you are a public blessing to your country, and a friend to all mankind; and to assure you that I am, with sincerity, dear Sir, your most affectionate and most faithful humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, St. Mary Hall, Oxford, June 24, 1737.

I DO not know for what reason the worthy gentlemen of the post-office intercepted a letter, which I did myself the honour to write to you about two months ago. I cannot remember I said anything that could give them the least offence. I did not mention the new halfpence; I did not praise the royal family; I did not blame the prime-minister; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had just then received from you. It is true I enclosed in that letter a printed paper called Common Sense, in which the author proposes a new scheme of government to the people of Corsica, advising to make their king of the same stuff of which the Indians make their gods.* I thought to afford you some diversion; but, perhaps, it was this made the whole packet criminal.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs. Whiteway, in which she tells me that I am to expect the manuscript by Lord Orrery. I will have the pleasure to wait on him as soon as I can do it without crossing the Irish Channel: as soon as I receive the papers, you shall hear from me again. I shall have an opportunity of writing fully to you by Mr. Deane Swift, who proposes to set out for Ireland the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman I cannot help recommending him to your favour. I have very narrowly observed his conduct ever since I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modest, sober, ingenious

* This paper was written by Dr. King himself.—D. S.

young man. He is a hard student, and will do an honour to the society of which he is now a member.

Mrs. Whiteway says, that notwithstanding all your complaints, you are in good health and in good spirits. What think you of making a trip to England this fine season, and visiting our Alma Mater? I can offer you an airy cool room during the summer, and a warm bed-chamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton commons shall be kept long enough to be tender. If you will accept of this invitation, I promise to meet you at Chester, and to conduct you to King Edward's lodgings: and then St. Mary Hall may boast of a triumvirate, that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, and the Drapier. Believe me to be, with the greatest esteem, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

—o—

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, St. Mary Hall, Oxon, June 24, 1737.

I HAVE this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleasure: however, I could not help bestowing some maledictions on those gentlemen at the post-office, who have been so impertinent as to intercept our correspondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me, with one enclosed for our friend, in some few days after you had the packet from Hartley. This was in answer to the letter you mention, which I

got the very next day (as well as I remember) after Hartley went from London.

As soon as I hear of my Lord Orrery's arrival on this side the water, I will wait on him to receive the papers. The moment they are put into my hands, I will write you again.

I do not know why the Dean's friends should think it derogatory, either to his station or character to print the history by subscription, considering how the money arising by the sale of it is to be applied. I am not for selling the copy to a bookseller: for, unless a sufficient caution be taken, the bookseller, when he is master of the copy, will certainly print it by subscription, and so have all the benefit which the Dean refuses. But I shall be better able to send you my thoughts of this matter, when I have talked with some of my friends, who have had more dealings in that way than I have.

And have you at last got store of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and silver in exchange for this new coin? This serves to verify an observation I have frequently made, that the grossest imposition on the public will go down, if the managers have but patience to try it twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The excise scheme, which made such a noise here a few years ago, passed here last winter with little opposition, under a new shape and title. How would the ghost of Wood triumph over the Drapier, and rattle his copper chains, if the spectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politics, without considering that these inflections may occasion the loss of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper.*

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* With great respect to Dr. King, he is somewhat mistaken in his politics; for the great force of Dr. Swift's reasoning, in the

You cannot imagine how greatly I am vexed and disappointed, that I have been so long obliged to keep back my conversation-piece.* I have, in this respect, wholly complied with the reasoning, or rather with the humours, of some of my friends. They were willing to try their skill in accommodating my Irish affairs; in which, after all, I believe they will be disappointed as much as I have been: for the adversaries I have to deal with, proceed on a principle that will hear no reason, and do no good, not even to themselves, if others are at the same time to receive any benefit by the bargain. However, since you seem so earnestly to desire a second view of this work, I will send you a book by Mr. Swift, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a fortnight hence. You will be so kind as to keep it in your hands until the publication.

As I think it proper to write a postscript in your

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character of an Irish Drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which, it is certain, were much wanted in Ireland in the year 1724,) as against Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth threepence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity; as he had neither given security for his honesty, nor obliged himself like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, when it began to grow troublesome: whereas the halfpence, sent over to Ireland in the year 1737, were coined in the Tower, by the express order of the crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, and were not calculated to do any mischief; or, in fact, could they have done any, as all people were at that time sufficiently and thoroughly apprised, that halfpence were not sterling money, or could legally be tendered in any payment whatsoever; the only use of them being a sort of change in the small crafts and traffic of the world. However, it is certain that an advertisement of three lines, by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stopped their currency.—D. S.

* Meaning The Toast, a satire, in which Dr. King assailed many of the persons with whom he was engaged in an Irish law suit, particularly the Countess of Newburgh.

letter to a certain person, that must be nameless; and finding I have but room for my address to him, I will say no more to you now than I am, and always must be, Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

P.S.—To the gentleman of the post-office who intercepted my last letter addressed to Mrs. Whiteway, at her house in Abbey Street, together with a letter enclosed and addressed to the Dean of St. Patrick's.

SIR, when you have sufficiently perused this letter, I beg the favour of you to send it to the lady to whom it is directed. I shall not take it ill though you should not give yourself the trouble to seal it again. If anything I have said about the copper halfpence and excise should offend you, blot it out. I shall think myself much obliged to you, if, at the same time, you will be pleased to send Mrs. Whiteway those letters which are now in your hands, with such alterations and amendments as you think proper. I cannot believe that your orders will justify you in detaining letters of business: for as you are a civil officer, I conceive you have not a licence to rob on the highway. If I happen to be mistaken, of which I shall be convinced if this letter should be likewise intercepted, I will hereafter change my address, and enrol you and your superior in my catalogue of heroes.

—o—

TO WILLIAM GRAHAM, Esq.,

AT DROGHEDA.*

Sir,

As you hold a lease from me, and the chapter of my cathedral of St. Patrick's, which came to you by your mother, who was a person I much esteemed, you are obliged, by your lease, to pay annually £31, 15s.; and yet, whereas you are obliged to pay half yearly, you have thought fit to be two full years in arrear, and now owe us £63, 10s. This lease is a part of our economy, as we call it; that is to say, it is all applied to the repairs of the cathedral, to the payment of the organist, and other church servants.

Now, sir, I remember you were at Doctor Sheridan's school, where you were taught all the principles at least of honour and justice; you were left, too, a great estate; and I hear you are at this time one of the privy-council. However, our procurator assures me, that he never received one line in answer to his frequent letters for payment of your rent. I can impute this way of delaying to many causes; you have either forgot the lectures of Dr. Sheridan your master, or you have heard it was an unfashionable thing in a gentleman to pay his just debts, or

* This letter, now for the first time printed, was copied from the original, in the Dean's own hand-writing, in the possession of Leonard M'Nally, Esq., of Dublin. It is without a signature, and fairly written. It would appear that the Dean had preserved it as a copy from the folding of the paper, and the superscription indorsed upon it. It appears from Watson's Almanack, that William Graham was a privy-councillor in Ireland, and member in parliament for the town of Drogheda.—A. W. H.

you are exalted by your great estate, or by your seat in the council; or, perhaps, you have been drawn into the association against the clergy; and therefore, you very reasonably conclude, that their churches, especially cathedrals, should suffer, as well as their own maintenance.

However, I am sorry that, although Christianity be much out of fashion, there might not be some remainder of pagan virtues, such as justice, and honour, and learning, and love of our country left, especially to those who have a vote in making laws, or sitting at a council-board.

I often have, in another kingdom, given advice, with good success, to younger men than you, and of greater titles.

If you resent anything I have said, it will much lessen the credit of your understanding, as well as of your regard to common justice.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant.

Deanery-House, Dublin,
April the 26th, 1737.

FROM MR. LEWIS.

London, June 30, 1737.

OUR friend Pope tells me, you could wish to revive a correspondence with some of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what passes in this country: on this occasion I would offer myself with pleasure, if I

thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the least contribute to your amusement; but as you yourself judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and see things at too great a distance; and besides this, my age, and the use I have formerly made of my eyes in writing by candle-light, have now reduced me almost to blindness, and I see nothing less than the pips of the cards, from which I have some relief in a long winter evening. However, to shew my dear Dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to scratch him out a letter, though it be little more than to tell him most of those he and I used to converse with are dead; but I am still alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord Masham is much in the same way; he has married his son, and boards with him: the lady is the daughter of Salway Winnington, and they all live lovingly together; the old gentleman walks a-foot, which makes me fear that he has made settlements above his strength. I regret the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot every hour of the day: he was the best-conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the most cheerful; yet his poor son George is under the utmost dejection of spirits, almost to a degree of delirium; his two sisters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir William Wyndham makes the first figure in parliament, and is one of the most amiable men in the world: he is very happy in his wife Lady Blandford: but I fear his eldest son will not come into his measures: this may create him some uneasiness.

Lord Bathurst is in Gloucestershire, where he plants, transplants, and unplants: thus he erects an employment for himself independent of a court.

I have the happiness to live near Lord Oxford, who continues that kindness and protection to me

that I had from his father. God Almighty has given him both the power and the will to support the numerous family of his sister, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man Lord K——.*

Now I name him, I mean Lord Oxford, let me ask you if it be true, that you are going to print a History of the Four last Years of the Queen? if it is, will not you let me see it before you send it to the press? Is it not possible that I may suggest some things that you may have omitted, and give you reasons for leaving out others? The scene is changed since that period of time: the conditions of the peace of Utrecht have been applauded by most part of mankind, even in the two Houses of Parliament: Should not matters rest here, at least for some time? I presume your great end is to do justice to truth; the second point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the Oxford family: permit me to say as to the first, that though you know perhaps more than any one man, I may possibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, viz., by inserting *parva* instead of *magna*, apply to myself that passage of Virgil, *et quorum pars parva fui*. As to the second point, I do not conceive your compliment to Lord Oxford to be so perfect as it might be, unless you lay the manuscript before him, that it may be considered here.

Our little captain blusters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing: for the first minister stands possessed of all the regal power: the latter prates well in the house, and, by corruption, is absolute master of it: as to other matters, his foreign treaties are absurd, and his management of the funds betrays a want of skill:

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* Kinnoul.

he has a low way of thinking. My dear Dean, adieu; believe me to be, what I really am,

Most affectionately yours,

ERASMUS LEWIS.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Dover Street, July 4, 1737.

YOUR letter of June 14th, in answer to mine of the 7th of April, is come to my hands; and it is with no small concern that I have read it, and to find that you seem to have formed a resolution to put the History of the Four last Years of the Queen to the press; a resolution taken without giving your friends, and those that are greatly concerned, some notice, or suffering them to have time and opportunity to read the papers over, and to consider them. I hope it is not too late yet, and that you will be so good as to let some friends see them, before they are put to the press; and, as you propose to have the work printed here, it will be easy to give directions to whom you will please to give the liberty of seeing them; I beg I may be one: this request I again repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I do not doubt but there are many who will persuade you to publish it; but they are not proper judges: their reasons may be of different kinds, and their motives to press on this work may be quite different, and perhaps concealed from you.

I am extremely sensible of the firm love and regard you had for my father, and have for his memory; and upon that account it is that I now

renew my request, that you would at least defer this printing until you have had the advice of friends. You have forgot that you lent me the History to read when you were in England, since my father died; I do remember it well. I would ask your pardon for giving you this trouble; but upon this affair I am so nearly concerned, that, if I did not my utmost to prevent it, I should never forgive myself.*

I am extremely obliged to you for your good and kind concern for me and my family. My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter desires the same; they both are sensible of your good wishes for them. I am, with true esteem and respect,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and most affectionate

humble servant,

OXFORD.

—o—

MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, July 12, 1737.

THE pleasure you gave me, in acquainting me of the Dean's better health, is one so truly great, as might content even your own humanity; and, whatever my sincere opinion and respect of your lordship

* This letter, it would seem, had the desired effect; for the MS. was sent to England, and submitted to the inspection of Lord Oxford and his friends. See the Dean's letter to Lewis, 23d July.

prompts me to wish from your hands for myself, your love for him makes me happy. Would to God my weight, added to yours, could turn his inclinations to this side, that I might love to enjoy him here through your means, and flatter myself it was partly through my own! But this, I fear, will never be the case; and I think it more probable his attraction will draw me on the other side, which, I protest, nothing less than a probability of dying at sea, considering the weak frame of my breast, would have hindered me from, two years past. In short, whenever I think of him, it is with the vexation of all impotent passions, that carry us out of ourselves only to spoil our quiet, and make us return to a resignation, which is the most melancholy of all virtues.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, July 23, 1737.

IF I were to tell you who inquire for you, and what they say of you, it would take up more paper than I have in my lodgings, and more time than I stay in town. Yet London is empty; not dusty, for we have had rain; not dull, for Mr. Pope is in it; not noisy, for we have no cars;* not troublesome, for a man may walk quietly about the streets; in short, it is just as I would have it till Monday, and then I quit St. Paul's, for my little church at Marston.

* Alluding to the Irish cars.—D. S.

Your commands are obeyed long ago; Dr. King has his cargo,* Mrs. Barber her Conversation,† and Mr. Pope his letters. To-morrow I pass with him at Twickenham; the *olim meminisse* will be our feast Leave Dublin, and come to us. Methinks there are many stronger reasons for it than heretofore; at least I feel them: and will say with Macbeth, Would thou could'st!

My health is greatly mended; so I hope is yours; write to me when you can, in your best health, and utmost leisure; never break through that rule. Can friendship increase by absence? Sure it does; at least mine rises some degrees, or seems to rise: try if it will fall by coming nearer; no, certainly it cannot be higher.

Yours most affectionately,

ORRERY.

—o—

TO MR. LEWIS.

DEAR FRIEND, July 23, 1737.

WHILE any of those who used to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But, since your secretaryship in the queen's time, I believed you were so glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an absent useless acquaintance; and I find I owe yours to my Lord Oxford. The History you mention was written above a year

* The MS. of "The History of the Four last Years."—N.

† The "Treatise on Polite Conversation," which the Dean presented to Mrs. Barber, and which was published for her benefit.—N.

before the queen's death. I left it with the treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke, when I first came over to take this deanery. I returned in less than a month; but the ministry could not agree about printing it. It was to conclude with the peace. I staid in London above nine months; but not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in Berkshire, and on the queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that History; as this Lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality; neither can he tell me anything material out of his papers, which I was not then informed of; nor do I know anybody but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received; for I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to Lord Oxford, or to you; for the person who has it will not trust it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands,* although, perhaps, that may be

* As, a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr. Swift had begun to fail, he had, in order to gratify some of his acquaintance, called for the History of the Four last Years of the Queen's

too late. If my health would have permitted me, for some years past, to have ventured as far as London, I would have satisfied both my lord and you. I believe you know that Lord Bolingbroke is now busy in France, writing the History of his Own Time; and how much he grew to hate the treasurer you know too well; and I know how much Lord Bolingbroke hates his very memory. This is what the present Lord Oxford should be in most pain at, not about me. I have had my share of affliction sufficient, in the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot, and poor Gay, and others; and I heartily pity poor Lord Masham. I would fain know whether his son be a valuable young man; because I much dislike his education. When I was last among you, Sir William Wyndham was in a bad state of health; I always loved him, and I rejoice to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know so little of what passes, that I never heard of Lady Blandford, his present wife.

Lord Bathurst used to write to me, but has dropped it some years. Pray, is Charles Ford yet alive? for he has dropped me too; or perhaps my illness has hindered me from provoking his remembrance; for I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafness, which used to be occasional, and for a short time, has stuck by me now several months without remission; so that I am unfit for any conversation, except one or two Stentors of either sex; and my old giddiness is likewise become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former short fits.

I was never so much deceived in any Scot, as by

Reign once or twice out of his friend's hands, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents were whispered about the town, and several had pretended to have read it, who, perhaps, had not seen one line of it.—D. S.

that execrable Lord K****;† whom I loved extremely, and now detest beyond expression.

You say so little of yourself, that I know not whether you are in health or sickness, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a sign of health. I find you have not, like me, lost your memory, nor, I hope, your sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean, in the article of company. Writing no longer amuses me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave housekeeper, whom I call Sir Robert; and sometimes receive one or two friends, and a female cousin, with strong, high, tenor voices. I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I SENT a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery enclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will be time enough when his lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, which makes me imagine that in one of those journeys I carried over

† Lord Kinnoul, whose pecuniary embarrassments had involved, it would seem, his brother-in-law, Lord Oxford. He is often mentioned with regard in the Journal.

another cargo. But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters which I am told are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom,) but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here, who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters; he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires, have a more cloudy, ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was writ for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taste of the

people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other vice. I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those scribblers who send over their trash in prose and verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms. I now am daily expecting an end of life: I have lost all spirit and every scrap of health; I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray, let my Lord Orrery see you often; next to yourself, I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell, my dearest, and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, SHERIFFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CORK.

Deanery House, Dublin,
August 15, 1737.

GENTLEMEN,

I RECEIVED from you, some weeks ago, the honour of my freedom, in a silver box, by the hands of Mr. Stannard;* but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more; because, I suppose, he was too full of more important business. Since that time, I have been wholly confined by sickness, so that I was not able to return you my acknowledgment; and it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great disorder. Mr. Faulkner will be the bearer of my letter, who sets out this morning for Cork.

I could have wished, as I am a private man, that, in the instrument of my freedom, you had pleased to assign your reasons for making choice of me. I know it is a usual compliment to bestow the freedom of the city on an archbishop, or lord-chancellor, and other persons of great titles, merely upon account of their stations or power: but a private man, and a perfect stranger, without power or grandeur, may justly expect to find the motives assigned in the instrument of his freedom, on what account he is thus

* Eaton Stannard, Esq., then Recorder of Dublin, and afterwards made his Majesty's Prime Serjeant at Law, in the room of Anthony Malone, Esq., who was promoted to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.—D. S.

distinguished. And yet I cannot discover, in the whole parchment scrip, any one reason offered. Next, as to the silver box,* there is not so much as my name upon it, nor any one syllable to show it was a present from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my opinion, sent back the box and instrument of freedom by Mr. Faulkner, to be returned to you; leaving to your choice whether to insert the reasons for which you were pleased to give me my freedom, or bestow the box upon some more worthy person whom you may have an intention to honour, because it will equally fit everybody. I am, with true esteem and gratitude, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. FARREN.

REVEREND SIR, Cork, Sept. 14, 1737.

I AM favoured with yours by Mr. Faulkner, and am sorry the health of a man the whole kingdom has at heart, should be so much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the recorder, to be presented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expressed their grateful acknowledgments for the many services the public have received from you, which are the motives that

* In consequence of this letter, there was an inscription, and the city arms of Cork engraved on the box, and reasons on the parchment instrument for presenting him with the freedom of that city.—D. S.

induced us, to make you one of our citizens; and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needless to make any inscription on the box, and especially as we have no precedents on our books for any such. But, as so great and deserving a patriot merits all distinction that can be made, I have, by the consent and approbation of the council, directed the box to you, and hope, what is inscribed upon it, although greatly inferior to what your merit is entitled to, will, however, demonstrate the great regard and respect we have for you, on account of the many singular services your pen and your counsel have done this poor country; and am, reverend Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS FARREN, Mayor.

—o—

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR MR. DEAN, Cirencester, Oct. 5, 1737.

THAT I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often, you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing that you were much indisposed; but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your hand: however, I write to you now under that supposition, for which reason I have cut out a little business for you.

That very pretty epistle which you writ many years ago to Lord Oxford, is printed very incorrectly.

I have a copy (of which I send you a transcript) which has some very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the Country and City Mouse is as prettily told as anything of that kind ever was: possibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you as a task, to go through with it; and I beg of you, do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, while it is in your power to rectify it.* Adieu! do me the justice to believe me most faithfully and unalterably yours.

—o—

TO MR. COPE.

Deanery House, Nov. 11, 1737.

SIR,

I WAS just going to write to you, when your clerk brought me your note for thirty-six pounds, which was more by a third part than I desired, and for which I heartily thank you. I have been used since my illness to hear so many thousand lies told of myself and others, and so circumstantially, that my head was almost turned, and if I gave them any credit, it was because one thing I knew perfectly, that we differed entirely in our opinions of public management. I did and do detest the lowering of

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. Swift has observed, that upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth satire of the second book of Horace, and is printed with the additional lines, in the Works of Mr. Pope.—H.

the gold, because I saw a resolution seven years old of your House of Commons of a very different nature, and have since seen tracts against it, which to me were demonstrations; and am assured, as well as know by experience, that I have not received a penny except from you. However, although I know you to be somewhat of what we call a giber, yet I am convinced by your assertions that I was ill informed; and yet we differ so much in the present politics, that I doubt it will much affect the good-will you formerly seemed to bear me. I grant, that the bishops, the people in employments of all kinds who receive salaries, and some others, will not lose a penny, by lowering the money, because they must still have their pay; and, if your estate be set much under value, you will be no sufferer; though I, and thousands of others, will soundly feel the smart, and particularly the lower clergy, who I find are out of everybody's good graces; but for what reasons I know not. I hear your house is forming a bill* against all legacies to the church, or any public charity, which puts me under a great difficulty; because, by my will, I have bequeathed my whole fortune to build and endow an hospital for lunatics and idiots.† I wish I had any certainty in that matter. You mistook me in one expression; what I said was, that I wished all who were for

* This bill did not pass.—F.

† The Dean drew up a petition to the House of Lords in Ireland, to be excepted in the heads of the bill for a mortmain act, then in agitation, that he might be at liberty to fulfil his benevolent intention: but the bill did not pass. The hospital (endowed by Dr. Swift's legacy of £10,000) was incorporated by charter, in August, 1746. By a printed state, in 1770, it appears, that, by the addition of other legacies, the trustees were enabled at that time to admit thirty-four patients on the establishment; and had also sixteen boarders under cure, at the rate of thirty guineas a-year for each.—F.

lowering the gold, were lowered to the dust; and I might explain it, so that it would bear the sense of causing them to repent in dust and ashes. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LORD MOUNTJOY.*

SIR, November 17, 1737.

I SHALL, with great pleasure, bring in your petition to-morrow, the House of Lords not sitting until then; but I find there is a small mistake in point of form, which will be proper to be set right before the petition shall be presented.†

You mention the bill as if it would certainly pass, and be transmitted into England; instead of which, I must beg the favour of you to say, that "there are heads of a bill depending now before your lordships' committee, in order to prevent," &c., &c., for until such time as it shall have gone through that, no one can declare the fate of it.

I should not be so impertinent as to pretend to direct you in this, but that I apprehend you did not know the progress the bill has taken; if you will get it writ over again, my servant shall wait to bring it to me, and I shall take care, as soon as the

* William Stewart, Viscount Mountjoy, created Earl of Blessington, December 7, 1745.

† The Dean's petition to be excepted from the mortmain bill in case it should pass. It stated, that he had long since bequeathed his fortune to pious uses, and was determined to remit it abroad for similar purposes if his petition was refused.

petition is received, to have a clause ready, in pursuance of it, to except your charity. I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

MOUNTJOY.

—c—

FROM MR. FORD.

November 22, 1737.

I CANNOT help putting you in mind of me sometimes, though I am sure of having no return. I often read your name in the newspapers, but hardly have any other account of you, except when I happen to see Lord Orrery. He told me the last time, that you had been ill, but were perfectly recovered.

I hear they are going to publish two volumes more of your works. I see no reason why all the pamphlets published at the end of the queen's reign might not be inserted. Your objection of their being momentary things, will not hold. Killing no Murder, and many other old tracts, are still read with pleasure, not to mention Tully's Letters, which have not died with the times. My comfort is, they will some time or other be found among my books with the author's name, and posterity obliged with them. I have been driven out of a great house, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an insupportable noise, and have taken a little one to myself in a little court, merely for the sake of sleeping in quiet. It is in St. James's Place, and called Little Cleveland Court. I believe you never observed it; for I never did, though I

lodged very near it, till I was carried there to see the house I have taken. Though coaches come in, it consists of but six houses in all. Mine is but two stories high, contrived exactly as I would wish, as I seldom eat at home. The ground floor is of small use to me; for the fore parlour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnificent London hall. The back one, by their ridiculous custom of tacking a closet almost of the same bigness to it, is so dark, that I can hardly see to read there in the middle of the day. Up one pair of stairs I have a very good dining-room, which on the second floor is divided into two, and makes room for my whole family, a man and a maid, both at board-wages. Over my bedchamber is my study, the pleasantest part of the house, from whence you have a full view of Buckingham House, and all that part of the park. My furniture is clean and new, but of the cheapest things I could find out. The most valuable goods I have are two different prints of you. I am still in great hopes I shall one day have the happiness of seeing you in it.

Everybody agrees the queen's death was wholly owing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which she would not discover;* and the surgeon who opened her navel, declared if he had known it two days sooner, she should have been walking about the next day. By her concealing her distemper, they gave her strong cordials for the gout in her

* Her complaint was, for a long time, only known by the king and her German nurse, Mrs. Mailborne, and Lady Sundon, who, by participating in the secret, preserved a great influence over the queen. The shrewdness of Sir Robert Walpole, however, penetrated the mystery, by remarking, that among the physical questions which she put to him after the death of his wife, the queen most frequently adverted to the case of a rupture, which was not Lady Walpole's disease.

stomach, which did her great mischief. The king is said to have given her the first account of her condition: she bore it with great resolution, and immediately sent for the rest of her children, to take formal leave of them, but absolutely refused to see the Prince of Wales; nor could the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he gave her the sacrament, prevail on her, though she said she heartily forgave the prince. It is thought her death will be a loss, at least in point of ease, to some of the ministers.

Since Lewis has lost his old wife, he has had an old maiden niece to live with him, continues the same life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and sees nobody.

It was reported, and is still believed by many, that Sir Robert Walpole upon the loss of his, made Miss Skirret an honest woman; but if it be so, the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happiness, see many 30th of Novembers, is the most sincere and hearty wish of yours, &c.

C. FORD.

If you will be so kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the Cocoa Tree, or to Little Cleveland Court, in St. James's Place.

—o—

FROM THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

REVEREND SIR, At Paris, Nov. 29, 1737.

I RECEIVED only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with new pleasure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for Ireland, my History of the Mareschal de Turenne, the greatest French hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration, and friendship, dear Sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

Pray allow me to assure Mr. Sican of my most humble respects.

If you have any commands for me in this country or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover, *A son Altesse Monseigneur le Compte d'Evreux, général de la cavallerie à Paris.*

—o—

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR SIR, Searcliffe Farm, Dec. 6, 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at Cirencester, full of life and spirits, which gave me singular satisfaction; but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of Ireland, made me reflect upon the condition of England, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured.* I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm-house in Derbyshire, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the Duke of Kingston has imported one;† but I do not think it worth the carriage.

I passed through London in my way here, and everybody wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event which lately happened;‡ but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences.

* The promise of Polypheme to Ulysses.—H.

† Madame la Touche, a French lady.—B.

‡ The death of Queen Caroline, on Sunday evening, November 20, 1737.—B. It was expected that this event would have occasioned a change of ministry.

Some consequences will certainly follow; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post letter. It is not everybody who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiors; if a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still safer. You may say, where is the occasion of abusing anybody? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because nobody will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put that in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person; such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may stand *rectus in curia.*

I met our friend Pope in town; he is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with nobody for some time past, but farmers and ploughmen; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship, and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,

BATHURST.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

MR. FAULKNER, Deanery House, Dec. 15, 1737.

THE short treatise that I here send you enclosed was put into my hands by a very worthy person, of much ancient learning, as well as knowledge in the laws of both kingdoms.* He is likewise a most loyal subject to King George, and wholly attached to the Hanover family, and is a gentleman of as many virtues as I have anywhere met. However, it seems, he cannot be blind or unconcerned at the mistaken conduct of his country in a point of the highest importance to its welfare. He has learnedly shewn, from the practice of all wise nations in past and late ages, that tillage was the great principle and foundation of their wealth; and recommends the practice of it to this kingdom with the most weighty reasons. He mentions the prodigious sums sent out yearly for importing all sorts of corn, in the miserable moneyless condition we are now in. To which I cannot but add, that in reading the resolutions of the last sessions, I have observed, in several papers, that the Honourable House of Commons seem to be of the same sentiment, although the increase of tillage may be of advantage to the clergy, whom I conceive to be as loyal a body of men to the present king and family as any in the nation: and, by the great providence of God, it is so ordered, that if the clergy be fairly dealt with, whatever increases their maintenance will more largely in-

* Alexander Macaulay, Esq.

crease the estates of the landed men, and the profits of their farmers.

I desire you, Mr. Faulkner, to print the treatise in a fair letter and a good paper.

I am, your faithful friend and servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO DR. CLANCY.

SIR, Deanery House, Christmas Day, 1737.

SOME friend of mine lent me a comedy,* which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, with much pleasure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the playhouse, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small present,† in such gold as will not give you trouble to change; for I much pity your loss of sight,‡ which if it pleased God to let you enjoy, your other talents

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* "The Sharper," the principal character of which performance was designed to represent Colonel Chartres.—D. S.

† This packet contained five pounds in small pieces of gold of different kinds; of which the largest did not exceed the value of five shillings. A little time after (says Dr. Clancy) I sent him a parcel of tickets: he kept but one, which he said he had paid for, and afterwards sent me two four-pound pieces for more.—See Clancy's Memoirs, Vol. II. p. 56.—D. S.

‡ Dr. Clancy had pursued the study of physic, and was patronised by Dr. Helsham; but having lost his sight by a cold in 1737, before he could regularly engage in the business of his profession, he kept a Latin school for his support.—D. S.

might have been your honest support, and have eased you of your present confinement. I am, Sir,

Your well-wishing friend and humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I know not who lent me the play; if it came from you, I will send it back to-morrow.

This letter and the packet were sealed with the head of Socrates.

—o—

FROM LADY HOWTH.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 26, 1737.

KNOWING you to be very poor, I have sent you a couple of wild-ducks, a couple of partridges, a side of venison, and some plover, which will help to keep your house this Christmas. You may make a miser's feast, and drink your blue-eyed nymph * in a bumper, as we do the Drapier: and when these are out, let me know, and you shall have a fresh supply. I have sent them by a blackguard, knowing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and husband joins with me in wishing you a merry Christmas, and many of them; and am sincerely your affectionate friend and sea-nymph.

If I signed my name, and the letter should be found, you and I might be suspected.

* Lady Howth having very sparkling blue-grey eyes, Dr. Swift used to distinguish her by the name of "the blue-eyed Nymph." —N.

FROM DR. CLANCY.

REVEREND SIR, Dec. 27, 1737.

WHEN I strive to express the thorough sense I have of your humanity and goodness, my attempt ceases in admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with some degree of approbation, and you have considered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence: from my very soul I sincerely thank you. That approbation, which in some more happy periods of my life would have made me proud even to vanity, has now in my distress comforted and soothed my misery.

If I did not fear being troublesome, I should do myself the honour of waiting upon you, if you will be pleased to permit me to do so. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmost respect and gratitude, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

MIC. CLANCY.

—o—

TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, Deanery House, Dublin, Jan. 6, 1737–8.

I HAVE often mentioned to you an earnest desire I had, and still have, to record the merit and services of the lord mayor, Humphrey French; * whom

* The Dean addressed to Mr. French his version of an Ode of Horace.

I often desired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many passages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off, on the pretence of his forgetfulness, but in reality of his modesty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his successors, as far as their genius can reach. I desire you therefore to inquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to press them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, wherever he had any power or authority in the city, but particularly from Mr. Maple, who was his intimate friend, who knew him best, and could give the most just character of himself and his actions.

When I shall have got a sufficient information of all these particulars, I will, although I am oppressed with age and infirmities, stir up all the little spirit I can raise, to give the public an account of that great patriot; and propose him as an example to all future magistrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miserable kingdom. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, Jan. 17, 1737–8.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I HAVE for almost three years past been only the shadow of my former self, with years and sickness, and rage against all public proceedings, especially in this miserable oppressed country. I have entirely

lost my memory, except when it is roused by perpetual subjects of vexation. Mr. Richardson, who is your manager in your society of Londonderry, tells me he hears you are in tolerable health and good spirits. I lately saw him, and he said he intended soon to wait on you in London. He is a gentleman of very good abilities, and a member of parliament here. He comes often to town, and then I never fail of seeing him at the deanery, where we constantly drink your health. I have not been out of doors, farther than my garden, for several months, and, unless the summer will assist me, I believe there will be the end of my travels. Our friend Lewis has writ to me once or twice, and makes the same complaint that I do, so that you are the heartiest person of the three. I luckily call to mind an affair that many of my friends have pressed me to. There is a church living in your gift, and upon your society lands, which is now possessed by one Doctor Squire, who is so decayed that he cannot possibly live a month. This living, I am told, is about £120 or something more, a-year; I remember I got it for him by the assistance of Sir William Withers and you; and since it is now likely to be so soon vacant, I insist upon it, that if Doctor Squire dies, you will bestow it to Mr. William Dunkin, a clergyman, upon whose character I have lately taken him into my favour. He is a gentleman of much wit, and the best English, as well as Latin, poet in this kingdom: he has £100 a-year from our University, to be continued till he is provided for. He is a pious, regular man, highly esteemed; but our bishops, like yours, have little regard for such accomplishments, while they have any dunces of nephews or cousins. I therefore charge you to use your influence and authority that Mr. Dunkin may have this church living upon the decease of Doctor

Squire; because you know that my talent was a little (or rather too much) turned to poetry; but he is wiser than I, because he writes no satires, whereby you know well enough how many great people I disobliged, and suffered by angering great people in favour. Farewell, my dear friend of near thirty years' standing. How many friends have we lost since our acquaintance began? I desire you will present my most humble service and respect to my Lord and Lady Oxford. I am ever, with great affection and esteem, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

My kind love and service to Mr. Pope when you see him, and to my old true friend, and yours, Mr. Lewis.

To shew my memory gone, I wrote this letter a week ago, and thought it was sent, till I found it this morning, which is Jan. 28, 1737–8.

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

MADAM, January 28, 1737–8.

I MUST begin my correspondence by letting you know that your uncle is the most unreasonable person I was ever acquainted with; and next to him, you are the second, although I think impartially that you are worse than he. I never had the honour and happiness of seeing you; nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up

to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's steps, by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with Alderman Barber, who is governor of the London Society about your parts; whereon Mr. Richardson* came to the deanery, although it was not in my power to do him the least good office, farther than writing to the alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times: and, I believe, after several invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told, "That my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me, in some of those fits, to take a spoonful of usquebaugh:" he discovered where I bought it, and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him three pounds. He next was told, "That as I never drank malt liquors, so I was not able to drink Dublin claret without mixing it with a little sweet Spanish wine:" he found out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and sent me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid six pounds. But what can I say of a man, who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visitors; whereby it is plain that his malice reached to all my friends as well as myself? At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force his niece into the plot; because it can be proved that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings, that you have been his partaker and

* Of Kilmacduac.—F.

second in mischief, by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And what is worse, the few ladies that come to the deanery assure me, they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happiness they were not stockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, madam, I must deal so plainly as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree, that if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to Summer-Seat, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have inquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all, by never sending them any such dangerous presents; for they swore to me, "That you were a lady adorned with all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent conversation, and even good housewifery;" which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me, that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much less dare to write, for fear (as their expression is) of being exposed. So that when I see any of your sex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and ask pardon. And therefore, because princes are said to have long hands, I wish I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this distance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cause to change, in any single article, the opinion and idea I have

of your person and qualities! may you ever long continue the delight of your uncle, and your neighbours round, who deserve your good will, and of all who have merit enough to distinguish you!

I am, with great respect and the highest esteem, Madam,

Your most obedient, and
most obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Duke Street, Westminster, Feb. 14, 1737–8.

I MUST answer a letter I never received. The Dean tells me you wrote to me; but the seas, or the postmasters, are in possession of the manuscript. Should it fall into Curll's hands, it may come into print, and then I must answer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and servant.

I agree entirely with the person who writes three or four paragraphs in the Dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and silver, in great plenty in Ireland; nor is there anybody that wants either but that abominable Dean, the bane of all learning, sense, and virtue. I wish we had him here to punish him for his various offences, particularly for his abhorrence of the dear dear fashions of this polite age. Pray, madam, send him, and you will hear what a simple figure he will make among the great

men of our island, who are every day improving themselves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a most obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

At Paris, Feb. 20, 1737–8.

I SEND you here enclosed the bill of loading for the small box of books I wrote of to you some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you: No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, reverend Sir,

Your most humble, and
most obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

FROM MISS RICHARDSON.*

Summer-Seat, Feb. 23, 1737–8.

SIR,

I WAS favoured some time ago with your most obliging letter, wherein you are pleased to say so

* Afterward Mrs. Pratt.

many civil things to me, that I have been altogether at a loss how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done me. The commendations you are so good as to bestow upon me, would make my vanity insufferable to my neighbours, if I were not conscious that I do not deserve them; and although I shall always account it a great unhappiness to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have anything commendable about me, I sincerely own myself indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myself by the useful instructions that are to be gathered from your works; for which my sex in general (although I believe some of them do not think so) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleased to entertain of me, I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been so kind as to take pains to make persons unacquainted with me think better of me than afterwards they found I deserved. I have great reason to complain of his treatment in this particular; but in all others I have met with so much kindness from him, that I must think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a visit at Summer-Seat, where all the skill I have in housekeeping should be employed to have everything in that manner that would be most pleasing to you, which I know is the most agreeable service I could do for him. You are pleased to wish in your letters that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happiness would I esteem it, to be thought worthy of your correction! But I fear you would find my faults so numerous, that you would think me one of those ladies that do not deserve to be mended.

Your letter would have given me the greatest pleasure of anything I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a most sensible concern, as they ought to do everybody that has any regard for this kingdom. I hope the good weather will set you right, and that the summer will induce you to visit this northern part of the world. I fear I have by this time tired out your patience with female impertinence, and given you too great reason to change the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to entertain of me; I will forbear to be longer troublesome to you, only I beg leave to add my best wishes for your good health, that you may live many years to be a blessing to mankind in general, and this country in particular. I am, with the highest esteem, and greatest respect, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

—c—

TO MR. FAULKNER.

March 8, 1737–8.

SIR,

SOME of my friends wonder very much at your delaying to publish that treatise of Polite Conversation, &c., when you so often desired that I should hasten to correct the several copies you sent me; which, as ill as I have been, and am still, I dispatched as fast as I got them. I expect you would finish it immediately, and send it to me; I hope you have observed all the corrections. I hear you have not above four or five pages remaining. I find people

think you are too negligent; and, if you delay longer, what you fear may come to pass, that the English edition may come over before you have your own ready.

I am your humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, March 9, 1737-8.

MY DEAR AND CONSTANT FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours of February 11th, and find with great pleasure, that we preserve the same mutual affection we ever professed, as well as the same principles in church and state. As to what you hint, as if I were not cautious enough in making recommendations, you know I have conversed too long with ministers to offend upon that article, which I never did but once, and that when I was a beginner. You may remember that, on Mr. Addison's desire, I applied to my Lord Treasurer Oxford in favour of Mr. Steele, and his lordship gave me a gentle rebuke, which cured me for ever; although I got many employments for my friends, where no objection could be made, yet I confess, that Doctor Delany, the most eminent preacher we have, is a very unlucky recommender; for he forced me to countenance Pilkington; introduced him to me, and praised the wit, virtue, and humour of him and his wife: whereas he proved the falsest rogue, and she the most profligate whore in either kingdom.* She was taken

* It must be remembered that Barber, during his mayoralty, had made Pilkington his chaplain, upon Swift's recommendation.

in the fact by her own husband: he is now suing for a divorce, and will not compass it; she is suing for a maintenance, and he has none to give her. As to Mr. Richardson, his father was a gentleman, and his eldest brother is a dean. Their father had but a small fortune; your manager was the younger son; he has an excellent understanding in business, with some share of learning; his prudence obliges him to keep fair with all parties, which, in this kingdom, is necessary for one who has to deal with numbers, as the business of your society requires. It is his interest to deal justly with your corporation, because people who envy his employment, would be ready enough to complain; and yet, although he has a good estate, I have not heard him taxed with any unjust means in procuring it. He is a bachelor, like you and me, and lives with a maiden niece, who is a young woman of very good sense and discretion. He is a member of the House of Commons, and acts as smoothly there as he does in the country. I am so long upon this, because I believe it will give you a true notion of the man; and if you find, by his management, that he gives you, who are the governor, any cause of complaint, let me know the particulars, which I will farther inquire into. I must next say something of Mr. Dunkin. I told you he was a man of genius, and the best poet we have, and, you know, that is a trade wherein I have meddled too much for my quiet, as well as my fortune; but I find it generally agreed that he is a thorough churchman in all regards. His aunt, to whom he was legal heir, bequeathed her whole estate to his university, only leaving him an allowance of £70 per annum, to support him till he was better provided for; but I prevailed on the provost and fellows to make it £100 a-year. Yesterday I sent for Mr. Dunkin, and catechised him strictly on his principles,

and was fully satisfied in them by himself, as I was before by many of his friends: therefore I insist that you shall think of nobody else, much less of Mr. Lloyd, who is not to be compared in any one view. Doctor Squire may linger out for some time, as consumptive people happen to do, but is past hopes of recovery. My dear friend, I cannot struggle with disorders so well as you; for, as I am older, my deafness is very vexatious, and my memory almost entirely gone, except what I retain of former times and friends; besides frequent returns of that cruel giddiness which you have seen me under, although not as yet with so much violence. You, God be praised, keep your memory and hearing, and your health is much better than mine, besides the assistance of much abler physicians. If you know Doctor Mead, pray present him with my most humble service and grateful acknowledgments of his favours. Dear Mr. Alderman, why do you make excuses for writing long letters? I know nobody who writes better, or with more spirit, with your memory as entire as a young man of wit and humour. I repeat that you present my most humble service to my Lord and Lady Oxford, and my old friend Mr. Lewis. What is become of Mr. Ford? Is he alive? I never hear from him. We thank your good city for the present it sent us of a brace of monsters, called blasters, or blasphemers, or bacchanalians, (as they are here called in print,) whereof Worsdail the painter, and one Lints, (a painter too, as I hear,) are the leaders. Pray God bless you, my dear friend, and let us have a correspondence as long as I live. I am ever,

Most dear Sir,

Your constant esteemer, and

most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I have five old small silver medals of Cæsar's, very plain, with the inscription: they were found in an old church-yard. Would my Lord Oxford think them worth taking?

—o—

FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, March 13, 1737–8.

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

IT was with great pleasure I received yours of the 9th of March, with the state of your health, which was the more agreeable, as it contradicted the various reports we had of you; for you remember that our newspapers take the privilege of killing all persons they do not like as often as they please. I have had the honour to be decently interred about six times in their weekly memoirs, which I have always read with great satisfaction.

I am very well satisfied with your character of Mr. Dunkin, and desire that he would immediately draw a petition in form, directed to the governor, &c., which petition I desire that you only would underwrite, with your recommendation, and a character of him, which you will please to send to me, to be made use of at my discretion. He need not come over, but inform me, as soon as possible, of Dr. Squire's death.

I have made your compliments to Lord and Lady Oxford, who are both well, and rejoiced to hear of your health. They give you their thanks for your remembrance, and are your faithful friends.

His lordship is very well pleased with your present of the medals, and desires you will send them by the

first safe hand that comes over. Is it not shocking that that noble lord, who has no vices, (except buying manuscripts and curiosities may be called so,) has not a guinea in his pocket, and is selling a great part of his estate to pay his debts? and that estate of his produces near £20,000 a-year. I say, is it not shocking! But indeed most of our nobility with great estates are in the same way. My Lord Burlington is now selling in one article, £9000 a-year in Ireland, for £200,000, which won't pay his debts.

Dr. Mead is proud of your compliments,* and returns his thanks and service.

Mr. Lewis I have not seen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr. Ford, I am told, is the most regular man living; for from his lodgings to the Mall—to the Cocoa—to the tavern—to bed, is his constant course.

These cold winds of late have affected me; but as the warm weather is coming on, I hope to be better than I am, though, I thank God, I am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other blessings I enjoy, I am of a cheerful disposition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the spring will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I shall have the pleasure to hear so from your own hand.

You will please to observe that I am proud of every occasion of shewing my gratitude to you, sir, to whom I must ever own the greatest obligations.

Pray God bless you and preserve you, and believe me always, dear Sir, your most faithful, and most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

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* The Dean had made Dr. Mead a present of his works.—N.

FROM DR. KING TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.*

SIR, St. Mary Hall, Oxon, March 15, 1737–8.

I DID not receive your letter of the 4th till yesterday. It was sent after me to London, and from thence returned to Oxford.

I am much concerned that I cannot see you before you go to Ireland, because I intended to have sent by you a packet for the Dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from me. I have written two letters for him (both enclosed to Mrs. Whiteway) since I received the manuscript from Lord Orrery. I wrote again to Mrs. Whiteway, when I was last week in London, to acquaint her that I would write to the Dean by a friend of mine, who is going for Ireland in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the post have been intercepted, since they wholly related to the publication of ——,† which, I am assured, is a matter by no means agreeable to some of our great men, nor indeed to some of the Dean's particular friends in London. In short, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the Dean's answer to satisfy the objections which have been made by some of his friends. I had likewise a particular reason of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the Dean with.

I must beg the favour of you to leave behind you

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* Then at Monmouth.—D. S.

† Swift's "History of the Four last Years of the Queen."—D. S.

the copy of the Toast, at least to shew it to nobody in Ireland; for, as I am upon the point of accommodating my suit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the Hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be, Sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

Notwithstanding your letter, I am still in some hopes of seeing you before you go for Ireland.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, March 31, 1738.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND IN THE BEST AND WORST TIMES,

MR. RICHARDSON is come to town, and stays only for a wind to take shipping for Chester, from whence he will hasten to attend you as his governor in London. I have told you that he is a very discreet, prudent gentleman, and I believe your society can never have a better for the station he is in. I shall see him some time to-day or to-morrow morning, and shall desire, with all his modesty, that he press you to write me a long letter, if your health will permit; which I believe is better than mine, for I have a constant giddiness in my head, and, what is more vexatious, as constant a deafness. I forget every-

thing but old friendships and old opinions. I did desire you that you would, at your leisure, visit the few friends I have left: I mean those of them with whom you have any acquaintance, as my Lord and Lady Oxford, my Lord Bathurst, the Countess of Granville, my Lord and Lady Carteret, my Lord Worsley, my dear friend Mr. Pope, and Mr. Lewis, who always loved both you and me. My Lord Masham, and some others, have quite dropped and forgot me. Is Lord Masham's son good for anything? I did never like his disposition or education. Have you quite forgot your frequent promises of coming over hither, and pass a summer in attending your government in Derry and Colrane, as well as your visitation at the Deanery? the last must be for half the months of your stay. Let me know what is become of my Lord Bolingbroke—how and where he lives, and whether you ever expect he will come home. Here has run about a report that the Duke of Ormond has an intention, and some countenance, to come from his banishment, which I would be extremely glad to find confirmed. That glorious exile has suffered more for his virtues, than ever the greatest villain did from the cruellest tyrant. I desire and insist that Mr. Dunkin may have the church-living, upon Dr. Squire's decease, who, I am still assured, cannot long hold out: and I take it for granted that Mr. Richardson will have no objection against him. God preserve and bless you, my dear friend. I am ever, with true esteem and friendship,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

April 2, 1738.

I WRITE by the same post that I received your very obliging letter. The consideration that you shew toward me, in the just apprehension that any news of the Dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. The very last post, I writ to him a long letter, little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fearing his health, that I was proposing schemes, any hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it; and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me, (even when she is shaking my weak frame to pieces,) to be willing to leave this world, when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to preserve to this wretched age a relic and example of the last.

FROM MR. LEWIS.*

London, April 8, 1738.

I CAN now acquaint you, my dear Dean, that I have at last had the pleasure of reading your His-

* This interesting letter, now first published, points out the reasons why the History of the last Four Years of Queen Anne did not appear during Swift's life, as he at first intended.

tory, in the presence of Lord O——d, and two or three more, who think, in all political matters, just as you do, and are as zealous for your fame and safety as any persons in the world. That part of it which relates to the negotiations of peace, whether at London or at Utrecht, they admire exceedingly, and declare they never yet saw that, or any other transaction, drawn up with so much perspicuity, or in a style so entertaining and instructive to the reader, in every respect; but I should be wanting to the sincerity of a friend, if I did not tell you plainly, that it was the unanimous opinion of the company a great deal of the first part should be retrenched, and many things altered.

1st, They conceive the first establishment of the South Sea Company is not rightly stated,* for no part of the debt then unprovided for was paid: however, the advantages arising to the public were very considerable; for, instead of paying for all provisions cent. per cent. dearer than the common market-price, as we did in Lord Godolphin's times, the credit of the public was immediately restored, and, by means of this scheme, put upon as good a footing as the best private security.

2d, They think the transactions with Mr. Buys might have been represented in a more advantageous light, and more to the honour of that administration; and, undoubtedly they would have been so by your pen, had you been master of all the facts.†

3d, The D—— of M——'s‡ courage not to be called in question.

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* See the History of the Four last Years of the Queen, Vol. V. p. 112.

† See Vol. V. p. 154.

‡ Something disparaging to the Duke of Marlborough's personal bravery occurs in the History, p. 25.

4*th*, The projected design of an assassination they believe true, but that a matter of so high a nature ought not to be asserted without exhibiting the proofs.*

5*th*, The present ministers, who are the rump of those whose characters you have painted, shew too plainly that they have not acted upon republican, or, indeed, any other principles, than those of interest and ambition.

6*th*, Now I have mentioned characters, I must tell you they were clearly of opinion, that if those you have drawn should be published as they now stand, nothing could save the author's printer and publishers from some grievous punishment. As we have no traces of liberty now left but the freedom of the press, it is the most earnest desire of your friends that you would strike out all that you have said on that subject.

Thus, my dear Dean, I have laid before you, in a plain manner, the sentiments of those who were present when your History was read; if I have mistaken in anything, I ask pardon of you and them.

I am not at liberty to name those who were present, excepting only the E—— of O——d, who has charged me to return you his thanks for what you have said of his father.

What I have to say from myself is, that there were persons in the company to whose judgment I should pay entire deference. I had no opportunity of paying any on this occasion, for I concurred in the same opinion with them, from the bottom of my heart, and therefore conjure you, as you value your

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* See the History, p. 51, where Prince Eugene is said to have meditated, or at least recommended, some scheme for assassinating Harley.

own fame as an author, and the honour of those who were actors in the important affairs that make the subject of your History, and as you would preserve the liberty of your person, and enjoyment of your fortune, you will not suffer this work to go to the press without making some, or all the amendments proposed. I am, my dear Dean, most sincerely and affectionately yours,

E. L.

I thank you for your kind mention of me in your letter to Lord Oxford.

I had almost forgot to tell you, you have mistaken the case of the D—— of S——, which, in truth, was this, that his grace appearing at court, in the chamber next to the council-chamber, it was apprehended he would come into the cabinet-council, and therefore the intended meeting was put off; whereas one would judge, by your manner of stating it, that the council had met, and adjourned abruptly upon his taking his place there.*

I must add, that if you would so far yield to the opinion of your friends, as to publish what you have writ concerning the peace, and leave out everything that savours of acrimony and resentment, it would, even now, be of great service to this nation in general, and to them in particular, nothing having been yet published on the peace of Utrecht in such a beautiful and strong manner as you have done it. Once more, my dear Dean, adieu; let me hear from you.

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* See page 36 of the History, Vol. V. From the various suggestions in this letter producing none of the alterations recommended, it may be concluded that Swift's health was unequal to the task of revising his historical work. The letter is indorsed, in the Dean's hand-writing, "Mr. Lewis on some mistakes in the History of Four last Years."

FROM MR. MACAULAY.*

REVEREND SIR, April 13, 1738.

I HAVE received your letter of this date, and will wait upon you to-morrow morning. I am extremely sorry to find you meet with anything that affects or perplexes you. I hope I shall never be guilty of such black ingratitude as to omit any opportunity of doing you every good office in my power.

I am, with the greatest esteem and gratitude, Rev. Sir, your most obliged, and most obedient servant,

ALEXANDER M'AULAY.

DR. KING TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, St. Mary Hall, Oxon, April 25, 1738.

I HAVE just received your letter by Mr. Birt, for which I thank you. It is now more than a month since I wrote to Mrs. Whiteway, to acquaint the

* Author of "A Treatise on Tillage," and of a pamphlet in favour of the tithes of the clergy, called, "Property Inviolable." To this pamphlet the Dean alludes in the clause of his will, where he leaves Mr. Macaulay "the gold box in which the freedom of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppression."

Dean with the difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his history, and to desire his advice and directions in what manner I should proceed. I have not yet had any answer; and, till I receive one, I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from Ireland before you leave Monmouth; in which case I may trouble you with a packet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimsies, (as you call them,) when I have the pleasure of seeing you here again. I heartily wish you a good journey and voyage: but methinks I can hardly excuse you for having been so long absent from us. I wish you had returned to this place, though for one week; because I might have talked over with you all the affair of the History, about which I have been much condemned: and no wonder, since the Dean has continually expressed his dissatisfaction that I have so long delayed the publication of it. However, I have been in no fault: on the contrary, I have consulted the Dean's honour, and the safety of his person. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publisher, author, and every one concerned, in the greatest difficulties, if not in a certain ruin; and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to omit some of the characters.

I thank you for the promise you make me concerning The Toast.

Your friends here are all well. Believe me, dear Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Belturbet, May 6, 1738.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter last post. I was deprived of having that pleasure sooner by removing from Summer-Seat to this place, the beginning of last month, where I was sent for by my father, to attend him in a fit of the gout, of which he has been very ill these three months past. My sister, who takes care of him and his family, being near the time of her lying-in, I trouble you with this account, that you may know how I am engaged at present, which I fear will prevent me having an opportunity of waiting upon you before my uncle returns.

I most humbly thank you for your kind invitation, and do heartily wish it were any way in my power to let you know the grateful sense I have of my obligations to you. I hope the Dean of St. Patrick's is very well: it would have given me infinite pleasure to have had the honour of being in his company with you.

When I parted with my uncle, he proposed to make but a short stay in England at this time; and at his return, he intended to leave nothing undone that he could think of, to prevail with the Dean and you to spend some time at his house this summer. I hope you will be so good as to give him all the assistance you can, to persuade the Dean to take that jaunt: I really believe it would do him great service as to his health: I please myself greatly with the thoughts of having you there, and your

daughter, whom I believe to be a very accomplished young lady, having had the happiness to be educated under your direction. I beg you will make my compliments to her; and be assured that I am, with great respect, Madam, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

TO MISS HAMILTON OF CALEDON.*

MADAM, Deanery-House, Dublin, June 8, 1738.

SOME days ago, my Lord Orrery had the assurance to shew me a letter of yours to him, where you did me the honour to say many things in my favour; I read the letter with great delight; but at the same time I reproached his lordship for his presumption, in pretending to take a lady from me, who had made so many advances, and confessed herself to be nobody's goddess but mine. However, he had the boldness to assure me, that he had your consent to take him for a husband. I therefore command you never to accept him, without my leave under my own hand and seal. And as I do not know any lady in this kingdom of so good sense, or so many accomplishments, I have at last, with a heavy heart, permitted him to make himself the

* Miss Hamilton of Caledon in the county of Tyrone, a great heiress in her own right, with every virtue and accomplishment to adorn her sex.—F. So far Mr. Faulkner, who, perhaps, thought that the second part of Miss Hamilton's character was a necessary consequence of the first. She married Lord Orrery shortly afterwards.

happiest man in the world; for I know no fault in him, except his treacherous dealing with me.

Pray God make you happy in yourselves, and each other; and believe me to be, with the truest esteem and respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I have neither mourning paper nor gilt at this time; and if I had, I could not tell which I ought to choose.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, June 13, 1738.

I AM engaged to-morrow at dinner; but I will try to put it off, and send you word in the morning whether I can meet Mrs. Whiteway or not. To shew you what a generous rival I am, (now I am sure of the lady,) I should be glad to carry down a letter from you to my mistress on Friday. She never drinks any wine: but she told me the other day, to do you good, she would drink a bottle. I wish you would insist on it, that I might see whether wine would alter the sweetness of her temper, for I am sure nothing else can.

I rejoice to find there is some little amendment in your health, and I pray God to increase it.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, June 29, 1738.

I HAVE but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival. *Mea est Lavinia conjux.* To-morrow Miss Hamilton gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to see the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered squires, and awkward beaux, join with the Dean of St. Patrick's in loss of one and the same object? My happiness is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to see grief for this loss strongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu, your generous rival,

ORRERY.

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FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, July 2, 1738.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE deferred answering the favours of yours of the 9th and 31st of March, in hopes to have something to entertain you with, and I have succeeded in my wishes; for I am sure I give you great pleasure when I tell you the enclosed I received from the hands of my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, your dearest friends. My lord has been here a few days, and is come to sell Dawley, to pay his debts; and he will return to France, where, I am told, he is writing the History of his Own Times; which I heartily rejoice at, (though I

am not likely to live to see it published,) because so able a hand can do nothing but what must be instructive and entertaining to the next generation. His lordship is fat and fair, in high spirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our present unhappy situation. Mr. Pope has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; so well, that he throws out a twelvepenny touch in a week or ten days, with as much ease as a friend of ours formerly used to roast the enemies of their country.

The report of the Duke of Ormond's return is without foundation. His grace is very well in health and lives in a very handsome manner, and has Mr. Kelly with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who escaped out of the Tower. A worthy friend of yours and mine passed through Avignon about a month since, and dined with his grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr. Squire's departure: I believe I may say that matter is secured for Mr. Dunkin.

I have seen Lord and Lady Oxford, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals. I believe I told you he is selling Wimple, to pay off a debt of £100,000. That a man without any vice, should run out such a sum, is monstrous. It must be owing to the roguery of his stewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord Bathurst is heartily yours; so is Mr. Lewis, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it?) since the loss of his wife.

I do not see Lord —— in an age; his son is married, and proves bad enough; ill-natured and proud, and very little in him. Our friend Ford lives in the same way, as constant as the sun, from the Cocoa-tree to the Park, to the tavern, to bed, &c.

So far in the historical way, to obey your several commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I shall have the great pleasure of seeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God, I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints; for my asthma sticks close by me, but less gout than formerly, so that though I cannot walk far I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon; and impute my being so much better to my drinking constantly the asses' milk, which is the best specific we have. I wish to God you would try it, I am sure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little sleep, and often a small breathing or sweat.

If Mr. Richardson has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendship to him, he is much to blame; for to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An alderman of Derry came from thence on purpose to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment; and I believe he had twenty out of twenty-four of our society against him: and the cry has been against him for two or three years past, and I had no way to save him many times, but only by saying, that while I had the honour to preside in that chair, I would preserve the great privilege every Englishman had, of being heard before he was condemned; and I never put any question against him while he was in Ireland. Well, he came, and after a long and tedious hearing of both sides, the society were of opinion, that he had acted justly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politics; I have left them off a long while, only we talk much of war, which I do not believe a word on. A fair lady in

Germany* has put the king in a good humour they say.

I shall trouble you no more at present, but to assure you I never think of you but with the utmost pleasure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long, long life, as you are an honour to your country, and will be the glory of the present and succeeding ages.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

J. BARBER.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, Thursday, July 13, 1738.

I DESIRE you will print the following paper, in what manner you think most proper. You see my design in it; I believe no man had ever more difficulty, or less encouragement, to bestow his whole fortune for a charitable use.

I am your humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

IT is known enough, that the above-named doctor has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed his whole fortune (except some legacies) to build and endow an hospital, in or near this city, for the support of lunatics, idiots, and those they call incurables: But the difficulty he lies under is, that his whole fortune consists in mortgages on lands,

* Amelia Sophia von Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth.—H.

and other the like securities; for, as to purchasing a real estate in lands, for want of active friends, he finds it impossible; so that, much against his will, if he should call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient estate in a tolerable part of the kingdom, which can be bought; and in the meantime, his whole fortune must lie dead in the hands of bankers. The great misfortune is, that there seems not so much public virtue left among us, as to have any regard for a charitable design; because none but the aforesaid unfortunate objects of charity will be the better for it: However, the said doctor, by calling in the several sums he has lent, can be able, with some difficulty, to purchase three hundred pounds *per annum* in lands for the endowment of the said hospital, if those lands could be now purchased; otherwise he must leave it, as he has done in his will, to the care of his executors, who are very honest, wise, and considerable gentlemen, his friends; and yet he has known some of very fair and deserved credit, prove very negligent trustees. The doctor is now able to lend two thousand pounds, at five *per cent.* upon good security; of which the principal, after his decease, is to be disposed of, by his executors, in buying lands for the farther endowment of the said hospital.

In this place, as referring to the Dean's anxiety to purchase land, and to the difficulties which occurred to prevent him from carrying his intentions into execution, the editor inserts the following four letters, addressed on the subject to Mr. Gerrard of Gibstown, near Navan, in the county of Meath. This correspondence, transcribed from the original letters, in the possession of the Gerrard family, by the editor's friend Mr. Hartstonge, did not reach him in time to be inserted according to the dates.

TO MR. SAMUEL GERRARD,

AT GIBSTOWN, NEAR NAVAN, COUNTY OF MEATH.

SIR, Dublin, April 7, 1733.

I HEARTILY thank you for your kind remembrance of me in relation to a purchase. But there is one Mr. Swift, a relation of mine, whose estate is engaged to me for £2000, and with whom I am at last come to a bargain to purchase £150 per annum, for which I must, I fear, borrow some money; and, indeed, as to your proposal, I should never agree to it, from a maxim that is not much thought of. I intend to leave my whole fortune to a public use: in which case, I take perpetuities to be the most pernicious, because you are bound for ever to a certain denomination of money, which is of so uncertain a value in all times; occasioned by the increase of silver and gold, and consequently the decrease of both in value. By not observing this caution, most corporations have extremely suffered by granting perpetuities. And so the value of money must decrease in Ireland, let us grow ever so poor; for we must value money by the standard of Europe, and not by our own scarcity. I have formerly considered this matter, and printed my thoughts of it; yet I am much obliged to you for your good intentions. I am,

With great truth, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

I go down on Monday to Castle * * * *,† within four miles of Trim, to see the land surveyed, and shall return on Thursday following. The land belongs to one Deane Swift, Esq., a relation of mine. I pay 7s. 6d. an acre, which I believe is too dear, but I am content to pay somewhat too much out of pity to the difficulties he is under. I had what advice I could get from Mr. Lightburn of Trim, and my proctor at Laracor, who said it might be worth 7s. per acre round; in that case I pay but £10 per annum too much. But I wish I may not pay too much by a shilling, which, in 400 acres, will make a difference of £400 at 20 years' purchase.

I wish you had been my adviser.

—o—

TO THE SAME,

AT GIBSTOWN, TO BE LEFT AT THE POST-HOUSE IN NAVAN.

Dublin, Feb. 6, 1734–5.

SIR,

I AM very much obliged by your kind endeavours to help me to a purchase of lands, for indeed I am the most helpless man alive in such affairs. My manner of life hath quite estranged me, not knowing how to deal with the cunning of mankind; and my health is so very uncertain, that I dare not venture ten miles from town. I find that Mr. Garstin values his land at 10s. an acre, and yet expects to sell it at 24 years' purchase. And what friend have I who is

† The ink had here so disappeared from the paper, that the name of the place could not be ascertained.

able and willing to make the bargain, and inquire into the title, and forty other circumstances? All I am worth, except about £1500, is out in mortgages; and I cannot command a penny of it, nor get any interest. And the £1500 I have at the banker's, I am about lending to another person on a mortgage. Yet, if I could be tolerably used for the land you mention, I would borrow as much as would make it £2000. But I look on you as too honest to understand the arts of purchasers or sellers. The neighbouring squires, if they have money, are only proper for such jobs, and if they have none, will all join to cheat a stranger: I have long wished that some skilful man would take me into guardianship.

If I had Mr. Garstin's land at 20 years' purchase, I would sink the rent to 2s. an acre, and rather have £80 per annum, well paid, than £100 upon the rack, and so I should pay 24 years' purchase. Your justice and good will I entirely rely on; and if you had a skilful notable friend, upon whom you could equally rely, something might be done. Mr. Swift's land you thought not worth 6s. per acre; this of Mr. Garstin's, farther from Dublin, is valued at ten, and 24 years' purchase, and the title unknown to me. If the price could be fixed, it would be no difficulty to consult lawyers upon the title. My head is ill, and you may perceive it by my way of writing; and please to excuse it.

I am, with true esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME,

TO BE LEFT AT THE POST-HOUSE AT NAVAN, COUNTY OF MEATH.

SIR,

As I always conceived a very good opinion of your honour and justice, as well as your good sense, I am more inclined to rely upon them all, than our time of acquaintance usually produceth. What I want is not to be dealt favourably with, but to be safe: I suppose Mr. Garstin will enter into all measures to make his title appear good to my lawyers, and then I will readily agree to buy his land at the price you advise me; but if I set to *cant* with Alderman Quail, he is too cunning a man for me to contend with; and if Mr. Garstin were my brother, should not advise him to deal with such a *brangling* man, to say no worse of him. However, Mr. Garstin's business is to sell as dear as he can; and the money, wheresoever it comes, is the same thing to him. I must borrow £500 or £600 to make up the sum, which I believe I can do. I am afraid, if the business goes on, I shall desire you to come to town with Mr. Garstin; for I neither can, nor will do anything without you, who are as necessary as my lawyer. Please to answer this letter; and believe me to be,

Your most obedient, &c.

J. SWIFT.

Feb. 11, 1734–5.

I must tell you in confidence, that Mr. Garstin's conduct has been much censured. He is said to

have been a very ill tenant; he never paid his rents, but till he ran to an ejectment, and hath by extravagance put himself under a necessity of selling this estate. This I have been assured of from some of his neighbours, who have no design to purchase his lands. The characters of men are of great importance to be known on these occasions.

TO THE SAME,

AT GIBSTOWN, IN THE COUNTY OF MEATH, NEAR NAVAN.

SIR, Feb. 20, 1734.

I BEG ten thousand pardons for the trouble I have given you. Mr. Garstin lies under so ill a character, that I was advised not to deal with him. And, in short, I find such a difficulty in purchasing land, that I resolve not to meddle with it, but leave that trouble to my executors. I find the neighbouring gentlemen, whose land is to be sold, are continually watching like crows over a dead horse; and we at a distance know not how to deal among them. I have been near 20 years endeavouring to be a purchaser, and have always been baulked or tried to be cheated. I am much obliged to you for your endeavours, and have not a better opinion of any other man's or gentleman's honesty. I have lately disposed of all my money, no less than £1500, at interest, at £5, 6s. 8d. interest per hundred, which will yield me £80 per annum. It is to the son-in-law of a friend, who hath a good fortune, and I think it

safe. I hope I shall soon see you in town: you slipt out of my hands last time; but I expect you to be my sojourner whenever you come, when I will tell you the whole scheme of an hospital for lunatics and idiots, a charity I find it the hardest point to settle well. I will never leave anything to any other use; I will leave the whole to God's providence how it will be disposed of, who will forgive me if my good intentions miscarry.

I am, Sir, with great esteem and truth, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

July 25th, 1738.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the Dean of St. Patrick's becoming indifferent toward me; and yet I fear one of those few things is the cause I have not had a line from you since I came hither. I beseech you ease me of my present pain, by telling me that you are well; that summer, which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If anything occurs to you I can do, that is agreeable to you, if you have the least inclination to oblige me, let me know of it.

My hurry here is almost over; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end of October, if I get away then. I cannot say I pass my time disagreeably. I have had some opportunities of doing good offices; and, when I am not engaged by business, I live with a few friends that I love,

and love me, and, for the most part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or three days.

Your friend Bolingbroke is well, and at present with Mr. Pope. I am told he has sold Dawley. Alderman Barber, who has promised me to write to you by the next post, tells me his lordship inquired much about you and your health. The alderman plays his cards so as that his credit in the city daily increases. There is nothing but the vacancy wanted to put Mr. Dunkin in possession of the parish of Colrane.

I hear you have seen Pope's "First Dialogue, 1738." Have you seen his "Universal Prayer?" This "Second Dialogue," together with the copy of the inscription intended by the old Duchess of Marlborough for a statue she is to erect of Queen Anne, and a few lines attributed to Lord Chesterfield, on another subject, wait on you enclosed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that I am, with the most perfect respect, dear Sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This packet goes franked by the secretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I expect the prime serjeant* here this night, in his way to France.

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* Henry Singleton, Esq., whom Dr. Swift appointed one of his executors. He was afterwards Lord Chief-justice of the Common Pleas, which he resigned upon a pension; and was appointed Master of the Rolls in Ireland.—D. S.

LORD GOWER TO A FRIEND OF DEAN SWIFT.

Trentham, Aug. 1, 1738.

SIR,

MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, (author of London, a Satire, and some other poetical pieces,) is a native of this country, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in this neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity-school* now vacant; the certain salary is £60 a-year, of which they are desirous to make him master; but, unfortunately, he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which *would make him happy for life*, by not being a *Master of Arts;* which, by the statutes of the school, the master of it must be.

Now these gentlemen do me the honour to think that I have interest enough in you, to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift, to persuade the University of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man Master of Arts in their University. They highly extol the man's learning and probity; and will not be persuaded that the University will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the Dean. They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is off so long a journey; and will venture it, if the Dean thinks it necessary; choosing rather to die upon the road, *than be starved to death in translating for booksellers*, which has been his only subsistence for some time past.

I fear there is more difficulty in this affair, than these good-natured gentlemen apprehend; especially

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* Appleby, in Leicestershire. See Boswell's Life of Johnson, 1799, Vol. I. p. 103.

as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 11th of next month. If you see this matter in the same light as it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing; but, if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favour asked, I am sure your humanity, and propensity to relieve merit in distress, will incline you to serve the poor man, without my adding more to the trouble I have already given you, than assuring you that I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

GOWER.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

August 5, 1738.

SIR,

IT was not my want of friendship and esteem that hindered me from answering your several letters, but merely my disorders in point of health; for I am constantly giddy, and so deaf, that your friend Mrs. Whiteway has almost got into a consumption by bawling in my ears. I heartily congratulate with you on your triumph over your Irish enemies by a *nemine contradicente.* I leave the rest of this paper to be filled by Mrs. Whiteway; and am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Pray tell my dear friend the alderman, that I love him most sincerely; but my ill health and worse memory will not suffer me to write a long letter.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

August 8, 1738.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,.

I HAVE received yours of July 27th; and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my Lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is just going to France, and I suppose, designs to continue there as long as he lives. I am very sorry he is under the necessity of selling Dawley. Pray, let me know whether he be tolerably easy in his fortunes; for he has these several years lived very expensively. Is his lady still alive? and has he still a country-house and an estate of hers to live on? I should be glad to live so long, as to see his History of his Own Times; which would be a work very worthy of his lordship, and will be a defence of that ministry, and a justification of our late glorious queen, against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr. Pope's last poem, entitled MDCCXXXVIII, called Dialogue II.; but I live so obscurely, and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the Duke of Ormond lives so well at ease and in so good health, as well as with so valuable a companion. His grace has an excellent constitution at so near to fourscore. Mr. Dunkin is not in town, but I will send to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my Lord and Lady Oxford; but his way of managing his fortune

is not to be endured. I remember a rascally butcher, one Morley,* a great land-jobber and knave, who was his lordship's manager, and has been the principal cause of my lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakness and credulity. I desire you will please, upon occasion, to present my humble service to my Lord and Lady Oxford, and to my Lord Bathurst. I just expected the character you give of young * * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. Ford is alive; perhaps walking preserves him.

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it.

I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the house, up and down stairs; and if it were not for the cruel deafness, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through England; pox on the modern phrase Great Britain, which is only to distinguish it from Little Britain, where old clothes and old books are to be bought and sold! However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the best scholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible asthma. I wish you were rich enough to buy and keep a horse, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles.

Mr. Richardson is, I think, still in London. I assure you, he is very grateful to me, and is too wise and discreet to give any just occasion of complaint, by which he must be a great loser in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written as much this many a day. I

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* This is the "Mild Morley" of Prior's ballad of Down-Hall. He was originally a butcher, but made a very large fortune as an agent and land-jobber.

have tired myself much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, dear Mr. Alderman,
with very great esteem,
Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Dublin, August 8, 1738.

I HAVE yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion, (of which you have already too great a part,) but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms,* which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B.† is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and

* Dr. Johnson laughs at Swift and Pope thinking their letters were opened and inspected by the post-master, as an instance of their self-importance.—DR. WARTON.

† Mrs. Martha Blount.

service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose handwriting I know towards the end of your letter, has made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest * abroad. He began in the queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to my friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost anything you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which I presume are very well known from Temple Bar to St. James's; I mean the court exclusive.

I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you have honoured me with, these twenty years and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. Whiteway, a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.

My Lord Orrery is gone with his lady to a part of her estate in the north; she is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B.'s letter in the last page of yours.

My Dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me.

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* Fontainbleau, to which Bolingbroke was again about to return.

I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your lordship than to all the world beside. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name should be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*: if not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P.S.—I will here in a postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I have shewed my cousin the above letter, and she assures me that a great collection of $\frac{\text{your}}{\text{my}}$ letters to $\frac{\text{me}}{\text{you}}$ * are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand.

I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely yours,

JON. SWIFT.

It is now Aug. 24, 1738.

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* It is written just thus in the original. The correspondence in the present volume seems to be part of the collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned to Mr. Pope after Mr. Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr. Pope of the return or exchange of letters has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers.—WARBURTON.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. POPE.* 1739.

SIR,

I AM now with the Dean of St. Patrick's, who has commanded me to write for him to you. He is extremely deaf and giddy, which is doubly heavy at this juncture, as it prevents him from making you acquainted with one of the most valuable men of the kingdom, Mr. M'Aulay; whose only business to England is to pay his duty, respects, and most humble thanks, to the Prince of Wales, to you, sir, and Mr. Littleton. The character which the Dean hath ordered me to give you of Counsellor M'Aulay is this; that he is a man of religion, without enthusiasm or hypocrisy; of excellent understanding, learning, taste, and probity; a just defender of other men's properties, and the liberty of *his prince* and country; a most dutiful son, a faithful friend—Here I stopped to put the Dean in mind that I was writing to Mr. Pope, not of him; he bid me go on, finish my sentence, and then make my remarks—a tender husband, father, and master.

The Dean now in his turn asked me what I thought of my precipitation? was I still of opinion it was Mr. Pope he was describing? As we women do not like to own ourselves mistaken, I insisted on my being in the right in what I said, for I could see no other difference in the pictures, than what an able artist might have designedly made, where one part was darkly shaded, for the imagination of the beholder to fill up.

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* Now first printed from a scroll of the original among Mr. Smith's papers.

The Dean says, his great loss of memory, and very bad state of health, would still be more supportable, if he were not incapacitated by it to converse with you, who have his heart, his warmest wishes, and tenderest affections. Allow me, sir, to add one wish for myself, that I may be an humble attendant on you both, in that glorious space, where great souls will, I am sure, from a just God, enjoy a more exalted happiness in being perpetually together. I am, Sir, with the highest respect,

your most humble and

most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

August 31, 1738.

SIR,

I BELIEVE you know that I had a treatise, called "Advice to Servants," in two volumes. The first was lost, but this moment Mrs. Ridgeway brought it to me, having found it in some papers in her room; and truly, when I went to look for the second I could not tell where to find it; if you happen to have it, I shall be glad; if not, the messenger shall go to Mrs. Whiteway. I am,

Your humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, September 16, 1738.

I HAVE much pleasure in thinking I have executed your commands and Alderman Barber's, to both your satisfactions; and was greatly pleased yesterday to find the Dean in spirits enough to be able to write you a few lines, because I know it was what you wished for. I declare it has not been by any omission of mine that it was not done long ago. Beside his usual attendants, giddiness and deafness, I can with great truth say, the miseries of this poor kingdom have shortened his days, and sunk him even below the wishes of his enemies; and as he has lived the patriot of Ireland, like the second Cato, he will resign life when it can be no longer serviceable to his country.

As Sir Robert Walpole has your best wishes, I am so far glad of his recovery.

My daughter is now very well, and most highly obliged to you for what you say about her. I was so little myself when I wrote to you last, with her illness, that I forgot to entreat the favour of your commands to Miss Richardson, to take the opportunity of the summer season to come to this town; but the week after I wrote to her, and insisted on her company immediately; but by directing my letter to Summerseat instead of Colrane, I had not an answer till yesterday, and then one that did not satisfy me; for it is written with such deference and fear of doing anything without your positive orders, that I have very little to hope from her. I shall for

ever tax you with want of truth, sincerity, and breach of faith, if you do not command her to come immediately to town.

I shewed Mr. Dunkin the paragraph in your letter that concerned him; for which, and many other obligations he is under to you, he owns himself most gratefully your obedient, &c. &c. Mr. Faulkener will send the books by the first that goes to England.

How could you be so unpolite as to tell a woman you supposed her not to be entertained with scandal? You will not allow us to be learned; books turn our brain; housewifery is below a genteel education; and work spoils our eyes: And will you not permit us to be proficients in gaming, visiting, and scandal? To convince you I am so in the last article, the poem pleased me mightily, and I had a secret pleasure to see the gentlemen I shewed it to liked it as well as I did; so I find your sex are not without a tincture of that female quality.

You have pressed me so much in every letter to find you employment, that, to be rid of you, I will now do it; for, without mentioning the words, entreat, favours, vast obligations, trouble, and a long &c., will you buy for me twenty yards of a pink-coloured English damask? The colour we admire here is called a blue pink. The woman will tell you what I mean. If you will be pleased, by the return of the post, to tell what will be the expense, I will pay the money immediately into Henry's bank.

I own I am surprised at what you tell me of Mr. Philips; but envy, you know, is the tax on virtue, for no other reason could make him your enemy: and I most heartily wish, whosoever is so may meet with the fate they deserve. I have just read so far of this letter, and am so much ashamed of the liberty I have taken to give you so much trouble,

that if I have truth in me, were it not for the Dean's letter it should never go to you. If you can pardon me this, I promise for the future never to give you the like occasion of exerting your good nature, to her who is, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient, humble servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

You forgot to date your letter.

—o—

FROM THE BISHOP OF FERNS.*

SIR, September 18, 1738.

A MESSAGE which I had just received from you by Mr. Hughes, gives me some hopes of being restored to my old place. Formerly I was your minister *in musicis:* but when I grew a great man (and by the by you helped to make me so) you turned me off. If you are pleased again to employ me, I shall be as faithful and observant as ever.

I have heard Mr. Hughes sing often at Percival's, † and have a good opinion of his judgment; so has Percival, who, in these affairs, is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: and, if I mistake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the musical gentlemen, *i.e.*, he is desirous to improve himself. If Mason and Lamb

* Dr. Synge.—D. S.

† At Dean Percival's.—D. S.

were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themselves. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

EDWARD FERNS.

—o—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MR. SWIFT's gimcracks of cups and balls,* in order to my convenient shaving with ease and dispatch, together with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniencies attended: for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth past. I return him, therefore, all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and so adieu.

I am ever, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

Oct. 3d or 4th, or rather, as the butler says, the 2d, on Tuesday, 1738.

My service to all your litter; I mean Mrs. Harrison, &c., but you will call this high treason. I am still very lame of that left foot. I expect to see as many of you as you please.

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* A box of soap, and a brush.—D. S.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MR. POPE.

Marston, Oct. 4, 1738.

SIR,

I AM more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a safe hand in Ireland is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all, of his friends. As I know you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose; and, I fear, whoever has them is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs. Whiteway did assure me she had not one of them; and seemed to be under great uneasiness that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the Dean's letter which gave you that information, but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you, from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were."

You may say what you please, either to the Dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean says they are delivered into a safe hand; and Mrs. Whiteway * declares she

* This lady afterwards gave Mr. Pope the strongest assurances that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went so far as to secrete the book till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer; whereupon her son-in-law, Deane Swift, Esq., insisted upon writing a preface, to justify Mr. Pope from having any knowledge of it,

has them not. The consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point."

This is the first time that I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune; and I should say (as an excuse for this letter) that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

ORRERY.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

Twitnam, Oct. 12, 1738.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I COULD gladly tell you every week the many things that pass in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendship to me; but I am not so willing to put you to the trouble of shewing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occasions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and very deserving friend; one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many, now dead, banished, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. Lyttleton,

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and to lay it on the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this Mr. Pope would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact.—POPE.

one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurse, and so does Lyttleton; he loves and is loved, through the whole chain of relations, dependants, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any person to please me, or to serve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whose name is William Lamb; and he is the bearer of this letter. I presume he is qualified for that which he desires; and I doubt not, if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you —What?—what I can tell; the kindness I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or (the best softenings of the want of either) quiet and resignation. You lose little by not hearing such things as this idle and base generation has to tell you: you lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country, and forgets the present, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable, (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life,) we may, at least we should, nay, we must, (whether patiently or impatiently,) bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better, but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends, who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them too; and, if ever they come into England, let them be my friends. If, by anything I can here do, I can serve you, or please you, be certain it

will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction anything gives me here will be superior, if equal, to it.

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolness, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord Orrery, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Oxford, Lord Masham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount; —allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man. And many young men there are, nay, all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured, or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the deanery; just as much of you as God made mortal. May the rest of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honest men may expect, and need not doubt, while (knowing nothing more) they know that their Maker is merciful! Adieu.

Yours ever,

A. Pope.

FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Twitnam, Nov. 7, 1738.

When you get to Dublin, (whither I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible,) pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly I love him, and how greatly I honour him;

how greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friendship; how much I resolved to give the best I can of my esteem for him to posterity; and assure him the world has nothing in it I admire so much; nothing the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtues.

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TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Nov. 27, 1738.

I NEVER liked a letter from you on your usual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily sorry for your son's continuing his illness, and that you have now two patients in your house. In the meantime, pray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked colic, and Mrs. Harrison's disposition to a fever. I hope at least things will be better on Thursday,* else I shall be full of the spleen, because it is a day you seem to regard although I detest it, and I read the third chapter of Job that morning.† I am deafer than when you saw me last, and indeed am quite cast down. My hearty love and service to Mrs. Harrison. I thoroughly pity you in your present circumstances. I am ever yours entirely. God support you.

JON. SWIFT.

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* Dr. Swift's birth-day.—D. S.

† This chapter he always read upon his birth-day.—D. S.

FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Belturbet, Nov. 29, 1739.

IT was a very unequal match that the Dean and you should join in a plot against my uncle and me: you could not fail of carrying your point. Anything the Dean hath a hand in is done in the most genteel and surprising manner. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himself when he hears the part he acted in it: I have been so well accustomed to receive presents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or some light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I so surprised as I was when I read your letter, to think that I had received a present from so great a person as the Dean; but, when I looked upon it, and knew the expense it must be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for me, who can never deserve the least favour from him: it is a most beautiful diamond. I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: the Dean's hair and name have made it a treasure to me, and I really believe it will be thought so a thousand years hence, if it can be kept so long. I am sure it shall by me, as long as I live, with as much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My sister, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very safe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her,

and returns you her most sincere thanks, with her humble service. Pray give mine most affectionately to Miss Harrison. I am,

Dear Madam,

Your most obliged and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, London, January 2, 1738–9.

I AM called upon, by many provocations, to prefer a bill of indictment against you, and a female accomplice of yours;* for that by the use of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well-meaning country girl of plain sense, who had been very useful to me, and esteemed by her acquaintance. I have seen of late many symptoms of her disorder: it is true, that the fascination of your works had before operated strongly upon her; for scarce any opportunity occurred but she poured forth her admiration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechism; however, she could attend to domestic affairs, and give proper directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c., and when she did not pore upon your writings, or some other books, (I cannot say of the like kind,) she was at work, or seeing that things in her province were as they should be: but now truly it appears she

* Mrs. Whiteway.—D. S.

apprehends that heretofore she had not discovered her own value and importance. To be taken notice of by a person she has long thought to be the greatest genius any age has produced, and whom she worships with an adoration that to any mortal rises almost to idolatry, has, it is much to be feared, transported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end, I know not. What you have done proceeded, no doubt, from a malicious intention towards me as well as the poor girl; and I resent it accordingly, as I hope she will do when she returns to her senses.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear sir, to learn from the prime-serjeant Singleton, that he found you extremely well in every respect, except your hearing; and in that he said you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with, most entirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at present. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my friends, and cannot yet say when they will allow me to return. I pass my time, now and then, with some of Mr. Pope's most intimate friends; and although I would have a great pleasure in being known to him, that of the present age comes next to you in fame, I shall not be introduced to him, unless I shall have the honour not to be thought wholly unworthy to deliver him a letter from the Dean of St. Patrick's.

Alderman Barber got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is still somewhat lame in his hip; but otherwise in very good health and spirits.

Doctor Squire holds out surprisingly: as soon as the vacancy shall happen, I shall have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr. Dunkin will succeed him.

I am ever, dear Sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most obliged, and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

—o—

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, St. Mary Hall, Oxford, Jan. 5, 1738–9.

AT length I have put Rochefoucault to the press, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be published. But I am in great fear lest you should dislike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of those among your friends in this country, who love and esteem you most, and zealously interest themselves in everything that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily submit to their opinion; however, if after having received the printed copies, which I will send you next week, you shall still resolve to have the poem published as entire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper person to undertake the work. I shall go to London the latter end of the next week, when I will write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the post.*

I was at Twickenham in the Christmas week. Mr. Pope had just then received a letter from you,

* The Dean did accordingly much disapprove of the prudential alterations and omissions of Dr. King, in the celebrated verses on his own death.

and I had the pleasure of hearing you were well and in good spirits. May those good spirits continue with you to the last hour!

Believe me to be, with the greatest truth, Sir, your most obedient, and most faithful servant,

W. K.

Pray do me the honour to present my most humble service to Mrs. Whiteway.

—o—

FROM MR. DEANE SWIFT.

SIR, January 12, 1738–9.

I HAD so great an honour conferred upon me yesterday, that I know not how to express the obligations I lie under for it; unless, by endeavouring to make myself worthy of your present, I can demonstrate to the world that I daily improve in wisdom and knowledge, by studying in those books, which, since the beginning of my life, I have ever esteemed to be a complete library of taste, wit, poetry, and politics; yes, and in spite of dulness and prejudice, I will venture to say, of religion also. This I am sure of, that so great a present from so great a person, and in a manner so handsome and extraordinary, it is absolutely impossible I should ever be honoured with again. I always thought I added to my own reputation whenever I pointed out some of those excellencies which shine through every page of them. But to be thought worthy of receiving them from your hands, was infinitely beyond even what my vanity could

hope for. I have flattered myself for many years, that to the best of my power I have continually fought under the banners of liberty, and that I have been ready, at a moment's call, either to lay down my life in the defence of it, or, whenever there should appear any probability of success, to vindicate and assert that claim, which every man in every country has by nature a right to insist upon; but, whatever principles have guided my actions hitherto, I shall from this moment enlist myself under the conduct of liberty's general; and whenever I desert her ensigns, to fight under those of tyranny and oppression, then, and not till then, will I part with those books which you have so highly honoured me with, and cast them into the flames, that I may never afterwards be reproached either by the sight of them, or the remembrance of the donor. I am, Sir, with the highest esteem, your most obliged, and most obedient humble servant,

DEANE SWIFT.

—o—

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, London, January 23, 1738–9.

I HOPE you received a letter I wrote to you from Oxford, about the thirtieth of last month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of Rochefoucault; and as I interest myself most heartily in everything that concerns your character as an author, so I take great pleasure in telling you, that none of your works have been better received by the public than this poem. I observe this with more than ordinary satisfaction, because I may urge the appro-

bation of the public as some kind of apology for myself, if I shall find you are dissatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that should happen, all the rest of your friends on this side of the water must share the blame with me; for I have absolutely conformed myself to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are some lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reason but because I durst not insert them, I mean the story of the medals: however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almost every reader may be able to supply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of Queen Anne, and so well describes the designs of the ministry, which succeeded upon the accession of the late king, I would likewise willingly have published, if I could have done it with safety; but I do not know whether the present worthy set of ministers would not have construed this passage into high treason, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendoes: at least a lawyer, whom I consulted on this occasion, gave me some reason to imagine this might be the case. I am, in truth, more cautious than I used to be, well knowing that my superiors look on me at present with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the Latin poem I have sent you by the same gentleman, who does me the favour to deliver you this letter: for although that piece has escaped the state inquisition, by being written in a language that is not at present very well understood at court, and might, perhaps, puzzle the attorney-general to explain, yet the scope of the poem and principal characters being well understood, the author must hereafter expect no mercy, if he gives his enemies any grounds or colour to attack him. But notwithstanding all my caution, if I perceive you dislike this manner and form of the

poem, I will, some way or other, contrive that it may be published as you shall direct.

I send you my best wishes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect state for the sake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind; and I beg you to believe that I am, with the greatest truth, Sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

W. K.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Jan. 30, 1738–9.

A VERY kind letter, which I have just received from you, has put me into great confusion. I beg of you to be assured, that I think myself under the highest obligations to you, and that I set a true value on the friendship with which you have honoured me, and shall endeavour to preserve it as long as I live. If our correspondence has been interrupted, it has been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the post-office; for some time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered to me with the seals torn off. Whether these post-officers really thought me, what I never thought myself, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for some great name, I do not know; but for my part, I grew peevish, to find my friendships, and all my little chit-chat, must constantly be exposed to the view of every dirty fellow that had leisure or curiosity enough to examine my letters. However, for some little time past, I have not had

the same cause of complaint. Your letter was delivered to me in good condition; I begin to think my superiors no longer suspect me of holding any unwarrantable correspondence, especially since I find I may now venture to write to the Dean, even by the Oxford post. Notwithstanding what you say, I am in some pain about Rochefoucault, and doubt much whether he will be satisfied with the manner in which he finds it published; to which I consented in deference to Mr. Pope's judgment, and the opinion of others of the Dean's friends in this country, who, I am sure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themselves in everything that may affect him. The town has received this piece so well, that in all parts, and in all companies, I hear it extremely commended; and not only the Dean's friends, but his greatest enemies, acknowledge that he has not lost any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour so peculiar to himself. For my part, I never read any of his works, either in prose or verse, that I do not call to mind that short character which Cardinal Polignac gave him in speaking to me, *Il a l'esprit créateur*, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiss to tell you, that one Gally, or Gaillie, since this poem was printed, offered it to sale to a bookseller at Temple Bar; and I am now told, that there are two or three copies more in London. Gaillie pretends that he is just come from Ireland, and that he had directions to publish the poem here; so that, perhaps, the whole may at least appear, whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr. Swift is well. When are we to see him again in Oxford? Since you appeal to him for a voucher, although you need none with me, let him likewise do me the justice to tell you, that he never heard me mention

your name but with the greatest esteem and respect; with which I shall ever be, Madam, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

I sent the Dean a packet by the gentleman under whose cover I send you this.

—o—

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, Feb. 16, 1738–9.

My Dear Good Old Friend,

The young gentleman* who delivers you this lies under one great disadvantage, that he is one of my relations, and those are of all mortals what I despise and hate, except one Mrs. Whiteway and her daughter. You must understand that the mother has the insolence to say, that you have heard of her and know her character. She is a perfect Irish Teague, born in Cheshire, and lived, as I remember, at Warrington. The young gentleman who waits upon you, has a very good countenance, has been entered three years at the Temple, (as it is the usual custom,) but I think was never yet in England, nor does he know any one person there. However, as it is easy to find you, who are so well known, and so much esteemed, he will attend you with this letter, and you will please to instruct him in the usual methods of entering himself in the Temple. He is a younger brother, but has an estate of a hundred pounds a-year, which will make shift to

* William Swift, Esq.

support him, in a frugal way. He is also a very good person of a man, and Mrs. Whiteway says he has a virtuous disposition. My disorders of deafness, forgetfulness, and other ailments, added to a dead weight of 70 years, make me weary of life. But my comfort is, that in you I find your vigour and health increase. Pray God continue both to you. I am, my dear friend, with very great esteem and affection,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Do you ever see any of our old friends? If you visit Mr. Lewis, I must charge you to present him with my kind and hearty service: and how or where is my Lord Bolingbroke, and Mr. Pope?

I am very much obliged to you for the favour you have shewn to Mr. Richardson. He is a very prudent good gentleman; if you see him, pray make him my compliments. So, my dear friend, once more, adieu.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, London, March 6, 1738–9.

I DO not remember anything published in my time, that hath been so universally well received as the Dean's last poem. Two editions have been already sold off, though two thousand were printed at first. In short, all people read it, all agree to

commend it; and I have been well assured, the greatest enemies the Dean has in this country, allow it to be a just and beautiful satire. As I am very sincerely and sensibly affected by everything that may raise the Dean's character as a writer, (if anything can raise it higher,) so you may believe I have had the greatest pleasure in observing the success and general approbation which this poem has met with; wherefore I was not a little mortified yesterday, when the bookseller brought me the Dublin edition, and at the same time put into my hands a letter he had received from Faulkner, by which I perceive the Dean is much dissatisfied with our manner of publication, and that so many lines have been omitted, if Faulkner speaks truth, and knows as much of the Dean's mind as he pretends to know. Faulkner has sent over several other copies to other booksellers; so that I take it for granted this poem will soon be reprinted here from the Dublin edition; and then it may be perceived how much the Dean's friends have been mistaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occasion without any reserve; for I know you love the Dean, and kindly and zealously interest yourself in everything that concerns his character; and if you will believe the same of me, you will do me great justice.

The Doctor's friends, whom I consulted on this occasion, were of opinion, that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the public a little vain, if so much were said by himself of himself. They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind should lie against this poem, considering there is not the least tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known, there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They were of opinion that these lines,

> "He lash'd the vice, but spared the name;
> No individual could resent,
> Where thousands equally were meant,"——

might be liable to some objection, and were not, strictly speaking, a just part of his character; because several persons have been lashed by name, a Bettesworth, and in this poem, Chartres and Whitshed; and for my part, I do not think, or ever shall think, that it is an imputation on a satirist to lash an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

> "Here's Wolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition," &c.

are plainly a mistake; and were omitted for that reason only; for Wolston never had a pension: on the contrary, he was prosecuted for his blasphemous writings; his books were burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himself was imprisoned, and died in prison. Woolaston, the author of a book called, "The Religion of Nature Delineated," was indeed much admired at court, his book universally read, his busto set up by the late queen in her grotto at Richmond with Clarke's and Locke's; but this Woolaston was not a clergyman.

The two last lines,

> "That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
> I wish it soon may have a better"—

I omitted, because I did not well understand them; a *better* what?——There seems to be what the grammarians call an *antecedent* wanting for that word; for neither *kingdom* or *debtor* will do, so as to make it sense, and there is no other antecedent.*

* These objections seem entirely hypercritical. The Dean being utterly retired from active life, and even from friendly society, might be well allowed to claim the praise which his

The Dean is, I think, without exception, the best and most correct writer of English that has ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling anything should be cavilled at as ungrammatical: he is besides the most patient of criticism of all I ever knew; which perhaps is not the least sign of a great genius——I have therefore ventured to make these objections to you; in which, however, for the most part, I submitted my own opinion to the judgment of others. I had something to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper—but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, Madam, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

W. K.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

March 28, 1739.

SIR,

Two days ago I had the very great pleasure to hear from Mr. Swift you were well. The acknowledgments he professes in his letters to the Dean and me of your extraordinary civilities to him, make me perfectly ashamed to think how ill I shall acquit

worst enemies could hardly deny him. That he had, upon one or two occasions, mentioned notorious characters, did not affect the general proposition, "that he lash'd the vice, but spared the name," considering the number of his satirical effusions. The grammatical exception to the word *better*, used without a substantive, is also wire-drawn. By a better, in familiar speech, or familiar poetry, a better man, or a better member of society, is readily understood.

myself by only being able to say I most sincerely thank you. What an opportunity have you laid in my way of saying a thousand fine things on this subject; and yet I can only tell you, (what you already know to be a great truth,) that you have acted in this as you do in everything, friendly, politely, and genteelly. All the returns I can make, is to give you farther room to exercise a virtue which great minds only feel, that of doing good to an ingenuous, worthy, honest gentleman. The person I mean is Counsellor M'Aulay; one of those who stand candidates for member of parliament to represent the University of Dublin, in the place of Dr. Coghill deceased. The Dean of St. Patrick's appears openly for him; and I have his leave and command to tell you, if you can do Mr. M'Aulay a piece of friendship on this occasion with any person of distinction in England, he will receive the favour as done to himself. After I have mentioned the Dean, how trifling will it be to speak of myself! and yet I most earnestly entreat your interest in this affair; and for this reason, because it will never lie in my way to make you any return; so that only true generosity can inspire you to do anything at my request. After all, I am not so very unreasonable as to desire a favour of this nature, if it be irksome to you. Tell me, sir, can you do anything in this matter? and will you undertake it? for your word I know can be depended upon. There is one hint that perhaps I am impertinent in offering, that all great bodies of men, (or who at least think themselves so,) let their inclinations be ever so much in prejudice of one person, (as I take it to be the case of Mr. M'Aulay,) yet wait for the interfering of the higher powers; so that if, by your good offices, the lord-lieutenant can be prevailed on to recommend him to the provost and fellows of the university, his

interest would be certainly fixed; but this, and the manner of doing it, I submit to your superior judgment.

The Dean of St. Patrick's presents you his most affectionate love and service;—these were his own words. He is better both in health and hearing than I have known him these twelve months; but so indolent in writing, that he will scarce put his name to a receipt for money. This he has likewise ordered me to tell you as an apology for not writing to you himself, and not want of the highest esteem for you.

Do you, sir, ever intend to see this kingdom again? What time may we expect it? When may I hope you will perform your promise to let Miss Richardson spend some months with me? and do you ever intend to write again to your friends in Dublin? I am, Sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MAR. WHITEWAY.

—o—

FROM MR. RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, London, April 5, 1739.

I AM indeed much ashamed that I have so many favours from you to acknowledge at one time. You may believe me when I assure you that my silence has not proceeded from want of respect and esteem for you. I would not put on the affectation of much business as an excuse to anybody, much less to you;

although the truth is, that I am hurried almost out of my life with the attendance and writing about things I have undertaken for some friends.

The Dean's recommendation and yours, without any other consideration whatever, would induce me to do my utmost to serve Mr. M'Aulay, as I have told him by this post, when I thought I should not trouble you with a few lines. He will acquaint you with what I have done, by which you will see that I lost no time; and I have hopes to obtain the lord-lieutenant's countenance for him.

I will endeavour to introduce Mr. Swift * to the acquaintance of some persons before I leave this; whose countenance and friendship will at least give a young gentleman a good air——his own merit entitles him to the esteem and regard of such as shall have the happiness to be acquainted with him: I am much obliged to you for introducing me to him. I have only time to add my most hearty thanks for the same, and to assure you that any opportunity of expressing the esteem I have for the Dean, which is the highest, and for you, will ever give me the greatest pleasure. I am, Madam, your most obliged, and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

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* William Swift, Esq., then a student at the Middle Temple. —D. S.

—o—

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, London, April 10, 1739.

IT is an age since I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr. Alderman Barber, whose veneration for you prompts him to do anything he can think of that can shew his respect and affection, made a present to the University of Oxford of the original picture done for you by Jervas, to do honour to the university by your being placed in the gallery among the most renowned and distinguished personages this island has produced; but first had a copy taken, and then had the original set in a fine rich frame, and sent it to Oxford, after concerting with Lord Bolingbroke, the vice-chancellor, and Mr. Pope, as I remember, the inscription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is inclosed. The alderman had a very handsome compliment from the vice-chancellor, in the name of all the heads of houses there, and by their direction: wherein there is most honourable mention of the Dean of St. Patrick's on that occasion.

Seeing an article in the London Evening Post upon your picture, which was drawn at the request and expense of the chapter of your cathedral, being put up in the deanery, Alderman Barber took the hint, and caused what you see in the London Evening Post of this day to be printed therein. He knows nothing of my writing to you at this time; but I thought it right that you should be acquainted how intent he is, all manner of ways, to shew the effects of the highest friendship, kindled to a flame

by the warmest sense of gratitude, and the most exalted esteem and veneration.

Mrs. Whiteway, and Mr. M'Aulay, can inform you how absolute your commands are with me. Since you recommended him, he is sure of the utmost I can do for him.

Sir, if I have not a few words from you, I shall conclude that you think me troublesome, and are resolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home; but wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear Sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

My best respects wait upon Mrs. Whiteway.

TO THE REVEREND MR. KING.

Monday Morning.

SIR,

I HAVE often desired to talk with you about the Wednesday dinner, but could never see you. Mrs. Sican is to buy the dinner; for which I advanced a moidore and a double pistole. I hoped you would have wrote to Dr. Wilson, and taken some care about the wine, for I have none to spare. Pray let me know whether you are content to take your usual trouble on these occasions.

I am, your obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM DEAN SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY, TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 17, 1739.

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND,

I FIND that Mrs. Whiteway pretends to have been long acquainted with you; but upon a strict examination I discovered that all the acquaintance was only at the Deanery-House, where she had the good fortune to see you once or twice at most. I am extremely obliged to you for your favours to Mr. M'Aulay, for whose good sense and virtues of every kind I have highly esteemed him ever since I had the happiness of knowing him. If he succeeds in his election, it will be chiefly by your good offices; and you have my hearty thanks for what you have already done. I know you often see my honest hearty friend Alderman Barber; and pray let him know that I command him to continue his friendship to you, although he is your absolute governor. I am very much obliged to the alderman and you for your civilities to young Swift. Mrs. Whiteway says he is my cousin; which will not be to his advantage, for I hate all relations; and I——Sir, I have snatched the pen out of the Dean's hand, who seems, by his countenance, to incline to finish his letter with my faults as he began it. Where there is so large a scope, and such a writer, you may believe I should not like to have my character drawn by him. However, I think for once he is mistaken; I mean in the article of what he calls vanity, and which I term a laudable ambition, the honour of being known to you, and bragging of it as some merit to myself, to be distinguished by you. Have I not reason to boast,

when you tell me my recommendation will have weight with you? and how great must be the obligation that words cannot express? Gratitude, like grief, dwells only in the mind, and can best be guessed at when it was too great to be told, and most certainly lessens when we are capable of declaring it. I never doubted Mr. M'Aulay's success if you undertook his cause, nor your indefatigable friendship for those who have the good fortune to gain your esteem. Mr. Swift I wish may be in the number. This I am sure of, that his virtue and honour will never give me reason to repent that I introduced him to you, which is the only favour I hoped for him; but you, sir, never do things by halves.

I know you are hurried on many occasions; therefore I do not expect a letter unless you are perfectly disengaged. Sometimes we are in such a state of indolence, that half an hour is trifled away in doing nothing. When you find yourself in this situation, tell me in two or three lines you are well, and command Miss Richardson to come to me. My daughter most earnestly joins with me in this request, and entreats you to believe that she is, with as great respect as I am, Sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

—o—

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, London, April 17, 1739.

I WROTE this morning to Mrs. Whiteway a few lines in much hurry, and I write this to you in Guildhall, by Alderman Barber's direction. Besides a letter from you to the Society, whose address is in Mrs. Whiteway's letter, he thinks a memorial or petition from Mr. Dunkin to the Society will be of use; and if you write to Mr. Pope, the alderman thinks he will get one vote, which he can fix no way of obtaining but through Pope. I am ever, dear Sir, your most obliged, and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

I should think it would be right in Mr. Dunkin to come over the moment he hears of Squire's death. I wrote by this post to a nephew, to let you know the moment he dies, if the life should be in him when my letter goes to him.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE SOCIETY OF THE GOVERNOR AND ASSISTANTS, LONDON, FOR THE NEW PLANTATION IN ULSTER, WITHIN THE REALM OF IRELAND, AT THE CHAMBER IN GUILDHALL, LONDON.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN, April 19, 1739.

I HEARTILY recommend to your very Worshipful Society, the Reverend Mr. William Dunkin,* for the living of Colrane, vacant by the death of Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes, and all my endeavours for your prosperity: and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem,

Worthy Sirs,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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* See Alderman Barber's letter, March 13, 1738.—N.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, April 19, 1739.

I NOW give you an opportunity of adding a new petition in your prayers,—From female impertinence, good Lord, deliver me. Yet this trouble you brought on yourself; and therefore I will make no apology for it. Mr. Dunkin's case comes now under your care. You were the first promoter of it; and to you only are his obligations due. Mr. Squire died the 14th of this month; and by this post the Dean has writ to Alderman Barber in Mr. Dunkin's favour. He has commanded me to entreat your friendship for him with the alderman and the Society: and says, he knows you will pardon him that he does not write to you himself on the occasion; for his head is very much out of order to-day. There is one article in the Dean's letter he has left out, and another inserted, much against my inclination. The first is, that he omitted mentioning Mr. Dunkin as a worthy good man, which, in my opinion, is more material than being a poet or a scholar: although, when joined with these, make a most amiable character: the other is, troubling the alderman to know there is such an insignificant person in the world as Mrs. Whiteway; but the tyrant Dean will say and do just as he pleases. The enclosed was sent me by Mr. Dunkin, not knowing how to direct to you. I now promise you, sir, to tease you no more with my letters, unless you command me to pay you my most humble respects; and then you shall be obeyed with pleasure, by, Sir, your most obliged, and most obedient servant,

MAR. WHITEWAY.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, Dublin, April 19, 1739.

AT last Doctor Squire is actually dead; he died upon the 14th day of this month, and now you have the opportunity of obliging me in giving Squire's living in Colrane to Mr. William Dunkin, who is an excellent scholar, and keeps a school in my neighbourhood; besides, he is a very fine poet. My friend Mr. Richardson can give you a better account of him. It is true, Mr. Dunkin is a married man; however, that is of no great moment; and in the northern country of Ireland, although it be the best inhabited part of the kingdom, a wife will be convenient. Yet we two old bachelors (I own I am your senior) could never consent to take so good example, by endeavouring to multiply the world. I heartily thank you for your civilities to young Swift. It seems he is a relation of mine. And there is one Mrs. Whiteway, a widow, the only cousin of my family for whom I have any sort of friendship; it was she prevailed with me to introduce the young man to you. He is a younger brother, and his portion is only £100 a-year English. You will oblige me if you can bear seeing him once a-quarter at his lodging near the Temple, where he designs to study the law; and so I have done with ever troubling you, my dear friend. Where is Mr. Lewis? Some months ago he writ to me with many complaints of his ill health, and the effect of old age, in both which I can overmatch you and him, beside my giddy head, deafness, and forgetfulness into the bargain. I hear our friend Lord Bolingbroke has

sold Dawley; I wish you could tell me in what condition he is, both as to health and fortune; and where his lady lives, and how they agree. If you visit my Lord and Lady Oxford and their daughter, who is now, as I hear, a duchess, or any other friend of ours, let them have the offers of my humble service. May you, my most dear friend, preserve your health, and live as long as you desire! I am ever, with the greatest truth and esteem, your most obedient humble servant, and entire friend,

JON. SWIFT.

I desire you will give my most hearty service to Mr. Pope; and let him know that I have provided for Mr. Lamb, whom he recommended to me, with a full vicar choralship in my choir. And pray let me know the state of Mr. Pope's health.

DR. DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, April 25, 1737.

As it was through your countenance I had the honour of being first introduced to the most worthy Dean of St. Patrick,* I must have thought myself under the highest obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendship, through so many repeated acts of generosity, and the course of his gracious endeavours to raise my reputation and

* It was Faulkner who first introduced him to Dr. Swift, by taking much pains and trouble to accomplish it.—F.

fortune, are such things as I must ever remember and express with a very deep sense of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing so many letters lately in my favour, was indeed what I could not in reason expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only say, the Dean of St. Patrick is unwearied in doing good, and that he who could rise to preserve a nation, will descend to relieve an individual.

The sense of my own demerit, and the just awe in which I stand before so great and good a man, will not allow me either that freedom of speech, or writing, which is requisite to let him understand with what love, veneration, and respect of his person I reflect upon the many instances of his tender concern and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I most earnestly wish, but am altogether unable to perform, and such as I entreat you, dear madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another, among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your most dutiful, obedient, devoted servant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

—o—

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 28, 1739.

DEAR SIR,

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors,

who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against King Charles the First. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, because his great grandfather by the grandmother's side was Admiral Deane, who, having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any of his family: he was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in Oxford, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me, that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit; he hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He has a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather * was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, of which I find an account in a book called "Mercurius Rusticus," that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family.† However, three of his sons had better fortune; for, coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates, of which Mr. Deane Swift has a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you; which is

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* The Rev. Thomas Swift, parson of Godwich, in Herefordshire.

† The account of their sufferings is to be found in Mercurius Rusticus, Edition 1685, p. 82, and are briefly noticed in the Dean's life.

all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes. I am, my dearest friend,

Your most obedient

and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

May 10, 1739.

YOU are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of anything that was told me last night, or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend Mr. Lyttleton, whom you call "the rising genius of this age." His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early spread, even among us. I find he is secretary to the Prince of Wales; and his royal highness has been for several years chancellor of the university in Dublin. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make to you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of Hanover; and particularly to the Prince of Wales, for his highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aulay is now soliciting for a seat in Parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this

university: and, as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured, by your good-will and Mr. Lyttleton's interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he has at present but half a vicarship; the value of it is not quite fifty pounds *per annum.* You writ to me in his favour some months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it; and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

—o—

FROM MR. SECRETARY LYTTLETON.

SIR, London, May 16, 1739.

I CANNOT let Mr. Swift return to Ireland without my acknowledgments to you for the favour you have done Mr. Lamb.* I know that I ought to ascribe it wholly to Mr. Pope's recommendation, as I have not the happiness to be known to you myself; but give me leave to take this occasion of assuring you how much I wish to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be so even at this distance, and though we should never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of some men is

* See the last letter.

amiable, and one can love their characters without knowing their persons.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any service in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

G. LYTTLETON.

—o—

FROM MR. POPE.

DEAREST SIR, May 17, 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me: and I am in proportion grieved to find, that several of my letters to testify it to you miscarry; and you ask me the same question again which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, inquires, where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterward. He has sold Dawley for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one in the finest country in France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a-day, and generally hunts twice a-week. He has the whole forest of Fountainbleau at his command, with the king's stables, dogs, &c., his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood.

I never saw him in stronger health or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom; and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your History of the Queen's Last Years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, of which great care surely should be taken.* And he told me, that, when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them; and that you promised you would take care.

We very often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham: at which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think, not Dublin only, but France and Italy, not worth the visiting once more in my life. The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples

* It may be easily supposed that Swift and Bolingbroke would have differed widely in their account of that statesman's conduct; whom the former honoured, and the latter detested, beyond all men living.

purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey at the expense of parting from one's friends.

Mr. Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so in regard to herself; she speaks of you constantly. I scarcely know two more women worth naming to you: the rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham, when I see them. I see John Barber seldom: but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him, in behalf of one of your friends; and spoke to Mr. Lyttleton for the other, who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please you.

You ask me, how I am at court. I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The prince shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with: At least, they are civil to me, which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her mind and body; yet I

cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men; whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so, I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polwarth, a Mr. Murray,* and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption in the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit: I am sinking fast in prose; and, if I ever write more, it ought (at these years and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner.

Since my protest (for so I call my dialogue† of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the Dunciad, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second canto, among the authors who live in Fleet-ditch, immediately after Asnal, verse 300, add these:

"Next plung'd a feeble but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back;‡
Sons of *a day!* just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their *names?* I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe, her children gone,
Sits mother Osborne,§ stupified to stone;

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* The last Lord Marchmont, and the celebrated Lord Mansfield.

† Epilogue to the Satire.—BOWLES.

‡ "They print one at the back of the other, to send into the country."—Pope, *MS. note.* These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.—See the Dunciad.—B.

§ Osborne was the assumed name of the publisher of the Gazetteer.—BOWLES. The real author was said to be a woman.

And rueful Paxton * tells the world with tears,
These are—ah! no; these were my Gazetteers."

Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement: the first is better, as to headaches; worse, as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much; otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation: but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and raise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend, and yours; but his country-seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country-seat; and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks after you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of you, and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which make the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill

* "A solicitor, who procured and paid those writers."—Mr. Pope's MS. note. Afterwards thus altered:

"And monumental brass this record bears,
These are," &c.

me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with Lord Peterborow, about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and Lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at: but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P.S.—May 19. This I end at Lord Orrery's in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. Swift * to me: he can tell you more of me.

A SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

One of my new friends, Mr. Lyttleton, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I shewed him yours concerning Mr. M'Aulay, he went to him, and it was granted.†—He is extremely obliged for the promotion of Lamb. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other. *Sint tales animæ concordes.* He loves you, though he sees you not; as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you.

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* Deane Swift, Esq.—N.

† See the Dean's preceding letter of 10th May 1739.

TO MR. LYTTLETON.

SIR, June 5, 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb; which deserves mine and my chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (several years older than you) was much surprised to see his junior in so high a station as secretary to his royal highness the Prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article, you are greatly mistaken: for, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court politics: for, in a letter I writ to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the university to choose him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the Prince of Wales; pretending they

were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal; and therefore have desired his royal highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their chancellor, what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement! Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here; and seems to be the last effort of such men, who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire, that his royal highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration, I bear toward his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill-treatment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: but you shall be pardoned, if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make it up, in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in everything but friendship and gratitude: and you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me until I am dead. I am, honourable Sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obedient and

obliged humble servant.

—o—

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, July 20, 1739.

A FORTNIGHT ago I went out of town with the new married couple, my son and daughter; and the day before I had the honour to receive your letter. With great truth I do assure you, I am much more concerned at the trouble and disappointment you met with in Mr. Dunkin's affair than for him, having but a short acquaintance and knowledge, otherwise than knowing him to be a man of sense, virtue, and religion, who would be an ornament to the church, and a credit to those who appeared for him. These were my reasons to wish him well.

One part of your letter, sir, I can only take notice of with amazement; and do entreat you will indulge me so far as to believe this will be all the answer I can, or ever will, make to it: and yet I am not insensible you have been pleased in some measure to honour me with your esteem. I will not therefore fear the loss of your friendship, because it shall be my study to merit your good opinion: and, unprovoked, I know you to have too much good nature to withdraw it. I never saw a more beautiful silk than was bought for my daughter. If you did not choose it, at least you shewed your judgment in the person that was employed. She desires me to say this, that you have forced her to do what she never did in her life, wear anything that was not paid for; and if hereafter she should run her husband in debt, she will lay all the fault at your door. Mr. Swift presents you his most obedient respects, and

will oblige you to know him by his assiduity in courting the honour of your acquaintance. I have asked you so many favours, that no one but myself would presume perpetually to dun you thus; and yet I will never leave off until you grant this my request, to command Miss Richardson to town immediately. I now attack you on the foot of charity; an argument you can never resist. Consider my daughter has quitted me; that I am all alone; and her agreeable company will make Molly and her husband spend all their time with me. In short, sir, if you hesitate one moment longer, I will lay you open to the world, and let them see how much they were mistaken in Mr. Richardson, who once in his life broke his word. I have now before me, under your hand, that all my commands should be obeyed. I insist on your promise; and Miss Richardson is my demand, and that immediately. You see how careful and sparing you gentlemen ought to be in compliments to women, who always keep you to your promise while it makes to their interest; and as well know how to evade their own when it is contrary to their inclination. I had the favour of a letter from Alderman Barber in answer to one I wrote him. He does not perhaps know the inconveniency he has brought on himself, which is another from me; and yet you may tell him when I have once more paid my respects to him, I am not so unreasonable as to impose or expect any farther notice of Irish impertinence.

I left this paragraph to finish at the deanery, that from his own mouth I might assure you of his love and esteem. He sends his most affectionate service to his dear old friend Alderman Barber. Mr. Dunkin likewise presents you his most obedient respects, and hopes you received his letter that he sent some days ago. There is no person a more obedient, humble servant to you than my daughter,

excepting, dear Sir, your most obedient and most obliged, faithful, humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

The chief circumstance that you would choose to know I had like to have forgot; which is, that the Dean is in good health, and ever will remember the pains you and the alderman have been at, on his account, for Mr. Dunkin.

—o—

FROM DR. SCOTT.

REV. SIR, London, Sept. 7, 1739.

ALTHOUGH I do not imagine that you have any remembrance of a person so little known to you as I am, yet I have taken the liberty to draw a kind of bill of friendship upon you, which I am inclined to believe you will answer, because it is in favour of that kingdom to which you have always stood a sincere and firm friend. We have had here, for some time past, a number of anatomical figures, prepared in wax, which perfectly exhibit all the parts of a human body. They are the work of a French surgeon,* who spent above forty years in preparing them, and who, to bring them to perfection, was at the trouble and expense of dissecting some hundreds of bodies. The present proprietor of them is my friend, and it was by my persuasion that he was pre-

* Mr. Rackstraw, statuary; the anatomical figures were purchased from him by the late Earl of Shelburne, who presented them to the University of Dublin.—D. S.

vailed on to send them into Ireland for the instruction of the curious. I presume you have seen them in London, and therefore I am inclined to think you will be of opinion, that a person may gain more perfect knowledge in anatomy, by viewing these preparations only a few times, than he would by attending many dissections. Your encouraging such of your acquaintance as are curious to see these figures, would greatly excite the curiosity of others. This is the favour I have taken the liberty to desire of you, and which I believe you will be the more readily inclined to grant, when I have assured you, that the person who has the care of the figures, has it in his instructions to return the money that may be got by exposing them to view, in Irish linen, so that the kingdom will be no way impoverished by the small expense which gentlemen may be at in procuring useful instruction, or gratifying their curiosity. If the request I have made be such as you cannot favour, my next is, that you will grant me your pardon for having made it.

I intend, God willing, to go into Ireland next spring, after the publication of a work which I have been engaged in for some years past, for the silencing of all infidels, heretics, schismatics of all kinds, and enthusiasts. I thought it necessary, because in the way that the controversy has been hitherto managed against such people, the truth has been rather puzzled and perplexed than cleared, Christianity has been betrayed, and all true religion lost in the world. I have advanced no one new opinion of my own: what I have set forth is what was clearly set forth in the Scriptures from the beginning. I mean in the original Scriptures of the Old Testament, so interpreted as to make them everywhere consistent with themselves; and to shew that the interpretations I have given are not only the true interpretations, but

that the Scriptures so interpreted are the revealed word of God. I have demonstrated the truth of them by natural evidence, or by the works of God, and that the works bear evidence to nothing but the truth; that these revealed truths so demonstrated are unquestionable and undeniable; and that they are the only powerful motives by which men are not only moved but enlightened, and enabled to mortify all their lusts, which blind and deceive them here, and will be their everlasting tormentors hereafter, but to work the works of charity, and of that perfect righteousness which is of faith: so that the whole of all true religion, which has been one and the same in all ages, will appear to consist in the mortifications of our bodily and spiritual lusts, which withhold men from the works of righteousness; and in the belief of those demonstrative truths, by which alone we are enlightened, enabled, and moved to subdue them; and in observing those natural memorials, which God has set before us, and in partaking of those reverential ordinances which he has instituted to put us in mind of what we ought to do in order to eternal life and the motives for so doing. I ask pardon for this digression: and if you have any commands that I am capable of executing here, if you will let me have the honour of receiving them, I shall take great pleasure in obeying you; for I am, with the greatest respect and truth, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant.

JOHN SCOTT.

TO THE EARL OF ARRAN.

MY LORD, 1739.

I AM earnestly desired, by some worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer, Mr. Moore, minister of Clonmel, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorial tithes of Clonmel were granted to the church by letters-patent from King Charles the Second, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first Duke of Ormond, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of Clonmel, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother, whom God long preserve. But your lordship's present agent, being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, has lately renewed the claim of the Ormond family to those tithes, and was, at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of Clonmel is one of the largest, and yet the poorest, parishes in this kingdom; being, upon the whole, (including the valuation of the houses,) scarce worth one hundred pounds a-year; out of which, a curate-assistant being absolutely necessary, on account of its extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family has been always distinguished for their favour and protection to the established church, under her greatest persecutions; nor have you, in the universal opinion, ever degenerated from them. Those tithes in and about Clonmel

are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a-year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive law-suit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. Moore is recommended to me by several persons of great worth, (as I have already observed,) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request, therefore, to your lordship is, that the minister of Clonmel may, without disturbance enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed that the duke your brother's retiring has not lessened your fortune, but increased it; and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tithes in and about Clonmel to Mr. Moore and his successors, in a legal form, for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a-year, and that with a thousand difficulties infinitely below your generosity and quality.

I am, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, Dec. 4, 1739.

I CANNOT find a manuscript I wrote, called, "Directions for Servants," which I thought was very useful, as well as humorous. I believe you have both seen and read it. I wish you could give me some intelligence of it, because my memory is quite gone; therefore let me know all you can conjecture about it.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM THE REV. MR. THROP.*

REV. SIR, Dec. 10, 1739.

THE many professions of kindness you have made, and friendships you have shewn, to my mother and

* Son of Mr. Thomas Throp, a merchant in Dublin, and brother to the Rev. Roger Throp, a clergyman who suffered a series of persecution, under which his health finally gave way, at the hands of Colonel John Waller, who, in consequence of Mr. Throp's declining a simoniacal compromise of his tithes, became, from being his patron, his bitter and vindictive enemy. At least, such is the account of the transactions between them given in the narrative of the case, published in 1739, and referred to in the following letter; and, if the tenth part of what is there stated be true, Colonel Waller must have been one of the most cruel and tyrannical wretches that ever existed. The injured and unfor-

[illegible] in declaring your abhorrence [illegible] and inhuman behaviour [illegible] * to my unfortunate and innocent [illegible] to trouble you with a [illegible] to disperse among [illegible] as were of [illegible] The reason of our troubling you [illegible] is because we intend presenting a petition [illegible] to oblige —— to waive his privilege, every [illegible] we have tried since my brother's death [illegible]

[illegible] in this affair, will not only [illegible] —— be more ready to do justice, but prevent [illegible] from supporting him in his villainies, which will be of infinite service to my mother and [illegible]

The bearer carries you a dozen of cases; and if you should have occasion for any more, they shall [illegible] Reverend Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

ROBERT THROP.

[illegible] the names of several persons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the title-page.

[illegible] clergyman, after being driven from his living, fell into a [illegible] at which he died 23d January, 1736. His [illegible] and his family petitioned parliament, of which [illegible] was a member, to oblige Colonel Waller to waive [illegible] without which it was impossible to obtain justice [illegible]

* Mr. Faulkner fills up the blank with "Mr. Wilson," most [illegible]. The name of Colonel Waller of Castleton, the [illegible] in the document Mr. Roger Throp, is that which is [illegible]

* To oblige [illegible] parliament.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Dec. 31, 1739.

IT is impossible to have health in such desperate weather: but you are worse used than others. Every creature of either sex are uneasy; for our kingdom is turned to be a Muscovy, or worse. Even I cannot do any good by walking: Is not warmth good against rheumatic pains? I hope Deane Swift* will able to assist you both. I wish for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly desolate, and wish I could sleep until the sun would comfort us. Would neither your son or daughter save you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thousand of them. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly, or side, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to stir, and so was Croker† not to suffer you. I am not yet worse for the cold weather, but am

* Then married to Mrs. Harrison.—D. S.

† An eminent apothecary of great humanity and skill.

angry at it. I am heartily sorry for yourself and daughter; but Mr. Swift dares not be sick, for his chief business is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only in my bedchamber and closet, which has also a fire. I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

New-Year's-day, 1739–40.

I wish you may have many, and all healthy ones.

—o—

CERTIFICATE TO A DISCARDED SERVANT.*

Deanery-house, Jan. 9, 1739–40.

WHEREAS the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a

* The history of this certificate is related in the third volume of Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs. "Dean Swift discharged a servant, only for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman; she was very ancient, and, on a cold morning, sat at the deanery steps a considerable time, during which the Dean saw her through a window, and no doubt commiserated her desolate condition. His footman happened to come to the door; and the poor creature besought him, in a piteous tone, to give that paper to his reverence. The servant read it; and told her, with infinite scorn, 'His master had something else to mind than her petition.'—'What is that you say, fellow?' said the Dean, looking out at the window. 'Come up here.' The man tremblingly obeyed him.—He also desired the poor woman to come before him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine. After which, he turned to the man, and said, 'At what time, sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me, or to refuse a letter from any one? Hark ye, sirrah, you have been admonished by me, for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service: so pull

drunkard, I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him.

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, January 18, 1739-40.

I HAVE been many days heartily concerned for your ill health; it is now twenty-five days since we have found nothing but frost and misery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet

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off my clothes, take your wages, and let me hear no more of you.' The fellow did so; and, having vainly solicited a discharge, was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his former occupation, he returned, and, humbly confessing in a petition to the Dean his former manifold crimes, assured him of his sincere reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought; and begged the Dean would give him some sort of discharge, since the honour of having lived with him would certainly procure him a place. Accordingly the Dean called for pen, ink, and paper; and gave him a dismission, with which, and no other fortune, he set out for London. Among others, he applied to me, who had known him at his late master's, and produced his certificate; which, for its singularity, I transcribed. I advised him to go to Mr. Pope, who, on seeing the Dean's handwriting, which he well knew, told the man, 'If he could produce any credible person, who could attest that he was the servant the Dean meant, he would hire him.' On this occasion he applied to me; and I gave him a letter to Mr. Pope, assuring him, that I knew the man to have been footman to the Dean. Upon this, Mr. Pope took him into his service; in which he continued till the death of his master."

the coldest of them all. Dr. Wilson * and I are both very uneasy to find no better message from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the enclosed letter from your beloved of ——, which I shall make you happy with. It will shew you the goodness, the wisdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility, of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (spelling) fit for himself. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it a hundred times. My love and service to your son and daughter; let them both read the enclosed.

I would not lose your lover's letter for £100. It must be sent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lies that are in it; but I fear that that will take up your time too much.

I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.

SIR, Dublin, February 2, 1739–40.

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. Delany's obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the doctor, I at first imagined his boundless generosity distributed his book among the lords, and that it was sent me,

* Dr. Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmactolway, was at this time resident in the Dean's house. They parted soon afterwards after a disgraceful fracas, and on the worst possible terms.

as a member, though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were writ, (as most of mine are,) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet, that he should approve, I will not wonder when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet must I risk depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection, (as soon as the weather will permit,) in a warm hackney coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint, always strengthens it; exerting against it, generally lessens it. Do not immerge in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of

administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have enclosed some verses. The Latin I believe will please you; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, A Lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, inscribed to his mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read Pope's Heloise to Abelard) in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of Pope's. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

> Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
> That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
> In trance ecstatic may the pangs be drown'd,
> Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
> From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
> And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except Heloise's own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with Cadenus to Vanessa. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and assuring you I am, with great sincerity, as well as esteem, Sir,

Your most faithful,

affectionate, humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

February 3, 1739–40.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days, or rather weeks, has made me continually uneasy to the last degree; and Mr. Swift, who was with me so long yesterday, could not in conscience give me any comfort: but your kind letter has raised my spirits in some measure. I hope we have almost done with this cursed weather, yet still my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Dr. Wilson, who is somewhat better, and he resolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you prescribe to add to his surgeon's method.

I am ever, dear Madam, entirely yours,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, March 25, 1740.

ONCE I thought I could never receive a letter from, or answer one to you, without pleasure; and yet both has happened to me very lately. This is the third day I sat down to write to you, and as often tore up my paper. I endeavoured to say something to alleviate your grief;—that would not

do: Then I resolved to be silent on the occasion; but, alas! that was impossible for a friend. I will, therefore, for a moment, rather renew your grief by joining with you in it. Your trials have been most severe: the loss of two such valuable persons as Miss Richardson and Sir Joseph Eyles are irreparable; for, in a middle state of life, we have not time enough before us to make us new friendships, were it possible to meet their equals. This is an unusual way of comforting a friend in trouble: Ought I not rather to persuade you to forget them, and call in Christianity to your aid? But I believe those expounders of it are mistaken in their notions, who would have us imagine this to be religion; for I am sure a just God will expect no more from us than to submit without repining. I am too much a fellow-sufferer in misfortunes of this nature not to feel for you. In a short time I lost a beloved husband and friend, an ingenious, a worthy son, and, what the world value as their chief happiness, some trifling conveniences. All these I have outlived, and am an instance that time will erase the blackest melancholy. I most sincerely wish, dear sir, this may be your case, and that it may be the last struggle of mind or tedious illness you will ever have to battle against.

You have conjured me by such a tie as the last request of dear Miss Richardson, that, as well as I am able, I will tell you what I guess the Dean may like. I know his candlesticks are the most indifferent of any of his plate, and therefore mention a pair of those: his snuffers are good.*

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* The Dean used to say he was the richest man in Ireland who did not keep an equipage, the poorest who used a service of plate. The following list of the articles of which it consisted is copied from the original, in Swift's hand-writing, indorsed "An

Surely I was not such a beast as to forget mentioning the receipt of the papers you were so careful and obliging to send me: they came very safe. I entreat you to accept of my most humble thanks for this, and all your other most extraordinary favours.

The Dean of St. Patrick's presents you his most affectionate love and service; and commanded me to tell you he would have writ to you upon this late occasion, if he had not been too deeply affected with your grief.

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account of the Dean's plate and prices." On the back *Esther Johnson* is twice written by the Dean's hand.

Account of D.'s Plate.

	£		
Soup dish,	16	7	3
Quart pot,	8	0	10½
Tuns,	6	19	0
Sauce-pan,	6	12	8
6 spoons,	5	12	8
6 plates,	33	16	10
2 little cups,	3	13	3
Ladle,	2	5	0
Tobacco candlestick,	1	14	0
2 English candlesticks,	4	5	0
2 salvers,	4	0	0
3 casters,	12	0	0
Little tankard,	4	0	0
2 candlesticks,	5	0	10
Snuffers and dish,	3	11	0
2 cans,	5	2	10
4 salts,	4	1	9
Strainer,	1	4	3
Little sauce-pan,	2	12	6
Soup plates,	15	0	0
Platells, knives, &c.,	15	0	0
Six tea-spoons,	1	4	0
Six silver plates,	34	18	1
A marrow-spoon,	1	2	0
Tundish,	0	7	6
Cup and save-all,	15	0	0

Surely the two long months you have so often fixed for your return will be at an end; and then I shall have the opportunity of telling you from my mouth what I now give under my hand, that I am, with the highest respect and esteem, dear Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

My most obedient respects to Alderman Barber. Mr. Swift and his wife beg you will accept of theirs.

MR. NUGENT* TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Bath, April 2, 1740.

I HAD not until very lately an opportunity of letting Mr. Pope know his obligations to you; of which he is very sensible, and has desired me to beg that you will remit to me, by a safe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your possession. I shall be in town

Six silver plates,	£34	12	1
Six silver plates,	39	0	10
Six silver dishes,	73	17	3
Tundish,	0	7	6
Nutmeg grater,	0	9	0
Pepper-box,	1	0	0
Wax candlestick,	1	14	0

These particulars may gratify a minute antiquary. Swift's peculiar humour broke out even in these particulars. Mrs. King, relict of the Reverend James King, rector of St. Bridget's, Dublin, is possessed of a silver *save-all*, once the Dean's property, on which he caused to be engraved the emphatic words, FOR IRELAND.

* Afterwards Lord Clare.—D. S.

next week; so that you may be pleased to direct to me, by the first convenient opportunity, at my house in Dover-street, London. I am, Madam, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant,

R. N.

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Swift. I shall say nothing of the picture,* because I am sure you remember it. I must beg that you will let Mr. Bindon† know I would have the picture no more than a head upon a three-quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr. Pope.

[MR. POPE TO ‡SAMUEL GERRARD, Esq.]

April 18, 1740.

Sir,

I was sorry not to be able to wait upon you, when you sent me Dr. Swift's letter: I was at dinner, with my Lord Burlington, and a great deal of company

* Of Dr. Swift.—D. S.

† The greatest painter and architect of his time in these kingdoms. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil soon after the year 1750; and afterwards lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died June 2, 1765.—D. S.

‡ The superscription is lost, but from a subsequent letter from Pope, dated 17th May, it appears to have been addressed to the same Mr. Samuel Gerrard with whom the Dean had entertained a preceding correspondence respecting the purchase of land, and whom, as he had a high respect for him, he had furnished with an introduction to Pope.

at his table; I could only reply, that as soon as I returned to London, I would receive the pleasure of seeing a friend of Dean Swift's. In the meantime, I send this to my lodging to be delivered you, which is all I can do till my return from Windsor Forest; and if you leave a line to acquaint me where you may be found, I will do myself that satisfaction in five or six days.

I am, with all respect,

Sir, your most humble servant,

A. POPE.

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TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, April 29, 1740.

I FIND that you and I are fellow-sufferers almost equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have been these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not the one thousandth part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will now style the gout. I continue still very deaf. Doctor Wilson's left eye is still disordered, and very uneasy. You have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service.

I am ever entirely yours, &c.

JON. SWIFT.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, May 13, 1740.

BY the time this kisses your hand, I believe Mrs. Richardson will not blush to be wished joy by a person you have done the honour to call a friend, and whose ambition it is to deserve some place in her esteem; and now that all insinuations in your favour are as needless as the formal ceremony between lovers, I shall take the liberty to tell her, it will be her own fault if she is not one of the happiest women in the world. This is an unusual way of recommending myself to a bride; nor should I do it to any but yours: yet surely when a lady is married to a gentleman with an easy fortune, good nature, and a man of honour, how little is required of her side toward mutual felicity, which can be comprised in two words, love and obey?

About a fortnight ago I dined at the Dean of St. Patrick's in a mixed company; where one of the gentlemen told him you were married, or just going to be so, to a lady of fifteen, with a hundred thousand pound fortune, and a perfect beauty. I asked the person whether he had not that account from a woman? He said he had. The Dean inquired if I knew anything of the affair. I answered yes; only with this difference, that she was at least fifty, and a most ungenteel disagreeable woman. The whole company looked upon me with contempt; and their countenances expressed they thought I drew my own picture whilst I enviously endeavoured to paint the lady's. The Dean only understood me; and, smiling, said he believed I was in the right.

When we were alone, I let him know that you had commanded me to acquaint him with the affair; and I hoped, when I wrote to you next, he would add a postscript in my letter. He promised me to do it; and this day I intend to put him in mind of it.

I waited on Mr. Hamilton yesterday to consult with him if it would not be proper to allow the servants board-wages from this time; and it was diverting enough to see us both keeping our distance about a secret the whole town has known these two months. However, at last we understood each other; and have agreed to give the coachman four shillings a-week, and the maid three, until they go a shipboard.

There would have been no occasion to be so formal with a friend as to desire Mr. Hamilton to give the servants money when you might have ordered me to do it, although I had not been in your debt; which, to my shame be it spoken, would be scandalous so long a time, if the fault were entirely mine. My son and daughter Swift present you and your lady their most obedient respects, and sincerest wishes. I am at a loss to express my obligations to her for the compliment she was pleased to remit to me; and I believe, when we meet, she will not be jealous that I dare give it under my hand to her, that I honour and esteem you more than any woman does except herself.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

—o—

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, May 13, 1740.

I COULD never believe Mrs. Whiteway's gasconades in telling me of her acquaintance with you. But my age and perpetual disorders, and chiefly my vexatious deafness, with other infirmities, have completed the utter loss of my memory; so that I cannot recollect the names of those friends who come to see me twice or oftener every week. However, I remember to wish you a long lasting joy of being no longer a bachelor, especially because the teaser at my elbow assures me that the lady is altogether worthy to be your wife. I therefore command you both (if I live so long) to attend me at the deanery the day after you land; where Mrs. Precipitate, alias Whiteway, says I will give you a scandalous dinner. I suppose you will see your governor, my old friend, John Barber, whom I heartily love; and so you are to tell him.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. POPE.

SIR, May 16, 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so? If I have erred, my design, at least, is good, both to you and the Dean

of St. Patrick; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you, (with grief of heart,) his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness, lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he has to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted,* except a few loose papers, which are in my possession, and which I promise you (if I outlive him) shall never be made public without your approbation. There is one treatise in his own keeping, called "Advice to Servants," very unfinished and incorrect, yet what is done of it has so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne's Reign I suppose you have seen with Dr. King, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (excepting Gulliver) which he ever proposed making money by, and was given to Dr. King with that design, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, lest the Doctor should die, and his heirs imagine they had a right to dispose of it. I entreat, sir, you will not take notice to any person of the hints I have given you in this letter; they are only designed for yourself; to the Dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and starving wits, cause of triumph. I enclose this to Alderman Barber, who, I am sure, will deliver it safe, yet

* In resentment to the House of Commons of Ireland, who sent Faulkner to Newgate for printing the Satire on Quadrille.—F.

knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of answering women's letters may perhaps make you think it necessary to answer mine; but I do not expect it, because your time either is or ought to be better employed, unless it be in my power to serve you in buying Irish linen, or any other command you are pleased to lay on me, which I shall execute to the best of my capacity, with the greatest readiness, integrity, and secrecy; for, whether it be my years, or a less degree of vanity in my composition than in some of my sex, I can receive such an honour from you without mentioning it. I should, some time past, have writ to you on this subject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a person of consequence, by interfering between you and the Dean; a character of all others which I dislike.

I have several of your letters to the Dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself; I believe it may be Mr. M'Aulay, the gentleman the Dean recommended, through your friendship, to the Prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without asking a favour, a compliment extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your distinguishable virtue. I am, Sir, with very high respect,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Mr. Swift, who waited on you last summer, is, since that, married to my daughter: he desires me to present you his most obedient respects, and

humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to spend a day with you at Twickenham; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

—o—

MR. POPE TO MR. GERRARD.*

SIR, May 17, 1740.

I AM obliged to you for the notice of your intended return to Ireland, in order to what I desired, that I might charge you with a letter to the Dean. But I had an opportunity, just after I saw you, of sending him a very long and full letter, by a safe hand, which leaves me nothing to tell him more, except what I would always tell, to the last day of my life, and desire you to tell him, and all mankind, that I love, esteem, and respect him, and account it the most pleasing circumstance of my fortune to have known him long, and experienced his friendship through my life.

I am glad you found the benefit I promised myself you would from Dr. Cheyne's care, to whom pray make my heartiest services. There lives not an honester man, nor a truer philosopher. I wish you a good journey, and am, with respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. POPE.

To Samuel Gerrard, Esq., at Mr. Hencher's, Apothecary, Cheap-Street, in Bath.

* See a preceding letter from Mr. Pope to this gentleman, 18th April preceding.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, London, June 3, 1740.

I HAD, some time ago, a letter from Mr. Stopford, who told me that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some time past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it; and, since the gout has been your physic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe that, if I have not writ to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true esteem. Mr. Pope can be my witness how constantly I inquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am when he tells me that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letters to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. England has few things inviting in it at present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings,* and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and, in all probability, nothing will be done. I have not the least notion that even our expedition under Lord Cathcart† is intended to be sent anywhere; and yet every minister we have (except Sir Robert) very gravely affirms it will

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.—B.

† Against Carthagena. It went, and miscarried.—B.

go, nay, and I am afraid believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary: Sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But, in one year more, when, by the influence of this army and our money, he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which, I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and, if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster School, on this theme,—

Ridentem dicere verum,
Quid vetat?

Dulce decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer;
Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
Quô nova vis animi, materiesque rapit;
Nunc gravis astrologus, cœlo dominaris et astris,
Filaque pro libitu Patrigiana secas.
Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
Gentesque æquoreas, aëriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo fabula sumpta cado.
Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
Et vitam atque homines pagina quæque sapit.
Socraticæ minor est vis et sapientia chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

Mrs. Pulteney, knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to present her services, when I assure you that I am, most faithfully and sincerely,

Your obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

MR. POPE TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Twickenham, June 18, 1740.

I AM extremely sensible of the favour of your letter, and very well see the kindness, as well as honour, which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourself) a sincere friend to the Dean, though a much less useful one; for all my friendship can only operate in wishes, yours in good works. He has had the happiness to meet with such in all the stages of his life; and I hope in God, and in you, that he will not want one in the last. Never imagine, madam, that I can do otherwise than esteem that sex, which has furnished me with the best friends.

The favour you offer me I accept with the utmost thankfulness; and I think no person more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. M'Aulay, of whom I know you have so good an opinion. Indeed, any one whom you think worthy your trust, I shall think deserves mine, in a point I am ever so tender of.

I wish the very small opportunity I had of shewing Mr. Swift, your son, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wish it now more, since he is become so near to you, for whom my respect runs hand in hand with my affection for the Dean; and I cannot wish well for the one without doing so for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy subject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as possible in this state of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderness, madam, prevent anything after his death which may anywise depreciate his memory.

I dare say nothing of ill consequence can happen from the commission given to Dr. King.

You see, madam, I write you with absolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of sense and spirit. I will say no more, that you may find I treat you with the same delicacy that you do me, (and for which I thank you,) without the least compliment; and it is none when I add, that I am, with esteem,

Madam,

Your most obliged, and most obedient servant,

A. Pope.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO LORD ORRERY.*

My Lord,

I shall not hesitate one moment to send your lordship Mr. Pope's letters, as likewise that from Bath; but how am I to convey them to you? not by post surely, for then I might be justly accused with folly or breach of trust, to venture them by so uncertain and dangerous a way. If your lordship will order a faithful servant, or a gentleman with a line under your hand, to call for them, I shall deliver them with pleasure; and this I should not do to any other person whatsoever, without an immediate

* This very interesting letter, and the two which follow it, are now printed, for the first time, from Mr. Smith's papers. The publication which had given Pope so much offence had now taken place, and Mrs. Whiteway was no longer reluctant to return the letters. The blanks are occasioned by defects in the original manuscript, which is very inaccurate besides.

direction to myself from Mr. Pope, who knows I refused them to Mr. Robert Nugent, from whom I had two letters in the last, telling me Mr. Pope desired me to send them by his mother, then going to England; and by the same packet, and the same date, I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who told me he would expect them by Mr. M'Aulay, who intended long ago to have been in London, if business had not prevented him. I am so far from suspecting any person of this side the water, (and, therefore, it would be unjust to guess,) that I do not believe they were taken here. I will tell you my reasons for it. First, I do assure your lordship, the Dean kept no copies of Mr. Pope's letters for these twelve years past, to my knowledge, or [of his own letters,] to anybody else, excepting to a lord-lieutenant or a bishop, whom he feared might make an ill use of them; and of those to Mr. Pope, I saw him write and send off immediately. This, therefore, makes me think it reasonable to suppose, it is not from this quarter that Mr. Pope hath been ill-used, but must have been betrayed by his English servants, who have more cunning, and a nearer way of making money of them than ours have; and I cannot imagine any person above the degree of a servant capable of so base an action. My lord, I beg leave to talk freely with you, and I can have no other view in it than to defend the Dean in a particular which concerns his honour, and all those he thinks proper to place confidence in. You must, I believe, have seen a book of letters stitched together by the Dean, wherein there are numbers of them from the greatest men in England, both for genius, learning, and power, such as Lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, Ormond, Bathurst, Peterborough, and Queenborough; Parnell, Addison, Gay, Prior, Congreve, and Mr. Lewis, to say nothing of your lordship, (because I am writing

to you.) which are in my possession, and may be commanded whenever [you] please, for I have lately got the Dean's leave to give them even when he is alive, which he at first refused me; and were there a person vile enough in this kingdom to be bought, why were not these sold to Curl as well as others; for surely, not to mention Sr., some of the rest might be thought as entertaining to the world as the Dean's, and as easily to be stole. Permit me, my lord, to ask a question or two. Do you think the letters to and from Dr. Swift are genuine? if so, will you look over them again, and explain to me this sentence? Mr. Pope taking occasion to mention Mr. Wycherly, immediately after says,—"Some letters of yours and mine have been lately published, not without the concurrence of a noble lord, who is a friend of yours and mine." I hope what I have said will convince your lordship, how much I detest the base practices of those who could be capable of betraying friendship. I once more repeat my concern, that I had not power enough with the Dean to prevent their being given to Mr. Faulkner, and returned to Mr. Pope. If you think it proper, when you send him the papers, to present him my most obedient respects, and this letter, for I am sure anything of this kind from me is not worth his paying for. However, I shall submit this and everything else to your lordship's judgment. There is one particular I had like to forget, that one of the letters of Mr. Pope's I took out of the Dean's stitched book with his permission, and, I must say, I think equal to any he writ, and yet this letter is safe, and not printed, although the book hath been lent to many of the Dean's friends.

FROM LORD ORRERY AND POPE TO SWIFT.

Duke Street, Westminster, March 22, 1740–1.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR friends here are most inquisitive and anxious about your health. If my wishes took place, the accounts I should give them would be extremely acceptable. May the returning spring give you new strength, and, permit me to add, a new inclination towards this island! Your mistress would be happy in shewing her tender regards for you by attending you to Duke Street, where we would find room for you, and all who belong to you.

Mr. Pope, since my arrival in London, has generously bestowed some of his time upon me. A strong instance that he loves those who he knows love you; and, indeed, his tenderness, his affection, and his sincerity towards you, are beyond description. I defy him, with all his power of words, to tell you what he thinks of you, or feels for you; were it possible, I am sure he would come to you; make a whole kingdom happy and come to him. I am interrupted by Mr. Pope himself. Let me withdraw and leave the paper to him; and believe me your ever obliged and humble servant,

ORRERY.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN the heart is full of tenderness, it must be full of concern at the absolute impotency of all words to come up to. You are the only man now in the world who costs me a sigh every day of my life, and

the man it troubles me most, although I most wish to write to. Death has not used me worse in separating from me for ever poor Gay, Arbuthnot, &c., than disease and absence in separating you so many years. But nothing shall make me forget you, and I am persuaded you will as little forget me; and most things in this world one may afford to forget, if we remember, and are remembered by our friends. I value and enjoy more the memory of the pleasures and endearing obligations I have formerly received from you, than the perfect possession of any other. I am less anxious every day I live for present enjoyments of any sort, and my temper of mind is calmer as to worldly disappointments and accidents, except the loss of friends by death, the only way (I thank God) that I ever have lost any. Think it not possible that my affection can cease but with my last breath. If I could think yours was alienated, I should grieve, but not reproach you: If I felt myself even hurt by you, I should be confident you knew not the blow you gave, but had your hand guided by another: If I never more had a kind word from you, I should feel my heart the same it has ever been towards you.

I must confess a late incident has given me some pain; but I am satisfied you were persuaded it would not have given me any: And whatever unpleasant circumstances the printing our letters might be attended with, there was *one* that pleased me,—that the strict friendship we have borne each other so long, is thus made known to all mankind. As far as it was your will, I cannot be angry at what, in all other respects, I am quite uneasy under. Had you asked me, before you gave them away, I think I could have proposed some *better monument* for our friendship, or at least of *better materials:* And you must allow me to say, this was not my erecting,

but yours. My part of them is far too mean, and how inferior to what you have ever in your works set up to me! and can I see these without shame, when I reflect on the many beautiful, pathetic, and amiable lines of yours, which carry to posterity the name of a man, who, if he had not every good quality which you so kindly ascribe to him, would be so proud of none, as the constancy, and the justice of his esteem for you? Adieu. While I can write, speak, remember, or think, I am yours,

A. POPE.

—o—

LORD ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

. . . y 2, 1740–1.

YOUR obliging offer of returning my letters, together with those designed for Mr. Pope, is most gratefully accepted by me. And therefore I send Mr. Ellis, who is one of my agents here, and whose honesty and integrity I can trust, to receive them from your own hands, and to bring them down hither without the least loss of time. This is the most expeditious and safest method I could think of. The parcel for Mr. Pope I desire may be seeled [sealed] up by you, but I could wish to see the letter from Bath, if you thought proper; if you inclose it to me, I will lose no time in forwarding it to Mr. Pope.

Certainly, madam, this printed collection has been by some low, mean, injudicious person, probably some servant, who has snatched at various opportunities. They will do as little honour to the writers

as anything can, that comes from such great and eminent men. People's expectations will be raised by the names prefixed to them, but those expectations will not be answered by the letters themselves. The more I read them, the more I am convinced of the truth of this opinion . . . . . prudencies of a high nature, the whole consists of private [and] amiable familiarities, in which the public can noways be interested, nor much entertained.

I should think with you, madam, that some of Mr. Pope's servants had stolen them, did not many letters appear from various people to the Dean, of which Mr. Pope cannot be supposed either to have seen the copies or originals; but, alas! it is but a melancholy comfort to me, that this unhappy affair is so situated, as to redeem the honour of one friend at the expense of another.

The Collection begins very early, before the Dean's friendship for you, madam, was in its meridian. Since that time I am in no pain about his letters; but yet, permit me to say, that there are, and have been persons about him, who may have very different views from you, nor can your attendance be so constant as to hinder transactions that may give you, me, and all the . . . . . reason. I shall be extremely . . . . . returned; and you will please, therefore, to give them into Mr. Ellis's hands, who is to leave Dublin as soon as he receives them from you.

I am glad the Dean is noways affected by this change of weather; his health is extremely dear to me; would to God you could persuade him to come to Caledon, where Lady Orrery would take care to make the place as agreeable as she could to him and you. She is by profession a nurse, and performs her part excellently; but we are both much concerned that you are acting the same part to one of your

sons; the mildness of the season will, we hope, soon remove his complaint. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

FROM MR. POPE TO MR. ALLEN.

MY vexation about Dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland, and trying all the means possible to retard it; for it is put past preventing, by his having (without my consent, or so much as letting me see the book) printed most of it.—They at last promise me to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. This last would be of some use; but I dare not even do this, for they would say I revised it. And the bookseller writes, that he has been at great charge, &c. However, the Dean, upon all I have said and written about it, has ordered him to submit to any expunction I insist upon: this is all I can obtain, and I know not whether to make any use of it or not. But as to your apprehension, that any suspicion may arise of my being anywise consenting or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to tell you, the whole thing is so circumstanced and so plain, that it can never be the case. I shall be very desirous to see what the letters are at all events; and I think that must determine my future measures; for till then I can judge nothing. The excessive earnestness the Dean has been in for publishing them, makes me hope they are castigated in some

degree, or he must be totally deprived of his understanding. They now offer to send me the originals, [which have been so long detained;] and I will accept of them, (though they have done their job,) that they may not have them to produce against me, in case there be any offensive passages in them. If you can give me any advice, do. I wish I could shew you what the Dean's people, the women, and the bookseller, have done and writ, on my sending an absolute negative, and on the agency I have employed of some gentlemen to stop it, as well as threats of law, &c. The whole thing is too manifest to admit of any doubt in any man: how long this thing has been working; how many tricks have been played with the Dean's papers; how they were secreted from him from time to time, while they feared his not complying with such a measure; and how, finding his weakness increase, they have at last made him the instrument himself for their private profit; whereas, I believe, before, they only intended to do this after his death.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I

write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

I am, for those few days, yours entirely,

JON. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740.

If I live till Monday, I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, Caledon, Dec. 17, 1740.

GREAT men like you must expect numberless petitions, which, like Jupiter, you put to various uses; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that everybody is striving for the post. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the choir. I am desired to recommend to you one James Colgan,* aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you, let Faulkner give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors,—commons, &c., are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only serve me to present

* One of the vicars-choral of Christ-church and St. Patrick's cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing.—H.

Lady Orrery's most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

AN EXHORTA

ADDRESSED TO THE SUB-DEAN AND CH
CATHEDRAL, DUBL

WHEREAS my infirmities of ag
prevented me to preside in the
good order and government of
of St. Patrick, Dublin, in perso
commission, made and appointe
Doctor John Wynne, præcentor
to be sub-dean in my stead
hereby ratify and confirm all th
to the said Dr. Wynne in the sa

And I do hereby require a
reverend sub-dean not to permi
choral, choristers, or organists,

* This curious document was copie
among the papers of the Rev. Dr. Jame
executors, copies of which, so far as rel
in the most obliging manner given for thi
King, prebendary of Dunlavin. The
hand-writing; and as it is a large copy-l
to have been ruled, it seems probable,
his mind he might attach much consequ
The piece contains some flashes of his
written in a state tending towards mer
nesses' names are written in the Dean's

any public musical performances, without my consent, or his consent, with the consent of the chapter first obtained.

And whereas it hath been reported, that I gave a licence to certain vicars to assist at a club of fiddlers in Fishamble Street, I do hereby declare that I remember no such licence to have been ever signed or sealed by me; and that if ever such pretended licence should be produced, I do hereby annul and vacate the said licence.

Intreating my said sub-dean and chapter to punish such vicars as shall ever appear there, as songsters, fiddlers, pipers, trumpeters, drummers, drum-majors, or in any sonal quality, according to the flagitious aggravations of their respective disobedience, rebellion, perfidy, and ingratitude.

I require my said sub-dean to proceed to the extremity of expulsion, if the said vicars should be found ungovernable, impenitent, or self-sufficient, especially Taberner, Phipps, and Church, who, as I am informed, have, in violation of my sub-dean's and chapter's order in December last, at the instance of some obscure persons unknown, presumed to sing and fiddle at the club above mentioned.

My resolution is to preserve the dignity of my station, and the honour of my chapter; and, gentlemen, it is incumbent upon you to aid me, and to shew who and what the Dean and Chapter of Saint Patrick's are.

Signed by me,

JONATHAN SWIFT,
Dean of St. Patrick's.

Witnesses present,
James King,
Francis Wilson.

To the very Reverend Doctor John Wynne, sub-

dean of the cathedral church of Saint Patrick, Dublin, and to the reverend dignitaries and prebendaries of the same.

—o—

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, January 13, 1740–41.

YOUR son,* who was with me yesterday, and staid the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave me a very melancholy account of your ill health, extremely to my grief. I send a servant with this letter, and you will please to employ Mr. Swift to answer it, because I am in very great pain about you; for the weather is so extremely sharp, that it must needs add to your disorders. Pray let your son or daughter write a few lines to give me some sort of comfort. My cold is now attended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but I am impatient until your son or daughter gives me some hopes. I am ever your assured friend, and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Duke Street, Westminster, July 7, 1741.

THANKS to you, dear sir, for your frequent remembrance of me by my great friend and patron,

* Mr. Deane Swift.—D. S.

Master George Faulkner: thanks to you for the honours you have shewed my wife: but above all, thanks to you for using exercise and taking care of your health. It is the strongest instance of affection your friends either desire or deserve. In mentioning your friends, I must particularize Mr. Pope: he obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me: *Nec deficit alter aureus;* Doctor King does the same. Thus deities condescend to visit and converse with mortals.

Poor Lord Oxford is gone to those regions from whence travellers never return, unless in an airy visit to faithless lovers, as Margaret to William; or to cities devoted to destruction, as Hector amidst the flames of Troy. The deceased Earl has left behind him many books, many manuscripts, and no money: his lady brought him five hundred thousand pounds, four of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good-nature, and want of worldly-wisdom: and there will still remain, after proper sales, and right management, five thousand a-year for his widow.

Mr. Cæsar died about two months ago. Mrs. Cæsar is still all tears and lamentations, although she certainly may be numbered *inter felices, sua si bona norint.*

Lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, erecting pillars and statues to Queen Anne. Lord Bolingbroke lives in France: posterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement. The Duke of Argyll reigns, or ought to reign, in Scotland.—Such is the state of Europe; but our disappointment in America has cast a gloomy face over London and Westminster. The citizens have recourse to mum and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep dismay at a proper distance. In the meantime, my friends the ducks and geese in the park

cackle on, and join in chorus to the sounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no farther than the atmosphere of Whitehall.——What news next? The weather—but you certainly know it is hot; for in truth, notwithstanding this letter comes from my heart, and is written in the pleasure of thinking of you, yet I sweat to assure you how much I am, dear Sir,

Your ever obliged and obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

—o—

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

SIR, Marston, Dec. 4, 1742.

I AM much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy, account you have sent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me, as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of senses many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him describe persons in that condition, with a liveliness and a horror, that on this late occasion have recalled to me his very words. Our litany, methinks, should have an addition of a particular prayer against this most dreadful misfortune. I am sure mine shall. The bite of a mad dog (a most tremendous evil) ends soon in death; but the effects of his loss of memory may last even to the longest age of man; therefore I own my friendship for him has now changed my thoughts and wishes into the very reverse of what

they were, I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am sorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there seemed an approaching mortification in his eyelid. In one word, the man I wished to live the longest I wish the soonest dead. It is the only blessing that can now befall him. His reason will never return; or if it should, it will only be to shew him the misery of having lost it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceases, and where perfection begins; where Wilsons cannot break in and steal, and where envy, hatred, and malice have no influence or power. While he continues to breathe, he is an example, stronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, against pride, conceit, and vain-glory. Good God! Doctor Swift beaten and marked with stripes by a beast in human shape, one Wilson.* But he is

* Dr. Francis Wilson was prebendary of Kilmactolway, and Rector of Clondalkin, in the diocese of Dublin, the great tithes of which belong to the deanery of St. Patrick's. Dr. Wilson, who lived in the centre of this prebend and parish, and was well acquainted with the country, farmed these tithes of Dr. Swift on very reasonable terms, greatly to his own advantage. When the Dean was much in the decline of life, he invited Dr. Wilson to accept of apartments for himself and his wife in the deanery-house at Dublin; where they had very good lodgings, with the benefit of his servants and stables. Dr. Swift's memory failing him greatly at this time, Wilson took the advantage of carrying him to his house at Newland, within four miles of Dublin, and endeavoured to intoxicate him with liquor, which he could not accomplish: and on their return to Dublin, solicited Dr. Swift to make him Sub-dean of St. Patrick's, and turn out Dr. Wynne, a very worthy and hospitable gentleman, which Dr. Swift refused; on which, Dr. Wilson, in a most outrageous manner, insulted the Dean, beat him severely, took him by the throat, and would have choked him, had it not been for the Dean's footman and coachman, who rescued him out of the hands of Wilson. This affair made a great noise; Wilson was forbidden the Dean's house, and died soon after. To this same "beast in human shape," as Lord Orrery justly calls him, Dr. Swift had bequeathed "the works of

not only an example against presumption and haughtiness, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to secure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly, as they fall, the last minute particles of the hour-glass. A bachelor will seldom find, among all his kindred, so true a nurse, so faithful a friend, so disinterested

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Plato in three folio volumes, the Earl of Clarendon's History in three folio volumes, and my best Bible, together with thirteen small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends, whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard."—F. Such is Faulkner's account of this extraordinary transaction. It is, however, but fair to observe, that it is positively contradicted upon oath, by Dr. Wilson himself, as appears from the following affidavit, which was found among the papers of Dr. King, mentioned a few pages before:—

THE AFFIDAVIT

OF DR. FRANCIS WILSON, PREBENDARY OF KILMACTOLWAY, AND RECTOR OF CLONDALKIN, IN THE DIOCESE OF DUBLIN, EXCULPATING HIMSELF FROM THE CHARGE OF CRUELTY, &C., TO DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

The Examination of the Reverend Francis Wilson, Doctor in Divinity,

Who being duly sworn on the holy evangelists, saith, That on Monday the 14th of June last, he made a visit to the Rev. Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, who received the said Wilson with his usual fondness, which was always very great: That he told the said Wilson he would take the air that morning, and dine with him at his house in the country: That he did call accordingly for his coach, and one Mrs. Ann Ridgeway, (who usually attends him;) but the coachman and she being both abroad, an hackney coach was sent for, in which the said Doctor Swift and Wilson arrived at Newlands,* the said Wilson's house; the said

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* Newlands, now the country-seat of the Right Hon. George Ponsonby. I formerly belonged to the lamented Lord Kilwarden; and it was coming thenc to town that that respected judge fell a victim to popular licentiousness.

a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be banished from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement; nor had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or, in other words, had Stella lived. All that a friend could do, has been done by Mrs. Whiteway; all that a companion could persuade, has been attempted by Mrs. Ridgeway. The rest—but I shall run on for ever, and I set out at first only with an intention

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Dean did dine, and, as this examinant believes, drink half a pint of white wine.

That soon after dinner they again went into the coach, in order to return to Dublin: That for about the first two miles of the road, the Dean treated the said Wilson with remarkable civility and love; but that of a sudden he cried out the said Wilson was the devil, and bid him go to hell, which words he often repeated in a most astonishing rage; but of which the said Wilson took no other notice than by an endeavour to appease him in repeating some passages out of such authors as the Dean admired most; but that, instead of giving any attention to what the said Wilson spoke, he struck him several times on the face, scratched him, and tore off his wig, all which usage the said Wilson bore in pity for the poor Dean's infirmities, and in love to his person, when he thrust his fingers into the said Wilson's eyes; upon which the said Wilson ordered the coach to stop, which he left with the natural expressions of resentment and indignation, declaring he would not again tamely suffer the greatest man on earth to strike him. And the said Wilson further saith, that he did not once attempt to strike, or in any part to violate the Dean's person, notwithstanding the provocation was as above set forth.

FRANCIS WILSON.

Sworn before me this 13th of July 1742.

DAV. CHAIGNEAU.*

(A true copy.)

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* This gentleman was a magistrate of the county of Dublin, of great respectability and fortune. He resided in Dawson Street, Dublin, was a sheriffs' peer, and had been fined for not serving the office of lord mayor.

of thanking you for your letter, and assuring you that

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

P.S.—I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the Dean's unhappy state.

MR. FAULKNER TO MR. BOWYER.

Dublin, Oct. 1, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

THE bank note for one hundred guineas came safe to hand. Enclosed you have part of the "Address to Servants." I wish I could get franks to send it in. Fix your day of publication, and I will wait until you are ready, that we may both come out the same day. I think the middle of November will do very well, as your city, as well as Dublin, will be full at that time. I shall finish the volume with a Cantata* of the Dean's, set to music, which, in my

* Dr. Beattie, after censuring the practice of what he calls illicit imitation, observes, that "this abuse of a noble art did not escape the satire of Swift; who, though deaf to the charms of music, was not blind to the absurdity of musicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of Ireland, to compose a cantata in ridicule of this puerile mimicry. Here we have motions imitated, which are the most inharmonious, and the least connected with human affections, as the trotting, ambling, and galloping of Pegasus; and sounds the most unmusical, as cracking and snivelling, and rough roistering rustic roaring strains; the words high and deep, have high and deep notes set to them; a series of short notes of equal lengths are introduced, to imitate

opinion, will have a greater run with the lovers of harmony than any of the Corelli's, Vivaldi's, Purcell's, or Handel's pieces. When Arne, the famous composer, was last in Ireland, he made application to me for this cantata, (which I could not then procure,) to set it to music: perhaps he may do it now, and bring it on the stage; which, if he does, will run more than the Beggar's Opera; and therefore I would have you get it engraved in folio, with scores for bass, &c., which will make it sell very well. I believe you might get something handsome for it from Rich, or the managers of Drury-Lane, for which I shall send you the original MS. I am thus particular, that you may have the profit to yourself, as you will have the trouble. I was in daily expectation, for six weeks, of going to London; but was prevented by many accidents—I cannot say business, for I never had less, as Mr. Hitch well knows, having had no order from me for two months past. The "Advice to Servants" was never finished by the Dean, and is consequently very incorrect; I believe you may see some Irishisms in it; if so, pray correct them. The Dean's friends do not know the manner of an assignment, and desire you will send over the form. The story of the Injured Lady does not make above a sheet; and will vex your northern hardy neighbours more than the "Public Spirit of the Whigs,"

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shivering and shaking; an irregular rant of quick sounds, to express rumbling; a sudden rise of the voice, from a low to a high pitch, to denote flying above the sky; a ridiculous run of chromatic divisions on the words 'Celia dies'; with other droll contrivances of a like nature. In a word, Swift's cantata may convince any person, that music uniformly imitative would be ridiculous. I observe, in passing, that the satire of this piece is levelled, not at absurd imitation only, but also at some other musical improprieties; such as the idle repetition of the same words, the running of long extravagant divisions upon one syllable, and the setting of words to music that have no meaning."

of which they complained to Queen Anne. As you are famous for writing prefaces, pray help me to one for "Advice to Servants," for which I have not yet printed the title. My best compliments to our friends, and should be obliged to Mr. Dodsley for the two letters; which you may send, under cover to Samuel Bindon, Esq., at my house. I am whimsical, and send you the beginning of "Advice," &c., and the remainder to Mr. Hitch, that you may print it immediately. I think it might be printed without the "Injured Lady," as your volume will make the better figure with the original pieces: but this I submit to your better judgment.

I long much to see London, although I have no other business than to visit my friends, and do them any service in my power; and if I can be useful to you in England or Ireland, pray let me know, and I will do it. I would not have you advertise until two or three days before you publish, in which I wish you all imaginable success; and am, dear Sir, your faithful friend, and obliged humble servant,

GEORGE FAULKNER.

—o—

AN ACCOUNT OF A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DR. SWIFT, IN IRELAND.

TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER.*

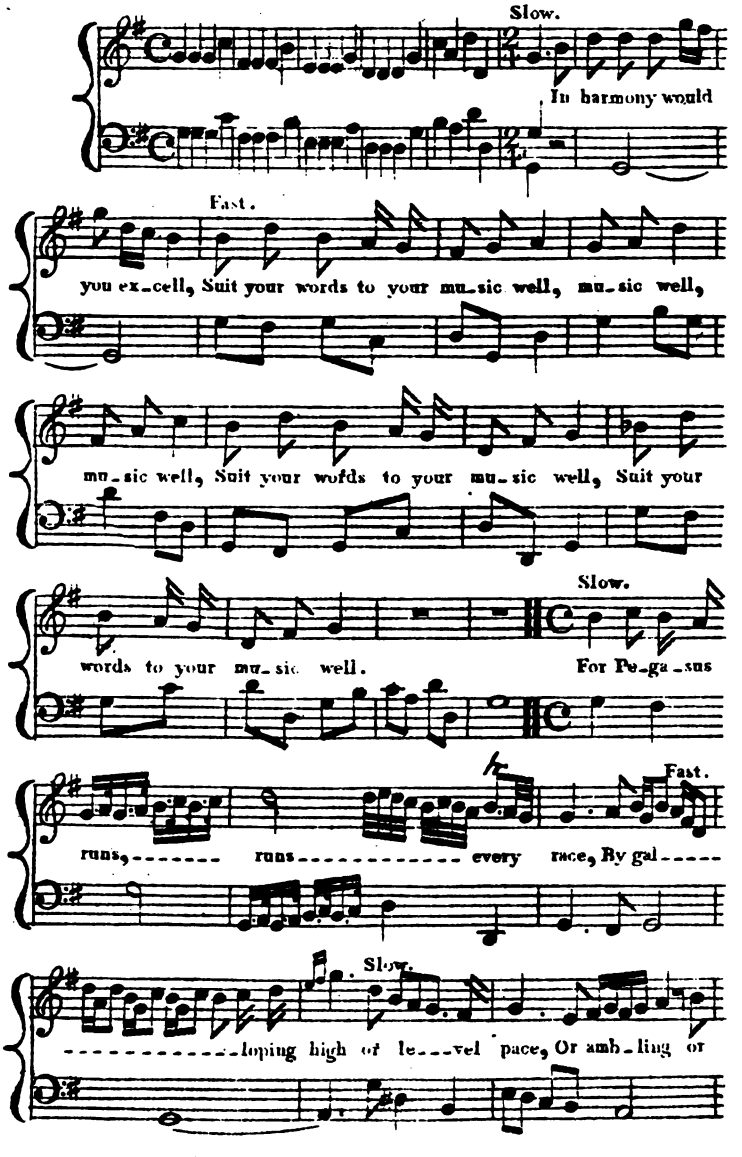
Neale, Feb. 14, 1750.

SIR,

I HAVE at last finished, what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a monument for the

* By Sir John Browne, of the county of Mayo.—F.

A Cantata


Slow.
In harmony would
Fast.
you ex_cell, Suit your words to your mu_sic well, mu_sic well,
mu_sic well, Suit your words to your mu_sic well, Suit your
Slow.
words to your mu_sic well. For Pe_ga_sus
Fast.
runs, runs every race, By gal_
Slow.
loping high or le_vel pace, Or amb_ling or

sweet Can_ter_bury, Or with a down, a high down derry; No, no

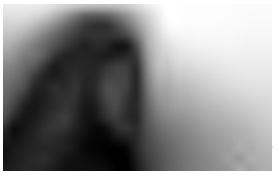
victory victory he ever got By jog_____ling, jog_____ling,

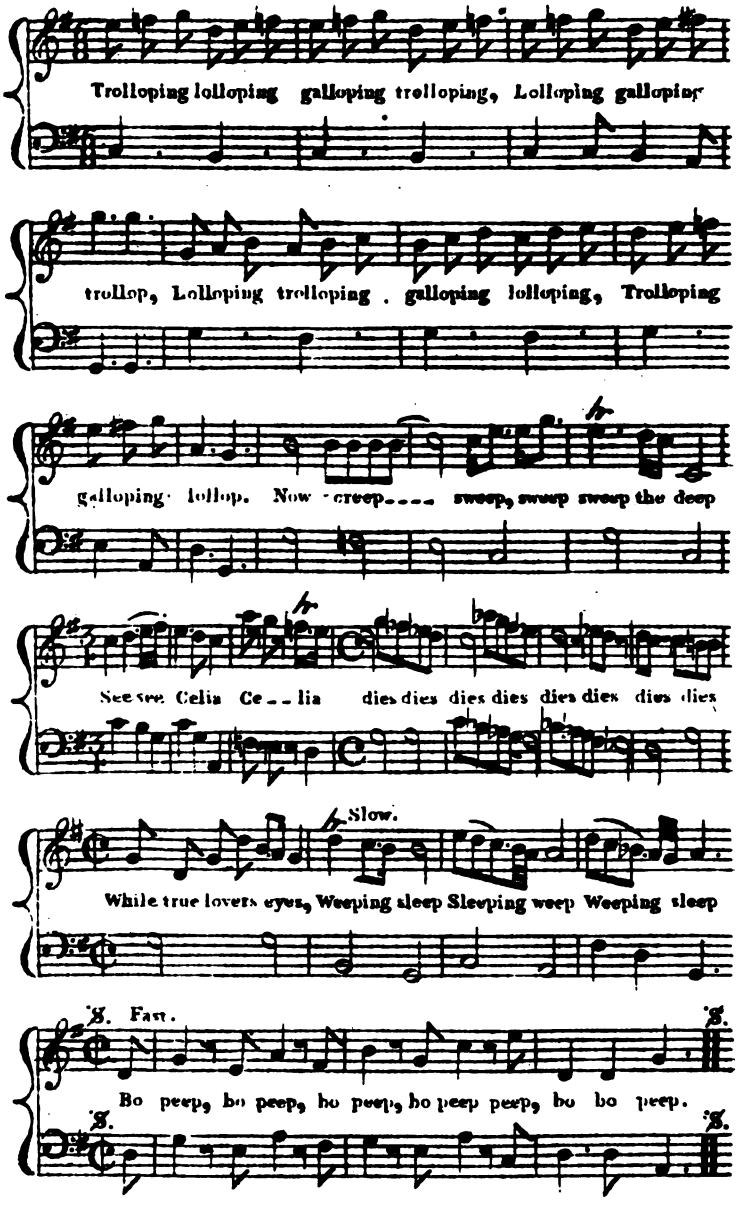
jog_____ling trot. No muse har_mon_ious

en_ter_tains Rough, rovst_ring rus_tic roar_____ing

strains; Nor shall you twine_____ the crack_____ling

crackling Bays by sneaking, sniv'lling, mun_____de lays.




Trolloping lolloping galloping trolloping, Lolloping galloping
trollop, Lolloping trolloping . galloping lolloping, Trolloping
galloping lollop. Now - creep---- sweep, sweep sweep the deep
See see Celia Ce--lia dies dies dies dies dies dies dies dies
Slow.
While true lovers eyes, Weeping sleep Sleeping weep Weeping sleep
Fast.
Bo peep, bo peep, bo peep, bo peep peep, bo bo peep.

Now slowly move your fiddlesticks, Now tantan tantan tantan tivi,

Fast.

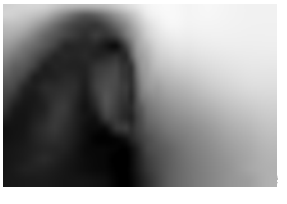
Now tantan tan-tan tantan ti-vi quick - - - - - quick, Now tremb-

-ling, shiv-ring, quiv-ring, quak-ing, Ser

hoping, hoping, hoping hearts of lovers akeing. Fly, fly,

A-bove above the sky, Ramb-ling gamb-ling, Ramb-

-ling gambling.



greatest genius of our age, the late Dean of St. Patrick's. The thing in itself is but a trifle; but it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with indignation seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such neglect; for they hurt themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the service of their country, when they see in it gratitude to the memory of those who have deserved well of them. The ingenious Pere Castle told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greatest misfortune to him that he was not born an Englishman; and, when he explained himself, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument to Shakespeare; and another to a modern, but to the greatest of them, Sir Isaac Newton. Great souls are very disinterested in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, scorning the mean paths of interest and lucre: and, surely, in an age so mercenary as ours, men should not be so sparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of such virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; since in so doing, they bespeak, and almost insure to themselves, a succession of such persons in society. It was with this view that I have determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my house, I have planted a hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, consisting of five walks; the central of which is a horse-course, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are so laid out, that, from the centre, the six rows of trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper

pedestal, with all the decorations of the order; on the summit of which I have placed a Pegasus, just seeming to take flight to the Heavens; and, on the die of the pedestal I have engraved the following inscription, written by an ingenious friend:—

IN MEMORIAM JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P., VIRI SINE PARI.

AONIDVM FONTES APERIS, DIVINE POETA,
ARTE NOVA: ÆTHEREAS PROPRIIS, UT PEGASVS, ALIS
SCANDE DOMOS: ÆTERNVM ADDET TVA FAMA COLVMNÆ
HVIC MEMORI DECVS. HIC, TANTI QVAM POSSVMVS VMBRAM
NOMINIS IN MENTEM, SACRO REVOCARE QVOTANNIS
LVDORVM RITV IVVAT; HIC TIBI PARVVS HONORVM
OFFERTVR CVMVLVS: LAVDVM QVO FINE TVARVM
COPIA CLAVDATVR QVI QVÆRIT, GENTIS IERNÆ
PECTORA SCRVTETVR, LATVMQVE INTERROGET ORBEM.
MDCCL.

I have also appointed a small fund for annual premiums to be distributed in the celebration of games at the monument yearly. The ceremony is to last three days, beginning the first of May yearly. On this day, young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to assemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round the monument, singing the praises of this ingenious patriot, and strewing with flowers all the place: after which they are to dance for a prize; the best dancer among the maids is to be presented with a cap and ribands; and, after the dance, the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The second day, there is to be a large market upon the ground: and the girl who produces the finest hank of yarn, and the most regular reel and count, is to have a guinea premium; and the person who buys the greatest quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day, the farmer who produces the best

yearling calf of his own breed is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the fairest colt or filly, of his own breed likewise, not over two years old, shall receive a premium of two guineas also.—Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds; and all these useful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with so much care and tenderness recommended them to others, and cherished them himself. I am, dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

J. B.

APPENDIX

TO THE

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.

Of the following letters, only two, it is believed, have been hitherto published. The two letters from Swift to Addison, and the twelve letters from the Dean to Mr. Tickell, were communicated, in the most obliging and liberal manner possible, by Major Tickell, the descendant of the poet.

APPENDIX

TO THE

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Dublin, August 22, 1710.

SIR,

I LOOKED long enough at the wind to set you safe at the other side, and then * * * * * * our conduct, very unwilling for fear you [*about two lines are effaced*] up to a post-horse, and hazard your limbs to be made a member. I believe you had the displeasure of much ill news almost as soon as you landed. Even the moderate Tories here are in pain at these revolutions, being what will certainly affect the Duke of Marlborough, and consequently, the success of the war. My lord-lieutenant asked me yesterday when I intended for England. I said I

had no business there now, since I suppose in a little time I should not have one friend left that had any credit; and his excellency was of my opinion. I never once began your [*task*,] since you [*left this*,] being perpetually prevented by all the company I kept, and especially Captain Pratt, to whom I am almost a domestic upon your account. I am convinced, that whatever government come over, you will find all marks of kindness from any parliament here, with respect to your employment; the Tories contending with the Whigs which should speak best of you. Mr. Pratt says, he has received such marks of your sincerity and friendship, as he never can forget; and, in short, if you will come over again, when you are at leisure, we will raise an army, and make you King of Ireland. Can you think so meanly of a kingdom, as not to be pleased that every creature in it, who hath one grain of worth, has a veneration for you? I know there is nothing in this to make you add any value to yourself; but it ought to put you on valuing them, and to convince you that they are not an undistinguishing people. On Thursday, the Bishop of Clogher, the two Pratts, and I, are to be as happy as Ireland will give us leave; we are to dine with Mr. Paget at the Castle, and drink your health. The bishop shewed me the first volume of the small edition of the Tatler, where there is a very handsome compliment to me; but I can never pardon the printing the news of every Tatler—I think he might as well have printed the advertisements. I knew it was a bookseller's piece of craft, to increase the bulk and price of what he was sure would sell; but I utterly disapprove it. I beg you would freely tell me whether it will be of any account for me to come to England. I would not trouble you for advice, if I knew where else to ask it. We expect every day

to hear of my lord-president's removal; if he were to continue, I might, perhaps, hope for some of his good offices. You ordered me to give you a memorial of what I had in my thoughts. There were two things, Dr. So——th's prebend and sinecure, or the place of Historiographer. But if things go on in the train they are now, I shall only beg you, when there is an account to be depended on for a new government here, that you will give me early notice to procure an addition to my fortunes. And with saying so, I take my leave of troubling you with myself.

I do not desire to hear from you till you are out of [*the*] hurry at Malmsbury.* I long till you have some good account of your Indian affairs, so as to make public business depend upon you, and not you upon that. I read your character in Mrs. Manly's noble Memoirs of Europe. It seems to me, as if she had about two thousand epithets and fine words packed up in a bag; and that she pulled them out by handfuls, and strewed them on her paper, where about once in five hundred times they happen to be right.

My lord-lieutenant, we reckon, will leave us in a fortnight; I led him, by a question, to tell me he did not expect to continue in the government, nor would, when all his friends were out. Pray take some occasion to let my [*Lord*] Halifax know the sense I have of the favour he intended me.

I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

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* For which borough Addison was then candidate, and afterwards member.

LETTER FROM SWIFT.

The address and envelope of this letter have been lost. It was found among the records at Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, and obligingly copied for this work, by Edward Lawson, Esq., Barrister at Law, and Sub-Commissioner of Records in Ireland. It seems to have been addressed to some friend in Ireland during Swift's residence at Letcombe in Berkshire, after the dissolution of Oxford's administration. There is no signature nor place of date.

SIR, July 29, 1714.

I HAVE been these two months fifty miles from London, to avoid the storm that has happened at Court. The news will tell you a post or two before this of my Lord Ox's laying down; he was to do it yesterday. He has sent to desire I would stay some time with him at his house in Herefordshire, which I am not likely to refuse, though I may probably suffer a good deal in my little affairs in Ireland by my absence. This makes it necessary for me to desire you would please to renew my license of absence, which expires about the end of August. As soon as it's expired, I should hope so much from your friendship, that, though any accident might happen to prevent your timely notice, that you would do me such a favour whenever there is occasion. I had fixed my journey to Ireland to be on the second of August, when this incident changed it. I think it is about this time two years * that you came to

* This is an odd mistake. Lord Godolphin went out of office in 1710, four years before the date of the letter.

my lodgings with Mr. Pratt, to tell me the news of Lord Godolphin's going out, which was as joyful to me as this is otherwise. I believe you will reckon me an ill courtier to follow a discarded statesman to his retirement, especially when I have been always well with those now in power, as I was with him. But to answer that would require talking, and I have already troubled you so much who are a man of business. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Pray let the absence be general as before. I was very near wanting it some months ago with a witness.* I know not what alterations this change may make in the scheme for Irish promotions. I hear Dr. Pratt and Ellwood are secure.

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TO MR. ADDISON.†

SIR, Dublin, July 9, 1717.

I SHOULD be much concerned if I did not think you were a little angry with me for not congratu-

* Alluding probably to the chance there was of his being obliged to fly on account of the offence taken at the "Public Spirit of the Whigs."

† This curious and valuable letter was found amongst the papers of Mr. Tickell the poet. There is a very kind letter from Addison, dated 20th March, 1717–18. But as it refers to some application made by the Dean in favour of friends, it must have been in reply to a subsequent letter from Swift, as that which is now given to the public contains no such passage.

lating you upon being Secretary. But I choose my time as I would to visit you, when all your company is gone. I am confident you have given ease of mind to many thousand people, who will never believe any ill can be intended to the constitution in church or state, while you are in so high a trust, and I should have been of the same opinion though I had not the happiness to know you.

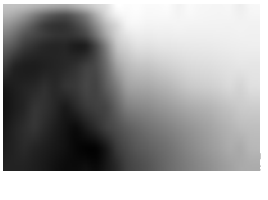
I am extremely obliged for your kind remembrance some months ago, by the Bishop of Derry, and for your generous intentions, if you had come to Ireland, to have made party give way to friendship by continuing your acquaintance.

I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now, beside that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for any friend or for myself. When I conversed among ministers, I boasted of your acquaintance, but I feel no vanity from being known to a secretary of state. I am only a little concerned to see you stand single; for it is a prodigious singularity in any court to *owe* one's rise entirely to merit. I will venture to tell you a secret, that three or four more such choices, would gain more hearts in three weeks, than all the methods hitherto practised have been able to do in as many years.

It is now time for me to recollect that I am writing to a secretary of state, who has little time allowed him for trifles; I therefore take my leave, with assurances of my being ever, with the truest respect, Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.



TO THE REV. DR. ROBERT MOSSOM,

DEAN OF OSSORY, AT KILKENNY.*

SIR, Dublin, February 14, 1720–21.

WHEN I had the favour of yours of the 8th instant, I was in very ill health, and am since but slowly recovering. About five years ago I had some disputes with my chapter, upon this occasion of my negatives, which was never contradicted before, nor did the members directly do it then, but by some side ways of arguing the ill consequences which might follow if it had no exceptions. This they were spirited to by the A. B. of Tuam, who incited the A. B. of Dublin, and who said he had long entertained an opinion against my negative. Since that they never contradicted it; and the point is, as you say, perfectly absurd. I then writ to the Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of Sarum, who had been my old friends; the former distinguished between deaneries of the old and new establishment, and both of them advised me to make as little stir as I could.† The Dean of Sarum said positively that he had no more power in the chapter than a senior prebendary; that when he was absent, the next senior presided of course, and had only a vote. In this case, without doubt, [time] hath made it, that things

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* The original of this letter is in the possession of Leonard Macnally, Esq., barrister at law, Dublin. It refers to a controversy upon a point of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, upon which Swift also consulted Atterbury.

† See Swift's correspondence with Atterbury on this subject, Vol. XVI. p. 233.

may be [*done*] by the dean and chapter, whether the former consents or no. But you are to understand, that the privileges and powers of the Dean of St. Patrick depend upon subsequent grants and confirmations of popes, parliaments, kings, and archbishops. Now, if your charter be much older than Edward IV.'s time, for ought I know you may be on the foot of St. Patrick's, as that was upon the foot of Sarum, before the subsequent * * [*some words illegible.*] There is a French act of Parliament, Edward IV., where it is recited, that whereas the Dean of St. Patrick is ordinary, &c., and has such and such privileges, &c.; so that then they were known. This deanery is 503 years old, and several of the dean's powers were granted in the first, second, and third century after; and the error of my opponents lay in thinking this deanery was like that of Sarum, without considering what came after: I believe your best argument will be, to insist, in general, that you copy after St. Patrick's, and, if they allow that, I will provide you with power and privilege enough. It is an infallible maxim, that not one thing here is done without the dean's consent. If he proposeth, it is then left to the majority; because his proposal is his consent. This is as much as I can send you at present, from a giddy aching head. If you command any farther particulars from me of my practice here, or any other point wherein I can do you service, you shall find me ready to obey; and I think there are few older acquaintances than you and I..... Believe, with great truth, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO MR. TICKELL.

SIR, Deanery-House, July 11, 1724.

I SHALL wait on you at the time and place you appoint, although it is hard that you last comers and lodgers should invite us old housekeepers, which I would have you to know I am, and can bring you half-a-dozen men in gowns to depose it. I shall therefore attend you only on this condition, that you will be ready to fix a day for dining at the deanery with Lord Forbes and Mr. Sheridan, because the latter has been heard to boast that you will condescend to suffer him.

I am, with great respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

SIR, Deanery-House, August 3, 1724.

I SHOULD have waited on you before now, if I had not been tormented with an old vexatious disorder of a deafness and noise in my ears, which has returned, after having left me above two years, and makes me unsupportable to others and myself.

I now make bold to trouble you in an affair which

goes very near my heart. Mr. Proby, surgeon-general, my old friend, and most generally beloved of any man in this kingdom, lies under a great misfortune at present. His eldest son, a captain in Lord Tirawley's regiment, hath been accused at Galloway for discovering an inclination to popery, and several affidavits have been made against him. The young man desires nothing but a fair trial. The accusation is generally judged malicious and false; but that concerns you not. He is to be tried in a few days,* but the matter must first go before the lords-justices. Mr. Proby being utterly unknown to you, desires the favour to wait upon you either this afternoon or evening, or early to-morrow morning. He does not intend this as a solicitor for his son, he has too much discretion; but, because the business will first come before the lords-justices, he thinks it will be proper for him to wait on you, and say or ask what is convenient, and thought that my recommendation will facilitate his access. Therefore, pray, sir, mistake me not. I am not at all making you an advocate, but only desiring that he may not see you wholly as a stranger.

You will please to signify by one of your servants what hour you will permit Mr. Proby to attend you.

I am, with great respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

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* Swift also interceded in behalf of this young gentleman with Lord Carteret, then lord-lieutenant. See Vol. XVI. p. 435.

TO THE SAME.

Deanery-House, Sept. 4, 1724.

SIR,

I DESIRE you will please to send the enclosed. I beg your pardon for so often troubling you, but I owed his excellency a letter.* I am pretty well eased of my troublous disorder, and intend to wait on you soon, and hope you will make some appointment with those you like best, that we may meet at the deanery.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

Deanery-House, Oct. 24, 1724.

SIR,

I DID not design to attend my lord-lieutenant till his hurry of visits and ceremony were over; but I fear it will be long before I can have that honour, for I am so cruelly persecuted with the return of my deafness, that I am fit for nothing but to mope in my chamber. I therefore humbly entreat your favour, to present my most humble duty to his excellency, and to let him know the unlucky cause

* The enclosure appears to have been the letter to Lord Carteret, dated 3d September, 1724, upon the subject chiefly of Dr. Berkeley's expedition to Bermudas. See Vol. XVI. p. 430.

that hinders me from waiting on him, which I apprehend will yet continue some weeks. I have already had but too much cause to complain of a disorder which hath so long deprived me of the happiness of your company.

I conclude you are now a busy man; and therefore shall only add, that I am, with great esteem,

Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MR. STAFFORD LIGHTBURNE.*

SIR, Quilca, April 22, 1725.

YOUR letter was sent hither to me. I have been so ill with a giddiness and deafness, that I thought it best to retire far into the country, where I now am, in a wild place belonging to Mr. Sheridan, seven miles from Kells. I am very glad of your good success in England, for I always believed you had justice on your side; at the same time, I am grieved at the difficulties your adversary's family must be under by their own wrong proceedings, and should be more so, if that puppy, who is heir, had not so behaved himself, as to forfeit all regard or pity. Mr. Worrall has the remaining bonds of Laracor, &c., and a power from me to receive the money, which I much want, having half ruined myself by building a wall, which is as bad as a law-

* The original is in the possession of General Lightburne; the transcript was obligingly furnished by Mr. Theophilus Swift.

suit. I desire Mr. Proudfoot may, with his payments, give me the names of every tenant, and the sums they paid, and take receipts from Mr. Worrall. Present my service to my cousin. I hope this journey has contributed to her health, as well as her fortune.

I am your most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

The postman tells me that a letter directed to me at Mr. Latimer's at Kells, and put into the bye-bag at Trim, will be sent to me; so that if you have any occasion to write, you may take that way. I have desired Mr. Wallis to appear for me at the visitation.

Feb. 23, 1727–8.

I have received from Mr. Stafford Lightburne, £32 Sterling, in full of all interest, and all dues and demands whatsoever, to the day of the date hereof. I say, received by me,

£32. JONATH. SWIFT.

TO MR. TICKELL.

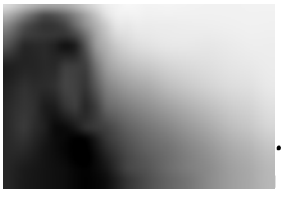
SIR, July 19, 1725.

YOUR whole behaviour, with relation to myself, ever since I had the honour to be known to you, hath tended maliciously to hinder me from writing or speaking anything that could deserve to be read or heard. I can no sooner hint my desire of a favour to a friend, but you immediately grant it, on purpose to load me, so as to put it out of my power to express my gratitude; and against your con-

science you put compliments upon the letter I write, where the subject is only to beg a favour, on purpose to make me write worse, or not at all for the future. I remember some faint strokes of this unjust proceeding in myself, when I had a little credit in the world, but in no comparison with yours, which have filled up the measure of iniquity.

I have often thought it a monstrous folly in us, who are tied to this kingdom, to have any friendship with *vous autres*, who are birds of passage, while we are sure to be forsaken like young wenches who are seduced by soldiers that quarter among them for a few months. Therefore I prudently resolved to make no other use of you, than for my present satisfaction, by improving myself from your conversation, or making use of your interest to the advantage of my friends. But when you leave us, I will, for my own quiet, send as few sighs after you as I can. For, when Gods used to come down to earth to converse with females, it was true judgment in the lady who chose rather to marry an earthly lover than Apollo, who would be always rambling to Heaven, and, besides, would be young when she was old.

And, to shew I am serious in my resolutions, I now entreat another good office from you, in behalf of a young gentleman, Mr. James Stopford, a fellow of the college. He is a man of birth and fortune, but the latter a little *engaged* by travelling; and having now as strong temptations to travel again with great advantage, as governor to a young person, he desires the honour of being admitted to my lord-lieutenant by your means, with no other view but the credit that such a reception would give him, only whispering me, (as all men have base ends,) that he foresees his excellency, being about his own age, will be always of so great a conse-



quence in England, as, many years hence, he may find his account in his lordship's protection and countenance.

He is reckoned the best scholar of his age among us, and abounds in every amiable quality, without any circumstance to detract from them, except one, which I hope his travels will put an end to, and that is, love.

In the letter directed to Dr. Delany, there is one to Mr. Stopford, who is soon expected in town, and therein I let him know what I write to you, and direct him to attend you, for which I humbly desire pardon, as well as for the trouble of sending the packet to Dr. Delany, and for teazing you with so long a letter; which I will conclude with the sincerest profession of being ever, with great respect,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

J. SWIFT.

The ladies present their best service and thanks to you for your remembrance. Mrs. Johnson has blunted her pick-axe * with work.

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* In a letter to Dr. Sheridan, 25th January, 1724–5, the Dean informs him, that Mrs. Johnson "is so pleased with her pick-axe, that she wears it fastened to her girdle, on her left side, in balance with her watch." Vol. XVI. p. 445.

TO THE SAME.

Sept. 18, 1725.

SIR,

YOU court people have found out the way of vexing me in all my privacy and monkish manner of living. Here is Mr. Sheridan perpetually teazing me with complaints, directly in the style I have often met among state letters, of loss of favour by misrepresentation, and envy and malice, and secret enemies, and the rest of that jargon. I have had share of it myself, and so I believe have you, and may have more in the course of your fortune. The worst evil is, that when ill opinions are instilled into great men, they never think it worth their while to be undeceived, and so a little man is ruined without the least tincture of guilt. And therefore, the last time I was in the world, I refused to deal with a chief minister, till he promised me, upon his honour, never to be influenced by any ill story of me, till he told it me plainly, and heard my defence; after which, if I cleared myself, it should pass for nothing, and he kept his word, and I was never once in pain. I was the person who recommended Mr. Sheridan;* but the Bishop of Elphin took upon him to do it in form, and gave it a sanction, and was seconded by two other bishops, all principled according to your heart's desire, and therefore his excellency hath nothing to answer for. I do believe Mr. Sheridan hath been formerly reckoned a Tory, but no otherwise than hundreds among your favourites, who, perhaps, grew converts with more zeal, noise, and

* To be chaplain to the lord-lieutenant. See the vindication of Lord Carteret, Vol. VII. p. 277.

cunning, but with less decency. And I hope a man may be a convert, without being a renegado; and however the practice is contrary, I know which of them I should most favour. It is most infallible, by all sorts of reason, that Mr. Sheridan is altogether innocent in that accusation of preaching, but, as he is a creature without cunning, so he hath not overmuch advertency.* His books, his mathematics, the pressures of his fortune, his laborious calling, and some natural disposition or indisposition, give him an *egarement d'esprit*, as you cannot but observe; but he hath other good qualities enough to make up that defect; truth, candour, good-nature, pleasantness of humour, and very good learning; and it was upon these regards I was bold to recommend him, because I thought it was for the general good that he should have some encouragement to go on in his drudgery. But if it be determined that party must lay her talons upon him, there is no more to be said. My lord-lieutenant hath too many great affairs, to allow time for examining into every little business, and yet it is hard that even a beggar should suffer who is wholly innocent. I heard King William say, that if the people of Ireland could be believed in what they said of each other, there was not an honest man in the kingdom. And if Mr. Sheridan guesses right of the person who is the chief accuser, there is no man who is not altogether drunk and mad with party, would value the accusation. If, by the clatter made upon this occasion, it should be thought most proper for Mr. Sheridan not to appear about

* Swift refers to Sheridan's blunder, who chose for his text, upon the anniversary of the Hanover accession, the memorable verse, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." See the story at length, Vol. XVI. pp. 470–473.

the Castle at this juncture, I believe he will content himself, but not that he should lose any degree of favour with his excellency; and, if this be the case, I hope you will so order that my lord will condescend to signify so much to him; for I know too well how often princes themselves are obliged to act against their judgment, amidst the rage of factions. Upon the whole, the good treatment you have given me, hath produced an ill effect, encouraging me to farther requests, that you will endeavour to make Mr. Sheridan easy. None but converts are afraid of shewing favour to those who lie under suspicion in point of principles; and that was Mr. Addison's argument, in openly continuing his friendship to me to the very hour of his death. And your case is the same, and the same I shall expect from you in a proper degree, both towards Mr. Sheridan and myself.

Whether you are in Parliament or no, I am sensible you are too busy at this time to bear such an interruption as I have given you, and yet I have not said half what I had a mind; my excuse is, that I have title to your favour, as you were Mr. Addison's friend, and, in the most honourable part, his heir;* and if he had thought of your coming to this kingdom, he would have bequeathed me to you.

I am ever, with true esteem and respect,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

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* Addison loved Tickell with the affection of a father, and left him his literary executor. Accordingly, he published the collected works of his friend, with an elegy, equally sublime and pathetic, by which he silenced the invidious critics, who had ascribed the beauties of his former productions to the secret assistance of Addison.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, Deanery-House, November 12, 1725.

I HAVE got slowly out of a feverish disorder, that hath confined me these ten days. I shall dine to-morrow at home, after a sort, *en famille* with the two ladies my nurses. And if you please to be a fourth, I shall take care that no unacceptable fifth be of the company: And pray let me know to-night or to-morrow morning, for as to Sunday, I look on you as a guest when you please.

I am, your most obedient,

J. SWIFT.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

SIR, [*London,*] April 16, 1726.

THOUGH I am to desire a favour of you, yet I was glad it gave me an opportunity of paying you my respects. I am here now a month picking up the remnant of my old acquaintance, and descending to take new ones. Your people are very civil to me, and I meet a thousand times better usage from them than from that denomination in Ireland.

This night I saw the wild boy, whose arrival here hath been the subject of half our talk this fortnight.*

* Peter the Wild Boy, as he was called, caught in the forests of Hanover. Swift made him the subject of a *jeu d'esprit*, entitled, "It cannot rain but it pours, or London Strewed with Rarities," which was published in the Miscellanies, and occurs in this edition, Vol. XIII. p. 181.

He is in the keeping of Dr. Arbuthnot, but the king and court were so entertained with him, that the princess could [*not*] get him till now. I can hardly think him wild in the sense they respect him. Mr. Arundel is made surveyor of the works, which I suppose you will hear before you read this.

I hope I am to give you joy, and I am sure I wish it you; the reason I trouble you with the enclosed, is, because it contains a bill of lading for a picture I have from France, and am afraid it might miscarry.

You will please to send one of your servants to the person it is directed to; and accept my excuses.

I am, with true respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 7, 1726.

SIR,

I HAVE led so restless, and visiting, and travelling, and vexatious a life, since I had the honour of your letter, that I never had humour enough to acknowledge it, though I carried it wrapped up safely in my pocket. You are now so old a married man, that I shall not congratulate with you, but pray God you may long congratulate with yourself, and that your situation will make you a tolerable Irishman, at least till you can make the lady a good Englishwoman, which, however, I hope will be late. I cannot complain of any want of civility in your friends, the Whigs; and I will tell you freely, that

most of them agree with me in quarrelling about the same things. I have lived these two months past for the most part in the country, either at Twitenham with Mr. Pope, or rambling with him and Mr. Gay for a fortnight together. Yesterday my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Congreve made up five at dinner at Twitenham. I have been very little more than a witness of any pleasantries you may have seen from London. I am in no sedentary way for speculations of any kind, neither do I find them so ready to occur at this late time of my life. The thing you mention, which no friend would publish, was written fourteen years ago, at Windsor,* and shews how indiscreet it is to leave any one master of what cannot without the least consequence be shewn to the world. Folly, malice, negligence, and the incontinence in keeping secrets, (for which we want a word,) ought to caution men to keep the key of their cabinets.

As to what you mention of an imaginary treatise, I can only answer that I have a great quantity of papers somewhere or other, of which none would please you, partly because they are very incorrect, but chiefly because they wholly disagree with your notions of persons and things; neither do I believe it would be possible for you to find out my treasury of waste papers, without searching nine houses, and then sending to me for the key.

I find the ladies make the deanery their villa. I have been told that Mrs. Johnson's health has given her friends bad apprehensions; and I have heard but twice from them.† But their secretary, Dr. Sheridan, just tells me she is much better, to my great satisfaction. I wonder how you could

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* This must have been the Windsor Prophecy.

† See letter to Dr. Sheridan, 8th July, 1726, Vol. XVII. p. 36.

expect to see her in a morning, which I, her oldest acquaintance, have not done these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey. I desire to present my most humble service to Mrs. Tickell.

I shall return in a few days to Twitenham, and there continue till August, at the latter end of which month I propose to wait on you at the Castle of Dublin; for I am weary of being among ministers whom I cannot govern, who are all rank Tories in government, and worse than Whigs in church; whereas I was the first man who taught and practised the direct contrary principle.

I am, Sir, with sincere respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

Deanery-House, April 7, 1727.

SIR,

I HUMBLY desire the favour of you to order one of your clerks to prepare a licence for me to go to England for six months. I wish it might be finished by to-morrow, or at least the order got, after which I find I may set out legally. I am told the vessel I go in will set out to-morrow, or on Sunday morning.

I would desire that instead of England it might be expressed *partes transmarinas*, because it is probable my health may force me to Aix la Chapelle. I suppose the Bishop of Ferne's licence, when he went to France, ran in some such style.*

* Swift went to England in summer 1727, with the intention of proceeding from thence to the Continent. But the news of

I have been so embroiled in my private affairs by the knavery of agents, that I have not had time to wait on you. I am, with true respect,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I desire my most humble service to Mrs. Tickell.

TO SAMUEL GERRARD, ESQ., NAVAN.

SIR, Dublin, Jan. 6, 1730.*

IT was with great concern that I first heard a dubious, and then a certain account of the death of

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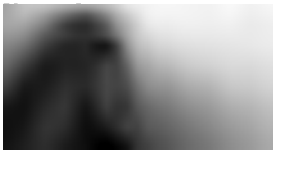
the death of George I. put a stop to his purpose, as he hoped, through the interest of Mrs. Howard, to negotiate an exchange betwixt his Irish preferment, and one which should place him among his English friends. See Vol. XVIII. p. 62.

* This letter, which does so much honour to the Dean's friendly and benevolent disposition, was copied from the original, which is in the possession of Miss Cusack, grand-daughter of the gentleman whose loss he laments. They were a Catholic family. Tradition, which fondly preserves the most minute particulars of Swift's life, has recorded, that one day passing through the town of Navan, with the purpose of dining at Mr. Cusack's, he recollected it was fast-day, and therefore purchased a leg of mutton, to secure his own commons. The son of Mr. Metye, (grandfather of the Baron,) at whose house the mutton had been left while the Dean attended prayers, plunged it by way of jest into a pot which was boiling in the kitchen fire. When the Dean returned and discovered what had happened, his passion was outrageous. He redeemed the half-boiled leg of mutton, however, and carried it with him to Mr. Cusack's. Such an anecdote is not worth mentioning, were it not to shew the consequence which the Irish have gratefully and justly attached to the minutest particulars of Swift's life.

our common friend Mr. Cusack, whom, in an acquaintance of many years, I never found otherwise than a gentleman of honour, sincerity, candour, and every other good quality that can recommend a man to the friendship and esteem of all worthy persons. He is a great example of the uncertainty of life, for except an aptness he complained of to take cold in his head, I have known few persons likelier to live long. I am but too sensible of his unhappy family's loss in him, and particularly of the condition of his lady, who I hope will not live under the tyranny of that odious old woman. To her, poor Mr. Cusack owned that he never passed one happy day at home, while she was under his roof. I must needs condole with you particularly for your loss in so worthy a friend: a thing so scarce in the country of Ireland, where the neighbouring squires are usually the most disagreeable of all human creatures.

You know, sir, that last year he let me have a little mare, which I have rode ever since. I have often desired him to let me know the value he put on her. He answered, it was a present to him, and should be so to me. I protested I would suffer no such thing; he likewise sent me another young mare, which he was breeding up for me. I hope she will be good when she is cured of her starting; and in the meantime is very proper for a servant. I desire you will give your judgment what they both are worth; and I will pay the money immediately to the unfortunate widow's order, who may perhaps have occasion for it under her present circumstances. I shall continue for some weeks in town, and then, if my health permits, wander for a month or two in the country to preserve it. I am much obliged to our poor friend for bringing me acquainted with you, and he was a good judge of men, as I find by the character he often gave me of you; and I hope you will



never come to this town while I am in it, without doing me the favour of calling on me. I am, Sir, with true esteem,

Your most faithful humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

A CASE SUBMITTED BY DEAN SWIFT

TO MR. LINDSAY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

From the original in the Dean's handwriting, indorsed, "Queries for Mr. Lindsay;" and "21st Nov. 1730, Mr. Lindsay's opinion concerning Mr. Gorman, in answer to my queries."

A. B., agent for J. S., comes to desire J. S. to sign an assignment of a lease in order to be registered for the security of £38. J. S. asks A. B. to shew him the lease. A. B. says he left it at home. J. S. asks the said A. B. how many years of the lease are unexpired? what rent the tenant pays, and how much below the rack value? and what number of acres there are upon the farm? To each of which questions the agent A. B. answers categorically, that he cannot tell, and that he did not think J. would ask him such questions. The said A. B. was asked how he came two years after the lease was assigned, and not sooner, to have it registered. A. B. answers, that he could not sue till the assignment.

Query, Whether the said agent A. B. made any one answer like a man of business?

[ANSWER.]

I have carefully perused and considered this case,

and am clearly of opinion, that the agent has not made any one answer like a man of business, but has answered very much like a true agent.

ROBERT LINDSAY.

Nov. 21, 1730.

This document is from Dr. Lyon's papers, and forms a curious instance of the Dean's strongly characteristic turn of humour.

TO MR. TICKELL.

Deanery-House, July 20, 1731.

SIR,

AFTER frequent reading, with as much care as I could, I found but the three remarks above mentioned * that I could possibly make. Only I would sink nine of the ten thousand fathom, and call it *a thousand.* I desire you will please to finish it. I have been riding out to-day, as well as yesterday, for my health, but find myself much disordered. If I grow better, I will wait on you to-morrow, if not, I will send the paper by a safe hand.†

I am, Sir, your, &c.

I have marked the figures 1, 2, 3, in your original.

1. For *when*, I would advise *where.*
2. I do not well understand this line.
3. I see what *this* and *that* refer to. But in the line just before, there are two words, *present* and *past*, and in the next line above *viscus*, and *leach*, which will make some difficulty to a common reader.

* The remarks are in this edition subjoined.

† From this letter it would seem that the Dean had been engaged in revising some of Tickell's poetry.

TO THE REV. THE DEAN OF ARMAGH,

AT KNOCKTOGHER, IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY.*

SIR, Dublin, June 30, 1732.

IF you are not an excellent philosopher, I allow you personate one perfectly well; and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you, for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide, that had not in it something to displease. I think I once saw in that county of Tipperary, which is, like the rest of the whole kingdom, a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations, — filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape; one insolent, ignorant, oppressive squire to be found in twenty miles' riding; a parish church to be only found in a summer's day's journey, in comparison of which, an English farmer's barn is a cathedral; a bog fifteen miles round; every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, marsh; and every male and female, from the farmer, inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London bridge. There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned at to half its advantage, yet it is better improved than the people; and all

* This remarkable letter is copied from the original in the hands of the Rev. Edward Maugin, translator of the Life of Malesherbes. It differs in some slight particulars from the copy inserted in Dr. Barret's Life of Swift, where Dr. Brandreth, the clergyman to whom it is addressed, is called Dean of Emly, to which benefice he was not promoted until three or four years afterwards.

these evils are effects of English tyranny, so your sons and grandchildren will find it to their sorrow. Cork indeed was a place of trade, but for some years past is gone to decay, and instead of being merchants, the wretched dealers are dwindled to pedlars and cheats. I desire you will not write such accounts of your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar?—unless once a-year at a fair, or on a holiday, where some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after. You will give a very different account of your winter campaign, when you cannot walk five yards from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in slough to your saddle skirts; where your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast before he can brew or bake, and the neighbours five miles round must club to kill a mutton. Pray take care of damps, and when you leave your bedchamber, let a fire be made to last till night, and, after all, if a stocking happens at night to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning. *I nunc et tecum versus meditare canoros.* I have not said all this out of any malicious intention, to put you out of conceit with the scene where you are, but merely for your credit, because it is better to know you are miserable, than to betray an ill taste. I consult your honour, which is dearer than life; therefore I demand that you shall not relish one bit of victuals, or drop of drink, or the company of any human creature within thirty miles round Knocktogher, during your residence in those parts, and then I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of your understanding. My lameness is very slowly recovering, and if it be well when the year is out, I shall gladly compound. Yet I make a shift to ride about ten miles a-day, by virtue of certain implements called gambadoes, where my foot stands

firm as on a floor, and I generally dine alone, like a king or a hermit, and continue alone till I go to bed; for even my wine will not purchase me company, and I begin to think the lame are forsaken as much as the poor and blind. Mr. Jibb never calls at the deanery of late; perhaps he hath found out that I like him, as a modest man, and of very good understanding. This town is neither large nor full enough to furnish events for entertaining a country correspondent. A murder now and then is all we have to trust to. Our fruit is all destroyed with the spring north-east winds, and I shall not have the tenth part of my last year's fruit. Miss Hoadly hath been nine days in the small-pox, which I never heard of till this minute; but they say she is past danger. She would have been a terrible loss to the archbishop. Dr. Felton of Oxford hath writ a large octavo about Revelations, &c. I know not his character. He sent over four copies to me, one of which was for Mr. Tickell, two for the bishops of Cork and Waterford, and one to myself, by way of payment for sending the rest, I suppose, for he sent me no letter, and I know him not. Whenever you are in this town, I hope you will mend your usage of me, by coming oftener to a philosophic dinner at the deanery. This I pretend to expect, for the sake of our common Princess, Lady E. G.,* to whom I owe the happiness of your acquaintance, and, on her account, I expect your justice to believe me to be, with truest esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JN. SWIFT.

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* Lady Elizabeth Germaine.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS

BETWEEN

CHARLES FORD, Esq., AND MR. BURTON.

In a letter from Mr. Ford to the Dean, dated 23d December, 1732. Vol. XVIII. p. 56, there occurs a blank supplied by asterisks. This probably refers to the dispute between Mr. Burton and Mr. Ford, and may have been accompanied by the following extracts from the angry letters which passed between these gentlemen. The extracts are in the Dean's hand-writing, and seem to have been made for the purpose of being shewn to mutual friends.

The contents, as well as I* can recollect, of my answer to Mr. Burton's letter of Nov. 1, 1732.

I acknowledged the receipt of his letter. I lamented my misfortune in expressing myself so ill as not to be understood. I repeated the reasons I had often given before, why I could not sign his deed. I said, I would try to explain myself otherwise. I did so, and added words to this effect; that I would not fling away the only weapon† I had of defence, when I was not sure of not being attacked the next moment: That the sum mentioned between you and him was not £1000, but £300: That though I thought it a very large one, yet I would comply in deference to the Dean's judgment: That

* That is, Mr. Ford.

† Benetstowne, which in all his deeds he had entailed upon himself.—*Mr. Ford's note.*

if through ignorance I had exceeded my power, the damage could not be very great, because I had notice of it from him within a month or thereabouts, after his lease took effect: That those whose authority in points of law was of most weight here, thought I had not exceeded my power, and that his lease was good; but since others differed from them, and a doubt arose, I would voluntarily charge Benetstowne, &c. I begged I might not be again mistaken in this proposal; I repeated it in other words, that I would charge, &c., upon this condition, that I had a strong clause inserted to secure me against any farther demand from him, or any person claiming by virtue of that lease. I said, that I did not see why he should desire to have a difference with me, since I was willing of myself to do more than all lawyers agreed the law would compel me to do, and more than all men of honour told me they thought I was obliged to in honour. That neither [of] us could get anything by law, but a great deal of trouble added to great expense. That I hoped to continue to be

His most, &c.

This paragraph is word for word, and letter for letter, out of Mr. Burton's long letter, Dec. 4, 1732.

I will try to explain myself otherwise if I can. Fear is one of the passions which has the least predominance over me, and I thank God he has given me a mind strengthened with resolution, which is not so tenacious as to exceed the bounds of reason. I have a real estate in fee simple, free from settlement or any other incumbrance, of as good yearly value to me as any of my neighbours within two or three miles about me, except Lord Shelburne, and out of my personal estate can, upon an emergency, spare a competency at any time, to defend me from injuries,

in any part of the world. Costs, I believe, would be as grievous to you as to me, for which, and other reasons, my intention was and is, that extremes should be avoided, and matters reasonably adjusted. I know a gentleman, older and feebler than I am, who, in an affair much less conscionable and honourable than this is, went as far at least as from this to London, and did himself right in a legal way, and otherwise, in respect to an injury brought upon him.

My answer to the whole letter, word for word.

London, December 19, 1732.

SIR,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and concur with you that we have had a very troublesome paper correspondence, at least it has been so to me.

In answer to the first material part of your letter, I can tell you that Mr. Cooper and I had agreed matters in less than three minutes after our first meeting, and it was neither of our faults that that agreement has not been yet executed. Other affairs have hitherto deferred appointments never put off by me. However, the delay has prevented me from signing what I am convinced by one of the succeeding paragraphs, and by former observations, would have been the worst thing, except your lease, that I ever did or could set my hand to.

I must acquaint you, in return to the latter part of your letter, (the true meaning of which I should not indeed have understood without your explanation,) that I am not afraid of you either in a legal way or otherwise; that, notwithstanding your great substance, I am now determined to seek for justice the first way; and whenever you, old and feeble as you

are, shall think fit to come here to demand it otherwise, I, old and fat as I am, will give it you under my hand that I will not remove to avoid you.

CHA. FORD.

—o—

TO EATON STANNARD, ESQ.*

SIR, Deanery-House, December, 1733.

MR. SANDYS told me some days ago, that when he waited upon you for advice, upon some papers that concern the greatest part of my little fortune, you were pleased to tell him, that you would not take a fee if I were to pay it. I own myself extremely obliged by such an act of generosity and friendship, to which I never had the least pretension, farther than the merit of always professing a true esteem for you; and if you intend to proceed by that rule, you will never be a farthing the better for any honest man, who may, as well as I, put in his claim with you to be *amicus curiæ*. However, as I may be probably pestered with law, and have few friends at the bar, I must, of necessity, depend upon your assistance, which I will sooner lose my cause than do upon the hard terms you offered by Mr. Sandys.

Last night the deeds were read and signed by me, my creditors and his tenant; in the copy of which deeds Mr. Sandys shewed me your cor-

* Mr. Stannard was a barrister of eminence. He was chosen Recorder of the city of Dublin in the year 1733, on the death of Mr. Stoyte. The Dean's letter to the Mayor and Corporation on the choice of a recorder, was written upon that occasion. Vol. VII. p. 361. Mr. Stannard was soon after made the King's Prime Sergeant at law.

rections in his own hand; and I conclude all the rest was right; by which I shall be richer £120 a-year; and thereby abler to give you a fee, and a friend a bottle of wine more than usual. It seems the expenses and fees in these cases are paid by the mortgager. But my obligations to you are not the less, who was so rash as to declare against taking my money before you knew whether I were to pay it or no.

If I had not still continued (as I have been for three months) confined by deafness and giddiness, I would have waited on you with my acknowledgments for your favour and goodness. But I shall ever remain, what I have always been, and with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient and
obliged, humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

TO MR. TICKELL.*

Deanery House, Tuesday morning.

SIR,

As you have been very obliging to me on all occasions, gratitude would not suffer me to be care-

* This letter relates entirely to the production of the notorious Matthew Pilkington, who was, for some time, though very unworthily, under the patronage of the Dean. This person having received an order for a gratuity of fifty pounds from Lord Carteret, for an Ode on the King's Birth-day, chose to express the sentiments with which so unusual an influx of riches affected him, in a *jeu d'esprit*, entitled, "The Plague of Wealth, or the Poet's Diary, in a Letter to Dr. Delany," in which he relates and exag-

less to anything relating to your credit. The last time you were here, you mentioned a foolish scribble printed in Mrs. Pilkington's Poems. When you

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gerates his surprise and anxiety, on finding himself the subject of such extravagant bounty. Amongst other details he indulges himself in some pleasantries upon Mr. Tickell, secretary to the lord-justices, from whom he was to receive the premium, by order of the lord-lieutenant. In this attempt at humour, where, as Swift remarks, he exhibits his own character as a very mean one, liable to be totally overwhelmed by the wonderful benefaction of fifty pounds, he mentions having obtained an order for this sum upon Mr. Tickell the secretary, and then proceeds: "Went in high spirits to the secretary's, (but, as a drawback to my happiness,) received the dispiriting account of his being confined to his chamber; denied admittance.

"Memorand. His excellency easier of access than his officer.

Tuesday, 17, [February.]

"The secretary still sick; paid a visit to his street-door about twelve; returned melancholy.

Wednesday, ditto.
Thursday, ditto.
Friday, ditto.
Saturday, ditto.
Sunday, ditto.

O! 'twas a dreadful interval of time!

Monday, 23.

"Ordered to wait again on Mr. T——; but happening to be over eager to receive the sum, I hastened away too unseasonably about half an hour after twelve, and found him asleep.

"Mem. Admitted this morning to stand in the hall, and not at the door, as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported; I presume, because it happened so at other times.

"Walked in the piazzas till after one, ruminating on the various hopes and fears with which my mind had been tormented this week past; could not forbear repeating aloud the two lines of the libel, which accidentally are not more true of Mr. Addison than his friend,

> Who, grown a minister of state,
> Sees Poets at his levee wait."

Mr. Tickell seems to have taken this familiar jocularity in bad part, and Pilkington has recourse to the Dean's intercession to propitiate his displeasure.

were gone I immediately looked into the book, and as I had told you could not find it. I then sent to Mr. Pilkington, who brought me an edition printed in London, where I found it at the end of the book. The story of the thing is this: When that money was ordered by my Lord Carteret, Pilkington, not used to such sums, told his patron, Dr. Delany, all the particulars of his fear, joy, &c., on the matter, which so diverted the doctor, that he made the young man to write it down, that Lord Carteret might see it; and when his lordship went to England, he writ to the doctor to send him a copy, which his lordship having shewn to several persons, was transcribed, and by the impertinence of the bookseller, printed at the end of the Poems, against Pilkington's knowledge, and much to his vexation; for the character he gives himself in it is a very mean one, and must be remembered, and much to his disadvantage, if ever he rises in the world. As for your part in it, I must declare my thoughts that it does not affect you in the least. You are said to be sick, and could not be seen, and the complaint is of the usual kind made by all who attend at courts. The young man was sorry, as he had reason, to see it in print, lest it might possibly offend a person of your reputation and consequence. He appears to me to be a modest good-natured man. I know but little of him. Dr. Delany brought him to me first, and recommended him as one whom I might safely countenance. He is in the utmost pain at hearing that you imagine there was the least design to affront you; since, as it would be the basest thing in itself, so such a treatment would be the surest method to ruin his interests.

I could not forbear telling you this out of perfect pity to the young man.

I desire to present my humble service to Mrs. Tickell, and am with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I am just going out of town for a few weeks, but I have ordered that Mrs. Tickell shall have her annual tribute of peaches and nectarines, which will be ripe in a few days, if the sun is favourable, and thieves will spare them.

—o—

TO EATON STANNARD, ESQ.

SIR, Deanery-House, March 12, 1733-4.

I AM commanded by my Lady Howth to use the utmost of that little credit I may possibly have with you, in favour of her brother, Mr. George, to whom I am a perfect stranger; neither do I know any other lady whose commands I would not have disobeyed on the like occasion, being perfectly indifferent how Parliament elections go, unless I could have any hope of a majority half so honest, or a tenth part so able as yourself. It seems the election comes on upon Thursday next. Her ladyship called here yesterday, but I was abroad, and she left her desire that I would write to you as soon as possible.

I am with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

Deanery-House, April 11, 1735.

SIR,

I BELIEVE you may possibly have heard from me, or public report, of my resolution to leave my whole fortune, except a few legacies, to build an hospital for idiots and lunatics in this city, or the suburbs. And, after long consideration, I have been so bold to pitch upon you as my director in the methods I ought to take for rendering my design effectual. I have known and seen the difficulties of any such attempt, by the negligence, or ignorance, or some worse dealing by executors and trustees. I have been so unfortunate, for want of some able friend of a public spirit, that I could never purchase one foot of land.

The neighbouring country always watching, like crows for a carcase, over every estate that was likely to be sold, and that kind of knowledge was quite out of the life I have led; which, in the strength of my days, chiefly past at courts, and among ministers of state, to my great vexation and disappointment, for which I now repent too late. I therefore humbly desire you will please to take me into your guardianship, as far as the weight of your business will permit. As the city hath agreed to give me a piece of land, my wish would be to make the lord mayor, recorder, and aldermen, my trustees, executors, or governors, according as you shall please to advise. And out of these, committees may be appointed to meet at proper times. My thought is, that the city will be careful in an affair calculated wholly for the city's advantage. If you

would favour me so much, as to fix any day during this vacation to dine at the Deanery, I shall be extremely obliged to you; and give you my very crude notions of my intentions.

I am, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

—o—

SCROLL OF A LETTER TO A LADY.

From the original in the Dean's handwriting, found among Mr. Steele's papers. It is without any address, and displays his usual style of real kindness and politeness, under the mask of cynical rudeness.

MADAM, Tuesday, October 12, 1736.

YOU are very captious; for, in my last letter, I only said in the beginning, Madam, you lie! I have a great deal worse than that to say, when I write to ladies; and my fault is, what my enemies give out, that I use you too well. I send you some fruit of my own planting; and, like a fool, I send you the best, though you never give the bearer a farthing; and, when you do, may you never be worth another. Let me know perfectly the condition of your eldest sister. I will wait on you soon, if health will permit me. I am now tolerably; which is more than you can pretend to. My humble service to the little woman's little man.

J. S.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS TO DEAN SWIFT.*

London, Aug. 4, 1737.

I ASSURE you, my dear Dean, 'twas matter of joy to me to receive a letter from you, and I hope 'tis an earnest of many more I may have hereafter, before you and I leave this world; though I must tell you, that if you and I revive our former correspondence, you must indulge me the liberty of making use of another hand; for whether it be owing to age, or writing formerly whole nights by candle-light, or to both those causes, my sight is so far impaired, that

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* This letter, and that from Mr. Lewis, p. 129, now first published, throw important light upon the reasons for suppressing Swift's History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne. The Earl of Oxford appears to have been very anxious to prevent the publication until the work had been previously revised by himself and some family friends. This request he presses upon the Dean in his letter of 7th April 1737, p. 54; and as Swift in his reply, 14th June, p. 71, seems rather to decline the proposal, his lordship repeats it more anxiously in a letter of 4th July, p. 87. It was also enforced by the Dean's old friend, Erasmus Lewis, on 30th June, who renews their correspondence with the obvious purpose of preventing the publication if possible till some revision of the manuscript had taken place. In his answer of 23d June, Swift consents, with obvious reluctance, that the person who was in possession of the MS. (Dr. King apparently) should read it to Lord Oxford and Mr. Lewis, but without trusting it out of his own hands. This is the reply in which Lewis claims that promise; and in his subsequent letter, 8th April 1738, p. 129, the reader will find, that, upon perusal of the manuscript, the friends to whom it was exhibited, saw so much ground for alteration, that the idea of publishing the work was altogether laid aside. It is scarce necessary to remind the reader, that Lewis had been Under-Secretary of State during Lord Oxford's administration.

I am not able, without much pain, to scratch out a letter.

I do not remember ever to have read your History. I own my memory is much decayed; but still I think I could not have forgotten a matter of so much consequence, and which must have given me so great a pleasure. It is fresh in my mind, that Lord Oxford and the Auditor desired you to confer with me upon the subject matter of it; that we accordingly did so; and that the conclusion was, you would bury everything in oblivion. We reported this to those two, I mean to his lordship and his uncle, and they acquiesced in it. Now I find you have finished that piece. I ask nothing but what you grant in your letter of July 23d, viz., That your friend shall read it to me, and forbear sending it to the press, till you have considered the objections, if any should be made. In the meantime, I shall only observe to you in general, that three and twenty years, for so long it is since the death of Queen Anne, having made a great alteration in the world, and that what was sense and reason then, is not so now; besides, I am told you have treated some people's characters with a severity which the present times will not bear, and may possibly bring the author into much trouble, which would be matter of great uneasiness to his friends. I know very well it is your intention to do honour to the then treasurer. Lord Oxford knows it; all his family and friends know it; but it is to be done with great circumspection. It is now too late to publish a pamphlet, and too early to publish a History.

It was always my opinion, that the best way of doing honour to the treasurer, was to write a History of the Peace of Utrecht, beginning with a short preamble concerning the calamitous state of our debt, and ending with the breaking our army, and

restoring the civil power; that these great things were completed under the administration of the Earl of Oxford, and this should be his epitaph. Lord Bolingbroke is undoubtedly writing a History, but I believe will not live to finish it, because he takes it up too high, viz., from the Restoration. In all probability he'll cut and slash Lord Oxford. This is only my guess. I don't know it.

As to our private friends, I must tell you, I believe Mr. Mash[am] to be a good young man, without any shining qualities. Charles Ford's mistress is his bottle, to which he is so entirely given up, that he and I converse but little, though he is a man of honour, and as such to be respected. Pope is very kind to me, and I am vain of it. We meet often, and always remember you. I did so yesterday with Mr. Hare, now Sir Thomas Hare. Poor George Arbuthnot is miserable. He is splenetic to a degree of ——. He is going to France to try whether that merry nation will cure him. Lord and Lady Oxford and Lord Masham send you their compliments. As you make a friendly inquiry after my health, I must tell you I feel all the infirmities of age, but less of deafness than of any other. I find some relief in cards, which, I believe, you despise, but they keep me from thinking, and that is a great benefit. Adieu, dear Dean, and believe me most affectionately yours,

E. L.

—o—

TO EATON STANNARD, Esq., DUBLIN.

Deanery-House, June 8, 1741.

SIR,

I KNOW the bearer, Mr. William Swift, to be a deserving young gentleman, and I think he hath some learning, although he be just returned from the study of law. He is my relation, and I desire you will please to present him to my lord chancellor.

I am, worthy Sir, with true esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

—o—

TO MRS. DRELINCOURT.*

Twitenham, August 7, 1727.

MADAM,

Two days ago I received a letter, signed M. Earbery, (if I read it right,) which name, it seems, belongs to the person recommended by your brother as a sufferer by the times, and desirous to help himself by the translation of an Italian book. I shewed his letter to my friends here, who all agree that it is

* This original letter was found in the repositories of Viscountess Primrose, (the Miss Drelincourt mentioned in the letter,) by her executrix, Mrs. Lilias Waldie, and is now in possession of Mrs. Smith of Kelso. Mrs. Drelincourt was wife to Peter, Dean of Armagh, third son to Drelincourt, the author of "Consolations against the Fear of Death." A short account of the family is in Watkins's Biographical Dictionary.

an original in its kind, beyond what we have anywhere met with, being a heap of strange insolence and scurrility, without the least provocation. What I desired you to tell him was, that I thought his observations were too long, and that, in my opinion, it would be better to enlarge his notes. When I met Miss Drelincourt on the Mall, I likewise said, that I could not decently give public encouragement to such a work, where Mr. Pope was openly reflected on by name. As for a distressed person, and a clergyman that hath suffered for his opinion, I should be very ready to contribute my mite, and have done it oftener than it was deserved from me; but this same Mr. Earbery would be countenanced as an *author* and a *genius*, whereof I am no judge, and therefore it would be more convenient for him to apply to others who are. But I think, whoever he applies to for encouragement, he would not succeed the worse, if he thought fit to spare the method of threatening and ill language; although I have been so long out of the world, that, perhaps, I may be mistaken, and that these are the new arts of purchasing favour. For the same reason, let me add one thing more, that being wholly a stranger to the present way of writing, the objection I made to his observations may be altogether injudicious, for want of knowing the taste of the age, or of conversing with its productions. This you may please to tell the writer of the letter, and that I promise never to meddle with his liberty of understanding, although what he means is past mine.

I am, with true respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

My humble service to Miss Drelincourt. I assure you she makes a good figure on the Mall, and I could, in conscience, do no less than distinguish her.

I have desired Mr. Gay to shew you the letter, writ to me by this Mr. Earbery, and I have writ a word or two at the bottom for you to read.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

SWIFT AND MISS VANHOMRIGH.

CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

THE reader is here presented with what public curiosity has longed to see, and what will, after all, probably afford it less gratification than might have been expected. It is said, that the unfortunate Vanessa, on her death-bed, charged her executors to make these letters public, and there has been probably some foundation for so uniform an averment, although no such injunction appears in her will, as has been affirmed by most of Swift's biographers. The originals of the letters are said to have been destroyed by Bishop Berkeley; but Judge Marshal, the other executor, preserved copies, from which several extracts have, at different times, found their way to the public. The following transcript was made some years since, by my learned and most obliging friend, the Reverend Mr. Berwick of Esher, near Leixlip, well known to the literary world by the light which his labours have thrown upon many abstruse passages of ancient history. The internal evidence, and the high character of Mr. Berwick, are a sufficient warrant of the authenticity of these letters, although the editor is unable to state in whose hands the original copy of Marshal is now to be found. The want of dates has, in some places, rendered it doubtful whether the letters are arranged in proper order, but in one instance only the editor has ventured to depart from the order of the transcript, for the reason given in a note. They are reprinted entire in the following series, to save the reader the trouble of reference. The letters, although there is here and there a degree of affected mystery, in alluding to circumstances of their intercourse, which, taken alone, might appear suspicious, do, upon the whole, answer the description given of them by Delany, on the authority of Bishop Berkeley,—that Swift's consisted chiefly of gallantry, excuses, apologies, &c., while Miss Vanhomrigh's expressed the most deep and violent passion, but without the least hint of a criminal intercourse between them; which could scarcely have been avoided in so long a correspondence, had there been any foundation for it.—DELANY'S *Remarks*, p. 123.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

SWIFT AND MISS VANHOMRIGH.

—o—

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. ESTHER VANHOMRIGH, JUNIOR,

At her lodgings, over against Park-Place, in St. James's Street, London.*

I THOUGHT to have written to little Missessy by the colonel, but at last I did not approve of him as a messenger. Mr. Ford began your health last night, under the name of the Jilt, for which I desire you will reproach him. I do neither study nor exercise so much here as I do in town. The

* This fatal correspondence seems to have commenced with Swift's residence in Windsor, in autumn 1712, while drawing together materials for his History of the Peace of Utrecht. It is not, therefore, wonderful that, about the same time, we find him apologising to Stella for the slackness of his correspondence. Vol. III. p. 45.

colonel* will intercept all the news I have to tell you, of my fine snuff-box,† and my being at a ball, and my losing my money at ombre with the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury. I cannot imagine how you pass your time in our absence, unless by lying a-bed till twelve, and then having your followers about you till dinner. We have dispatches to-day from Lord Bolingbroke;‡ all is admirably well, and a cessation of arms will be declared with France in London on Tuesday next. I dined with the Duke of Shrewsbury to-day, and sat an hour by Mrs. Warburton, teaching her when she played wrong at ombre, and I cannot see her defects; either my eyes fail me, or they are partial. But Mrs. Touchet is an ugly, awkward slut. What do you do all the afternoon? How come you to make it a secret to me that you all design to come to Windsor? If you were never here, I think you all cannot do better than come for three or four days; five pounds will maintain you, and pay for your coach backwards and forwards. I suppose the captain will go down with you now, for want of better company. I will steal to town one of these days, and catch you napping. I desire you and Moll§ will walk as often as you can in the Park, and do not sit moping at home, you that can neither work, nor read, nor play, nor

* Perhaps Vanessa's brother, who seems to have been in the army; he is sometimes called the Captain: or, more probably, Colonel Godfrey, mentioned in the Journal to Stella as an inhabitant of Windsor, whom Swift visited. Vol. II. p. 352.

† Presented to Swift by General Hill, Governor of Dunkirk, (see Vol. III. p. 48,) for his celebrated repartee to Lord Oxford, upon the subject of the snail and the goose, which were enchased on this snuff-box. Mr. Theophilus Swift describes this celebrated box as being of agate, richly mounted with gold. The goose and snail are still visible upon the lid.

‡ Then at Paris.

§ Miss Mary Vanhomrigh, whom he afterwards calls Molkin.

care for company. I long to drink a dish of coffee in the sluttery, and hear you dun me for Secrete, and "Drink your coffee.—Why don't you drink your coffee?" My humble service to your mother, and Moll, and the colonel. Adieu.

TO THE SAME,

[Whom he calls *Messheshinage.*]

Friday, at Mr. Lewis's Office, [no date.]

MISS HESSY is not to believe a word Mr. Lewis says in his letter. I would have writ to you sooner, if I had not been busy, and idle, and out of humour, and did not know how to send to you, without the help of Mr. Lewis, my mortal enemy. I am so weary of this place, that I am resolved to leave it in two days, and not return in three weeks. I will come as early on Monday as I can find opportunity, and will take a little Grub-Street lodging, pretty near where I did before, and dine with you thrice a-week, and will tell you a thousand secrets, provided you will have no quarrels to me. Adieu.

Don't remember me to Moll, but humble service to your mother.

TO THE SAME,

[Whom he calls *Missessy.*]

Sunday, nine, [no date.]

I DID not forget the coffee, for I thought you should not be robbed of it. John does not go to Oxford, so I send back the book, as you desire. I would not see you for a thousand pounds, if I could; but I am now in my night-gown, writing a dozen letters, and packing up papers. Why, then, you should not have come; and I know that as well as you.

My service to your mother. I doubt you do wrong to go to Oxford, but now that is past, since you cannot be in London to-night; and if I* do not inquire for acquaintance, but let somebody in the inn go about with you among the colleges, perhaps you will not be known. Adieu.

John presents his humble service to you.
The fellow has been long coming.

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* This probably should be read, "if *you* do not inquire," &c. It does not seem that Swift was to meet them at Oxford. Mrs. Vanhomrigh, whose affairs were embarrassed, might have creditors at Oxford.

TO THE SAME,

[Whom he calls *Little Missessy.*]

I HAVE writ three or four lies in as many lines. Pray seal up the letter to Mrs. L.,* and let nobody read it but yourself. I suppose this packet will lie two or three hours till you awake. And pray let the outside starched letter to you be seen, after you have sealed that to Mrs. L. See what arts people must [*use,*] though they mean ever so well. Now are you and Puppy lying at your ease, without dreaming anything of all this. Adieu, till we meet over a pot of coffee, or an orange and sugar, in the sluttery, which I have so often found to be the most agreeable chamber in the world.

—o—

FROM MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

London, Sept. 1st, 1712.

HAD I a correspondent in China, I might have had an answer by this time. I never could think till now that London was so far off in your thoughts,

* Perhaps to Mrs. Long, who was an intimate of the Vanhomrigh family. See a letter of hers to Swift, Vol. XV. p. 471, in which Miss Hessy is particularly mentioned. But, if this conjecture be accurate, the letter should have been placed first of the series, for Mrs. Long died December, 1711. Ibid. p. 478. She was then retired to Lynne, for fear of her creditors, which may be a reason for the precaution observed in addressing her.

and that twenty miles were, by your computation, equal to some thousands. I thought it a piece of charity to undeceive you in this point, and to let you know, if you give yourself the trouble to write, I may probably receive your letter in a day: 'twas that made me venture to take pen in hand the third time. Sure you'll not let it be to no purpose. You must needs be extremely happy where you are, to forget your absent friends; and I believe you have formed a new system, and think there is no more of this world, passing your sensible horizon. If this be your notion, I must excuse you; if not, you can plead no other excuse; and, if it be, sir, I must reckon myself of another world; but I shall have much ado to be persuaded, till you send me some convincing arguments of it. Don't dally in a thing of this consequence, but demonstrate that 'tis possible to keep up a correspondence between friends, though in different worlds, and assure one another, as I do you, that I am your most obedient, and most humble servant,

E. VANHOMRIGH.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

London, Sept. the 2d, 1712.

MR. LEWIS tells me you have made a solemn resolution to leave Windsor the moment we come there; 'tis a noble res.,* pray keep to it. Now, that I may be noways accessory to your breaking it, I design to send Mr. Lewis word, to a minute, when we shall leave London, that he may tell you. And,

* Resolution.

might I advise you, it should be to set out from Windsor just at the same time that we leave London, and, if there be a by-way, you had better take it, for I very much apprehend that seeing us will make you break through all, at least I am sure it would make you heartily repent; and I would not for the world, could I avoid it, give any uneasiness upon this score, because I must infallibly upon another. For, when Mr. Lewis told me what you had done, (which I must needs say was not in so soft a manner as he ought, both out of friendship to you, and compassion to me,) I immediately swore that, to be revenged of you, I would stay in Windsor as long as Mrs. H——e did, and, if that was not long enough to teaze you, I would follow her to Hampton Court, and then I should see which will give you most vexation, seeing me but sometimes, or not seeing her at all. Besides, Mr. Lewis has promised me to intercept all your letters to her, and hers to you; at least he says I shall read them *en passant*, and, for sealing them again, let him look to that. I think your ruin is amply contrived, for which don't blame me, but yourself, for 'twas your rashness prompted to this malice, which I should never else have thought of.

—o—

TO MRS. ESTHER VANHOMRIGH,

[The Younger, at her lodgings over against Park-Place, in St. James's Street, London. Carriage paid.]

Windsor Castle, Sept. 3, 1712.

I SEND this haunch of venison to your mother, not to you, and this letter to you, not your mother. I had your last, and your bill, and know your

reasons. I have ordered Barber to send you the overplus, sealed up: I am full of business and ill humour. Some end or other shall soon be put to both.* I thought you would have been here yesterday: Is your journey hither quite off?† I hope Moll is recovered of her illness, and then you may come. Have you 'scaped your share in this new fever?‡ I have hitherto, though of late I am not very well in my head.

You rally very well; Mr. Lewis allows you to do so.§

I read your letter to him. I have not time to answer, the coach and venison being just ready to go.

Pray eat half an ounce at least of the venison, and present my humble service to your mother, Moll, and the Colonel.

I had his letter, and will talk to him about it when he comes.

This letter, I doubt, will smell of the venison. I wish the hang-dog coachman may not spoil the haunch in the carriage. Je suis a vous, &c.

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* About this time the business of his preferment was in agitation. See the Journal, 15th Sept. 1712.

† The visit of the Vanhomrigh family to Windsor did take place, as is afterwards intimated.

‡ Journal, August 7, 1712. "We have a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly anybody misses. But it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen has forty servants down in it at once." The new fever is again mentioned, 9th October. Vol. III. p. 50.

§ This alludes to Vanessa's last letter.

TO THE SAME.

End of May, 1712.

I PROMISED to write to you, and I have let you know that it is impossible for anybody to have more acknowledgments at heart for all your kindness and generosity to me. I hope this journey will restore my health. I will ride but little every day, and I will write a common letter to you all from some of my stages, but directed to you. I could not get here till ten this night. Pray be merry, and eat, and walk, and be good; and send me your commands, whatever Mr. L. shall think proper to advise you. I have hardly time to put my pen to paper, but I would make good my promise. Pray God preserve you, and make you happy and easy; and so adieu, brat.

Service to mother and Molkin.

Mrs. B.'s house, eleven at night, company *weighting*,* who come to take leave of me.

—o—

TO MRS. VANHOMRIGH, SENIOR.

Addressed to Madam Van, at the sign of the Three Widows in Pom-roy Ally. With care and speed. *Present.*

Chester, June 6, 1713.

MADAM,

YOU heard of me from Dunstable, by the way of Hessy. I have had a sad time since. If Moll's

* Waiting.

even so had been there, she would have none left. Now Hessy grumbles that I talk of Moll. I have resolved upon the direction of my letter already, for I reckon Hessy and Moll are widows as well as you, or at least half widows. Davila* goes off rarely now. I have often wished for a little of your ratsbane:† what I met on the road does not deserve the name of ratsbane. I have told Mr. Lewis the circumstances of my journey, and the curious may consult him upon it. Who will Hessy get now to chide, or Moll to tell her stories, and bring her sugar-plums? We never know anything enough till we want it. I design to send Hessy a letter in print from Ireland, because she cannot read writing-hand, except from Mr. Partington. I hope you have heard again from the Colonel, and that he is fully cured of——, I don't know what, I forget. It was under cover to Mr. Lewis that I wrote to you from Dunstable. I writ to Hessy, by Barber, from St. Albans. I left London without taking leave of Sir John. I fear a person of his civility will never pardon me. I met no adventures in all my travels, only my horse fell under me, for which reason I will not ride him to Holyhead, I can assure him that. I could not see any marks in the chimney at Dunstable, of the coffee Hessy spilt there, and I had no diamond-ring about me, to write any of your names in the windows. But I saw written, *Dearest Lady Betty Hamilton*, and hard by, *Middleton Walker*, whom I take to be an Irish man-midwife, which was a plain omen of her getting a husband. I hear Moor, the handsome parson, came over with the A. B. of Dublin. Did he not marry one Mrs.

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* It would appear, that, under Swift's tuition, Vanessa was engaged in reading Davila's Civil Wars of France.

† *Coffee*, probably.

Devenish? Lord Lanesborough has been here lately, in his way to Ireland, and has got the good-will of all the folks in our town. He had something to say to every little boy he met in the streets. Well, he is the courteousest man, and nothing is so fine in the quality as to be courteous. Now Moll laughs because I speak wisely, and now Hessy murmurs again. Well: I had a charming handsome cousin here twenty years ago. I was to see her to-night, and, in my conscience, she is not handsome at all: I wonder how it comes about; but she is very good-natured, and you know, Moll, good-nature is better than beauty. I desire you will let me know what fellows Hessy has got to come to her bed-side in a morning,* and when you design again to hobble to Chelsea, if you did not tell me a lie, as I must suspect. My head is something better, though not so well as I expected by my journey. I think I have said enough for a poor weary traveller. I will conclude without ceremony, and go to bed. And if you cannot guess who is the writer, consult your pillow, and the first fine gentleman you dream of is the man.

So adieu.

—o—

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

London, June 6, 1713.

SIR,

Now you are good beyond expression, in sending me that dear voluntary from St. Albans. It gives me more happiness than you can imagine, or I

* The French custom of ladies receiving visits at the toilette or ruelle was then general.

describe, to find that your head is so much bette already. I do assure you all my wishes are em ployed for the continuance of it. I hope the nex will tell me they have been of force. Had I th power I want, every day that did not add as muc to your health, till it was quite established, a Monday last, should be struck out of the kalenda as useless ones. I believe you little thought t have been teased by me so soon; but when Mr Lewis told me if I would write to you, that h would take care of my letter, I must needs own had not self-denial enough to forbear. Pray wh did not you remember me at Dunstable, as well a Moll? Lord! what a monster is Moll grown since But nothing of poor Hess, except that the mark wi be in the same place of Davila where you left i Indeed, it is not much advanced yet, for I hav been studying of Rochefoucault, to see if he de scribed as much of love as I found in myself Sunday, and I find he falls very short of it. How does Bolingbroke* perform? You have not kep your promise of riding but a little every day: thirt miles I take to be a very great journey. I am ver impatient to hear from you at Chester. It is impos sible to tell you how often I have wished you a cu of coffee and an orange at your inn.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

June 1713, London. [No day of the month.]

'Tis inexpressible the concern I am in ever sinc I heard from Mr. Lewis that your head is so muc

* Swift's horse, so called.

out of order. Who is your physician? For God's sake don't be persuaded to take many slops. Satisfy me so much as to tell me what medicines you have taken, and do take. How did you find yourself while a ship-board? I fear 'tis your voyage has discomposed you, and then so much business following so immediately before you had time to recruit; —'twas too much. I beg you make all the haste imaginable to the country, for I firmly believe that air and rest will do you more good than anything in the world besides. If I talk impertinently, I know you have goodness enough to forgive me, when you consider how great an ease 'tis to me to ask these questions, though I know it will be a great while before I can be answered;—I am sure I shall think it so. Oh! what would I give to know how you do at this instant! My fortune is too hard, your absence was enough without this cruel addition. Sure the powers above are envious of your thinking so well, which makes them at some times strive to interrupt you; but I must confine my thoughts, or at least stop from telling them to you, or you'll chide, which will still add to my uneasiness. I have done all that was possible to hinder myself from writing to you, till I heard you were better, for fear of breaking my promise,* but 'tis all in vain, for had I vowed neither to touch pen, ink, nor paper, I certainly should have had some other invention; therefore, I beg you won't be angry with me, for doing what is not in my power to avoid. Pray make Parvisol write me word what I desire to know, for I would not for the world have you hold down your head. I am impatient to the last degree to hear how you are. I hope I shall soon have you here.

* The reader must observe, that, at this early period of the affection, Swift seems to have imposed upon her the very same restraints of which she afterwards complains so heavily.

FROM THE SAME.

London, June, 1713.

MR. LEWIS assures me that you are now well, but will not tell me what authority he has for it. I hope he is rightly informed. Though 'tis not my usual custom, when a thing of consequence is in doubt, to fix on what I earnestly wish; but I have already suffered so much by knowing that you were ill, and fearing that you were worse than you have been, that I will strive to change that thought, if possible, that I may have a little ease, and more, that I may not write you a splenetic letter. Pray, why would not you make Parvisol write me word how you did when I begged it so much? and if you were able yourself, how could you be so cruel to defer telling me the thing of which I wished the most to know? If you think I write too often, your only way is to tell me so, or at least to write to me again, that I may know you don't quite forget me; for I very much fear that I never employ a thought of yours now, except when you are reading my letters, which makes me ply you with them: (Mr. Lewis complains of you too.) If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.* But why don't you talk to me that you know will please me. I have often heard you say, that you would willingly suffer a little uneasiness, provided it gave another a vast deal of pleasure. Pray remember this maxim, because it makes for me. This is now the fourth

* This is the only phrase in the whole correspondence which intimates jealousy on the part of Miss Vanhomrigh.

letter I have wrote to you: they could not miscarry, for they were all under Mr. Lewis's cover, nor could you avoid opening them, for the same reason. Pray what have you done about the two livings? Have you recovered them or no?* You know I love law-business. I have been with lawyers since I saw you, but have not yet had their answers, therefore won't trouble you with what I have done, till I can tell you all. Pray let me know when you design coming over; for I must beg you to talk to Mr. P., and settle some affairs for me. Pray let me hear from you soon, which will be an inexpressible joy to her that is always——

FROM THE SAME.

London, June 23, 1713.

HERE is now three long weeks passed since you wrote to me. Oh! happy Dublin, that can employ all your thoughts, and happy Mrs. Emerson, that could hear from you the moment you landed. Had it not been for her, I should be yet more uneasy than I am. I really believe, before you leave Ireland, I shall give you just reason to wish I did not know my letters, or at least that I could not write; and I had rather you should wish so than entirely forget me. Confess; have you once thought of me since you wrote to my mother at Chester?

* Laracor and Rathbeggan. The Dean, on his promotion, talked of recommending Dr. Raymond as his successor, in case of his removal. He retained them, however. Vol. III. pp. 48, 153.

which letter, I assure you, I take very ill. My mother and I have counted the Molls and the Hessys; 'tis true, the number is equal; but you talk to Moll, and only say, *now Hessy grumbles.* How can you, indeed, possibly be so ill-natured, to make me either quarrel or grumble, when you are at so great a distance that it is impossible for me to gain by doing so? Besides, you proposed the letter should be directed to me; but I'll say no more of that, but keep my temper till we meet. Pray, have you received the letter I wrote you to Chester? I hear you had a very quick passage. I hope it was a pleasant one, and that you have no reason to complain of your health. We have had a vast deal of thunder for this week past. I wish you had been here last Thursday, I am sure you could have prevented the bills from being lost.* Are not you prodigiously surprised at Sir Thomas Hanmer and Lord Anglesey? Lord! how much we differ from the ancients, who used to sacrifice everything for the good of the commonwealth; but now our greatest men will, at any time, give up their country out of pique, and that for nothing. 'Tis impossible to describe the rejoicings that are amongst the Whigs since that day,† and I fear the elections will add to them. Lord-Treasurer has been extremely to blame, for all his friends advised him to let it be dropt, by consent, till next session: but [he] would not, depending on the same success he had on the

* These bills referred to the 8th and 9th articles of the treaty of commerce with France. They were opposed as prejudicial to the trade and manufactures of England, and lost 15th June, 1712, by a majority of nine votes against ministry. Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Francis Annesley, with many other Tories, voted with the opposition on this occasion.

† There were illuminations and public rejoicings in almost all the trading towns, and even in London and Westminster.

malt-tax.* I know you'll say, "What, does the slut mean to talk all this stuff to me? if I was there, I had as lieve hear it as anything they could say, but to pursue me with their nonsense is intolerable.—I'll read no more!—Will I Go to the post-office and see if there be more letters for me! What, will this packet only serve to tease me?" I can tell you, you'll have none from Lady Orkney by the post, whatever you may by any other carriage.† I have strictly observed your commands as to reading and walking. Mr. Ford can witness the latter, for he has paddled with us several nights. (I have a vast deal to tell you about him when I see you.) Mr. Lewis has given me "*Les Dialogues des Morts*," and I am so charmed with them, that I am resolved to quit my [*body*], let the consequence be what it will, except you will talk to me, for I find no conversation on earth comparable but yours; so, if you care I should stay, do but talk, and you will keep me with pleasure.

—o—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Laracor, July 8, 1713.

I STAYED but a fortnight in Dublin, very sick, and returned not one visit of a hundred that were made me; but all to the Dean and none to the Doctor. I

* The question of extending the malt-tax to Scotland, which excited violent opposition. Ministers gained the question by a very small majority.

† Lady Orkney was an old courtier, and probably did not care to commit herself by letters sent through the General Post-Office, which was then a suspicious channel of communication.

am riding here for life, and think I am something better, and hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field-bed and an earthen floor before the great house there which they say is mine. I had your last splenetic letter. I told you when I left England, I would endeavour to forget everything there, and would write as seldom as I could. I did, indeed, design one general round of letters to my friends, but my health has not yet suffered me. I design to pass the greatest part of the time I stay in Ireland here in the cabin where I am now writing; neither will I leave the kingdom till I am sent for; and if they have no further service for me, I will never see England again. At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me; but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness. My river walk is extremely pretty, and my canal in great beauty, and I see trout playing in it. I know not anything in Dublin, but Mr. Ford is very kind, and writes to me constantly what passes among you. I find you are likewise a good politician, and I will say so much to you, that I verily think, if the thing you know of had been published just upon the peace,* the ministry might have avoided what hath since happened. But I am now fitter to look after willows, and to cut hedges, than to meddle with affairs of state. I must order one of the workmen to drive those cows out of my island, and make up the ditch again; a work much more proper for a country vicar, than driving out factions, and fencing against them. And I must go and take my bitter draught to cure my head, which is spoilt by the bitter draughts the public hath given me. How does Davila go on? Johnny Clark is chosen

* The History of the Peace of Utrecht.

portrieve of our town of Trim, and we shall have the assizes there next week, and fine doings; and I must go and borrow a horse to meet the judges; and Joe Beaumont, and all the boys that can get horses, will go too. Mr. Warburton has but a thin school. Mr. Percival has built up the other side of his house, but people whisper that it is but scurvily built. Mr Steers is come to live in Mr. Melthorp's house, and 'tis thought the widow Melthorp will remove to Dublin. Nay, if you don't like this sort of news, I have no better, so go to your Dukes and Duchesses, and leave me to Goodman Bumford, and Patrick Dollan of Glanduggan.—Adieu.

TO MRS. ESTHER VANHOMRIGH,*

At her lodgings, over against the Surgeon's, in Great Rider Street, near St. James's Street.

Upper Letcomb, near Wantage, in Berkshire.
June 8th, 1714.

You see I am better than my word, and write to you before I have been a week settled in the house where I am. I have not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from anybody since I left London, of which I am very glad. But, to say the truth, I believe I shall not stay here so long as I intended. I am at a clergyman's house, an old friend and acquaintance, whom I love very

* This letter was written during Swift's secession to the country, upon the breach between Oxford and Bolingbroke becoming open and irreconcilable.

well; but he is such a melancholy thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance, I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me; so we dine exactly between twelve and one; at eight we have some bread and butter, and a glass of ale, and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him, of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days. I never saw her, and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk, and do not speak as many words as I have now writ, in three days; so that, in short, I have a mind to steal to Ireland, unless I feel myself take more to this way of living, so different, in every circumstance, from what I left. This is the first syllable I have writ to anybody since you saw me. I shall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a Londoner, but a friend; for I care not threepence for news, nor have heard one syllable since I came here. The Pretender, or Duke of Cambridge, may both be landed, and I never the wiser. But if this place were ten times worse, nothing shall make me return to town while things are in the situation I left them. I give a guinea a-week for my board, and can eat anything. I hope you are in good health and humour. My service to Moll. My cold is quite gone.

A vous, &c.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

July 8, 1714.

I FIND you take heavily that touch upon your shoulder.* I would not have writ to you so soon, if it were not to tell you, that, if you want to borrow any money, I would have you to send to Mr. Barber, or Ben Tooke, which you please, and let them know it, and the sum, and that I will stand bound for it, and send them my bond. I did not know our posts went on Tuesday, else I would have writ two days ago to tell you this. I do not see how you can be uneasy when the year is out, for you can pay only what you receive; you are answerable for no more, and I suppose you have not given bonds to pay your mother's debts. As for your £2, 5s. that you gave your note for, if that be all, it is a trifle, and your owning it with so much apology looks affected. If you have no more secret debts than that, I shall be glad. But still, I cannot understand how any of those creditors of your mother can give you any trouble, unless there be some circumstances that I do not know the bottom of. I believe I shall not stay here much longer, and, therefore, if you want to borrow money, I would

* Mrs. Vanhomrigh was now dead, and her daughters were left in embarrassment, if not in poverty, and even exposed to arrest, as appears from the hint in the text, and the lordly pleasantry of Orrery, who assures us, "that the two daughters hastened in all secrecy back to Ireland, beginning their journey on a Sunday, to avoid the interruption and importunities of a certain fierce kind of animals called Bailiffs, who are not only sworn foes to wit and gaiety, but whose tyranny, although it could not have reached the deified Vanessa, might have been very fatal to Esther Vanhomrigh."—Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift, p. 68.

have you do it soon, and of the two, rather of Ben Tooke; because I have just drawn a note upon Barber for thirty guineas for my own expenses. I believe a bond had better be sent to me down to sign, and I will send it back to you, and you may give it Ben. You may speak freely to Ben of this, and if he has no money by him, we must apply to Barber. I am forced to conclude in haste, because the post-house is two miles off, and it will be late if I stay longer. Adieu.

My service to Molkin.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

Aug. 1, 1714.

I HAVE had now two letters of yours to answer. I am pleased to see you piqued about my dearness to Ben and John.* They are worthy subjects; there are some words I never use to some people, let that satisfy. How many gentlemen, say you, and fine young gentlemen truly, would be proud to have you desire so much of them. Who told you I was going to Bath? No such thing. I had fixed to set out to-morrow for Ireland; but poor Lord Oxford desires I will go with him to Herefordshire; and I only expect his answer, whether I shall go there before, or meet him hereabouts, or go to Wimple, (his son's

* It would seem that the Dean, in addressing his printer and bookseller, had styled them Dear Ben and Dear John. Vanessa appears to have been jealous of a distinction never paid to her in the course of their correspondence, and the Dean gaily justifies himself.

house,) and to go with him down; and I expect to leave this in two or three days, one way or other. I will stay with him till the Parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am not of your opinion about Lord Bolingbroke; perhaps he may get the staff, but I cannot rely on his love to me. He knew I had a mind to be historiographer, though I valued it not but for the public service, yet it is gone to a worthless rogue that nobody knows. I am writ to earnestly by somebody to come to town, and join with these people now in power, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all other men while he was great, and his letter to me t'other day was the most moving imaginable. The knife-handles should surely be done up in silver, and strong. I believe Brandeth, my toyman, in Exchange Alley, would deal most honestly by me. Barber knows him. Where's your discretion in desiring to travel with that body,* who, I believe, would not do it for a thousand pounds, except it were to Italy. Pray God send you a good deliverance through your accounts. 'Tis well you have been a lawyer so long. You will be two hours reading this letter, it is writ so ill. When I am fixed anywhere, perhaps I may be so gracious as to let you know: but I will not promise.

Service to Moll. Adieu.

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* Barber seems to be indicated. He was a Jacobite, and to this the Dean probably alludes, in saying he would travel nowhere but to Italy.

TO THE SAME.

August 12, 1714.

I HAD your letter last post; and before you can send me another I shall set out for Ireland. I must go and take the oaths, and the sooner the better. I think, since I have known you, I have drawn an old house upon my head. You should not have come by Wantage * for a thousand pounds. You used to brag you were very discreet: where is it gone? It is probable I may not stay in Ireland long, but be back by the beginning of winter. When I am there, I will write to you as soon as I can conveniently, but it shall always be under a cover; and if you write to me, let some other direct it; and I beg you will write nothing that is particular, but what may be seen; for I apprehend letters may be opened, and inconveniences will happen. If you are in Ireland while I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom, but where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through; but it is probable we may meet in London in winter, or, if not, leave all to fate, that seldom cares to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits. I shall, I hope, be on horseback in a day after this comes to

* In a subsequent letter he mentions the Berkshire surprise, which was probably an unexpected visit of Vanessa to Wantage.

your hand. I would not answer your questions for a million, nor can I think of them with any ease of mind.*

Adieu.†

TO THE SAME.‡

Phillips-town, Nov. 5, 1714.

I MET your servant when I was a mile from Trim, and could send him no other answer than I did, for I was going abroad by appointment; besides, I would not have gone to Kildrohod § to see you for all the world. I ever told you you wanted discretion. I am going to a friend upon a promise, and shall stay with him about a fortnight, and then come to town, and I will call on you as soon as I can, supposing you lodge in Turnstile Alley, as your servant told me, and that your neighbours can tell me whereabouts. Your servant said you would be in town on Monday; so that I suppose this will be ready to welcome you there. I fear you had a journey full of fatigues. Pray take care of your health in this Irish air, to which you are a stranger. Does not Dublin look

* The reference to these *questions* is a sort of cant expression, which repeatedly occurs afterwards. It would seem, Vanessa subjected her admirer to a sort of regular catechism, (it may be supposed to respect the state of his affections,) which must sometimes have sufficiently embarrassed him.

† Swift left Letcombe, August 16, 1714, in order to go to Ireland.

‡ The first and last sentence of this letter, which, taken apart from the rest, have almost an air of brutality, have found their way to the public. When the context is restored, it is merely an example of the Dean's playful rudeness.

§ Kildrohod, the Irish name of Celbridge, where Vanessa had her country residence.

very dirty to you, and the country very miserable? Is Kildrohod as beautiful as Windsor, and as agreeable to you as the Prebend's lodgings* there? Is there any walk about you as pleasant as the avenue, and the Marlborough Lodge? I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages. Adieu.

(Thus directed:—To Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at her lodgings in Turnstile Alley, near College Green, Dublin.)

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Dublin, 1714.

You cannot but be sensible (at least in some degree) of the many uneasinesses I am slave to: a wretch of a brother, cunning executors, and importunate creditors of my mother's, things I can no way avoid being subject to at present, and weighty enough to sink greater spirits than mine without some support. Once I had a friend that would see me sometimes, and either commend what I did, or advise me what to do, which banished all my uneasiness. But now when my misfortunes are increased by being in a disagreeable place, among strange prying deceitful people, whose company is so far from an amusement, that it is a very great punishment, you fly me, and give me no reason, but that we are

* Where Swift lodged when at Windsor. "My lodgings," he writes to Stella, 7th August 1712, "look upon Eton and the Thames. I wish I was owner of them: they belong to a prebend." Vol. III. p. 44.

amongst fools, and must submit. I am very well satisfied we are amongst such, but know no reason for having my happiness sacrificed to their caprice.* [You once had a maxim, (which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world said,) I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I can't imagine. You can't but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit, (since you can't otherwise,) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties for my sister's sake; for were she not involved, who, I know, is not able to manage them as I am, I have a nobler soul than sit struggling with misfortunes, when at the end I can't promise myself any real happiness. Forgive me; I beg you'll believe it is not in my power to avoid complaining as I do.

—o—

FROM THE SAME.

Dublin, 1714.

WELL! now I plainly see how great a regard you have for me.† [You bid me be easy, and you'd see me as often as you could: you had better have said

* The passage within crotchets has been printed in former editions of Swift. The sense is greatly illustrated, and many sinister interpretations confuted by restoration of the contexts.

† This letter has been published in former editions, excepting only the first sentence.

as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a person in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. 'Tis impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world, I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your look so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may but have so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you. Forgive me, and believe me I cannot help telling you this, and live.

—•—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Monday Morning.

I WILL see you in a day or two, and believe me it goes to my soul not to see you oftener. I will give you the best advice, countenance, and assistance I can. I would have been with you sooner, if a thou-

sand impediments had not prevented me. I did not imagine you had been under difficulties. I am sure my whole fortune should go to remove them. I cannot see you, I fear, to-day, having affairs of my place to do: but pray think it not want of friendship or tenderness, which I will always continue to the utmost.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.*

No date.

Is it possible that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied when I told you the other night that I would pester you with letters. [Did not I know you very well, I should think you knew but little of the world to imagine that a woman would not keep her word whenever she promised anything that was malicious. Had not you better a thousand times throw away one hour at some time or other of the day, than to be interrupted in your business at this rate: for I know 'tis as impossible for you to burn my letters without reading them, as 'tis for me to avoid reproving you, when you behave yourself wrong.] Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your own quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts

* An extract from this letter has been printed in former editions, with the date of the year 1720. The passages restored from Mr. Berwick's manuscript, are enclosed in crotchets.

to reclaim you; and if all these fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which [*it*] is said never does. Now see what inconveniencies you will bring both me and yourself into. Pray think calmly of it! Is it not better to come of yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world; for when I undertake anything, I don't love to do it by halves. [But there is one thing falls out very luckily for you, which is, that of all the passions, revenge hurries me least, so that you have it yet in your power to turn all this fury into good humour, and depend upon it, and more, I assure you. Come at what time you please, you can never fail of being very well received.]

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.*

If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat who cannot read can possibly write so well. You are mistaken. Send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart; I think it inconvenient for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can, but my health, and the perpetual run of ill-weather, hinders me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up, I know not how, that I am in rebellion

* This has been printed in former editions.

with a dozen people, beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. 'Tis a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same of them: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it for one reason: Guess. Adieu,—for Dr. P. is come in to see me.

Directed to Miss Hessy Vanhom.

—o—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.*

Monday Morning, 10 o'clock.

I RECEIVED your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night; and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. I here send the paper you left me. This morning a woman who does business for me, told me she heard I was in ——† with one ——, naming you, and twenty particulars; that little Master —— and I visited you, and that the A. B.‡ did so, and that you had abundance of wit, &c.—I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if for some time I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible.

These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

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* This letter has been printed. † Supply *Love*. ‡ Archbishop.

TO THE SAME.

I AM now writing on Wednesday night, when you are hardly settled at home, and it is the first hour of leisure I have had, and it may be Saturday before you have it, and then there will be Governor Hutf.* and to make you more so, I here enclose a letter to poor Molkin, which I will command her not to shew you. because it is a love-letter. I reckon by this time, the groves and fields and purling streams have made Vanessa romantic, provided poor Molkin be well. Your friend† sent me the verses he promised, which I here transcribe.

Nymph, would you learn the only art,
To keep a worthy lover's heart;
First to adorn your person well,
In utmost cleanliness excel:
And though you must the fashions take,
Observe them but for fashion's sake:
The strongest reason will submit
To virtue, honour, sense, and wit:
To such a nymph, the wise and good,
Cannot be faithless, if they would;
For vices all have different ends,
But virtue still to virtue tends;
And when your lover is not true,
'Tis virtue fails in him, or you:
And either he deserves disdain,
Or you without a cause complain;
But here Vanessa cannot err,
Nor are those rules applied to her:

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* This cant expression, which often occurs, and sometimes in very puzzling passages, refers to Vanessa's desire of having things her own way, in which she was but seldom indulged.

† That is Swift himself, under the character of Cadenus. He often speaks in his mysterious manner of Cadenus as a different person from himself.

For who could such a nymph forsake,
Except a blockhead, or a rake;
Or how could she her heart bestow,
Except where wit and virtue grow.

In my opinion, these lines are too grave, and therefore, may fit you, who, I fear, are in the spleen; but that is not fit either for yourself, or the person you tend,* to whom you ought to read diverting things. Here is an epigram that concerns you not:

Dorinda dreams of dress a-bed,
'Tis all her thought and art;
Her lace hath got within her head,
Her stays stick to her heart.

If you do not like these things, what must I say? This town yields no better. The questions which you were used to ask me, you may suppose to be all answered, just as they used to be after half an hour's debate;† "Entendez vous cela?" You are to have a number of parsons in your neighbourhood, but not one that you love, for your age of loving parsons is not yet arrived. What this letter wants in length, it will have in difficulty, for I believe you cannot read it. I will write plainer to Molkin, because she is not much used to my hand. I hold a wager, there are some lines in this letter you will not understand, though you can read them; so drink your coffee, and remember you are a desperate chip, and that the lady who calls you bastard, will be ready to answer all your questions. It is now Sunday night before I could finish this.

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* Her sister. † See p. 335, Note.

TO THE SAME.*

If you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel; but since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather choose to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I was in great apprehension that poor Molkin was worse, and till I could be satisfied in that particular, I would not write again: but I little expected to have heard of your own ill health, and those who saw you since made no mention to me of it. I wonder what Molkin meant by shewing you my letter; I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better.

It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years, and since I have such ill success, I will write no more. Never was a *belle passion* so defeated, but the governor† I hear is jealous, and upon your word you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping, do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would imagine you were in love, by dating your letter August 29th, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: prove to me first that it was possible to answer anything to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour.

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* Some very imperfect extracts from this letter have already been published.

† See note on p. 342.

I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out; and I am sure it cost me a great many thoughts to make my letter difficult. Sure Glassheel * is come over, and gave me a message from J. B.† about the money on the jewels, which I will answer. Molkin will be so glad to see Glassheel; ay, Molkin! Yesterday I was half way towards you, where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led? and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if they were dropt by careless messengers. A stroke thus —— signifies everything that may be said to *Cad*, at the beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that anything written by *Cad* should be difficult to *Skinage*. I must now leave off abruptly, for I intend to send this letter to-day, August 4.

To Miss Essy.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Cellbridge, 1720.

—— CAD— you are good beyond expression, and I will never quarrel again if I can help it; but, with submission, 'tis you that are so hard to be pleased, though you complain of me. I thought the last

* This seems a cant name; and there is no indication of the individual whom it designates: an Irish gentleman, of course, for his country-house is afterwards mentioned.

† John Barber, as afterwards appears. He had, at Swift's instance, assisted Miss Vanhomrigh in some pecuniary matters, and was now desirous of being repaid.

letter I wrote you, was obscure and constrained enough. I took pains to write it after your manner; it would have been much easier for me to have wrote otherwise. I am not so unreasonable as to expect you should keep your word to a day, but six or seven days are great odds. Why should your apprehensions for Molkin hinder you from writing to me? I think you should have wrote the sooner to have comforted me. Molkin is better, but in a very weak way. Though those who saw me told you nothing of my illness, I do assure you I was for twenty-four hours as ill as 'twas possible to be, and live. You wrong me when you say, I did not find that you answered my questions to my satisfaction; what I said was, I had asked those questions as you bid, but could not find them answered to my satisfaction. How could they be answered in absence, since Somnus is not my friend? We have had a vast deal of thunder and lightning;—where do you think I wished to be then? and do you think that was the only time I wished so, since I saw you? I am sorry my jealousy should hinder you from writing more love-letters; for I must chide sometimes, and I wish I could gain by it at this instant, as I have done, and hope to do.—Is my dating my letter wrong the only sign of my being in love? Pray tell me, did not you wish to come where that road to the left would have led you? I am mightily pleased to hear you talk of being in a huff; 'tis the first time you ever told me so; I wish I could see you in one. I am now as happy as I can be without seeing —— CAD, I beg you will continue happiness to your own Skinage.

FROM THE SAME.

—— CAD, I am, and cannot avoid being in the spleen to the last degree. Everything combines to make me so. Is it not very hard to have so good a fortune as I have, and yet no more command of that fortune, than if I had no title to it? One of the D—rs * is —— I don't know what to call him. He behaved himself so abominably to me the other day, that had I been a man he should have heard more of it. In short, he does nothing but trifle and make excuses. I really believe he heartily repents that ever he undertook it, since he heard the counsel first plead, finding his friend more in the wrong than he imagined. Here am I obliged to stay in this odious town, attending and losing my health and humour. Yet this and all other disappointments in life I can bear with ease, but that of being neglected by —— Cad. He has often told me that the best maxim in life, and always held by the wisest in all ages, is to seize the moments as they fly, but those happy moments always fly out of the reach of the unfortunate. Pray tell —— Cad, I don't remember any angry passages in my letter, and I am very sorry if they appeared so to him. Spleen I cannot help, so you must excuse it. I do all I can to get the better of it; and it is too strong for me. I have read more since I saw Cad, than I did in a great while past, and chose those books that required most attention, on purpose to engage my thoughts; but I find the more I think the more unhappy I am.

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* Doctors perhaps. Some of her affairs were under reference; and she was, it seems, discontented with the referees.

I had once a mind not to have wrote to you, for fear of making you uneasy to find me so dull, but I could not keep to that resolution, for the pleasure of writing to you. The satisfaction I have in your remembering me, when you read my letters, and the delight I have in expecting one from —— Cad, makes me rather choose to give you some uneasiness, than to add to my own.

—•—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.*

May 12, 1719.

[On vous a trompé en vous disant que je suis parti pour trois jours; des affaires assez impertinentes m'ont tirée sitost, et je viens de quitter cette place pour aller voir quelques amis plus loin, purement pour le retablissement de ma santé.

Croyez moi, s'il y a chose croyable au monde, que je pense tout ce que vous pouvez souhaiter de moy, et que tous vos desirs seront obei, comme de commandmens qu'il sera impossible de violer. Je pretends de mettre cette lettre dans une ville de poste où je passeray. J'iray en peu de tems visiter un seigneur; mais je ne sçay encore le nom de sa maison, ni du pais où il demeure. Je vous conjure de prendre guarde de votre santé. J'espere que vous passerez quelque part de cet eté dans votre maison de campagne, et que vous promenerez à cheval autant que vous pouvez. Vous aurez vos vers à revoir quand j'aurai mes pensées et mon tems

* An extract from the latter part of this letter has been printed. The passages marked with crotchets are restored.

libre; la muse viendra. Faites mes complimens à la mechante votre compagnone, qui aime les contes et le Latin. J'espere que vos affaires de chicane sont en un bon train.] Je vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoise: il faut vous connoître long-tems de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroissent des nouvelles, qui estoient auparavant cachées. Il est honteux pour moy de ne savoir que le Gascon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y rien à redire dans l'orthographie, la proprieté, l'elegance, le douceur, et l'esprit, et que je suis sot, moy de vous repondre en même langage, vous qui estes incapable d'aucune sottise; si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaît d'avoir pour moy; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucune preuve de mon bon goût de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée à un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrement, et la fermeté d'ame, mais en vous cachant, comme vous faites, le monde ne vous connoit pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'avois l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ay toujours remarqué, que, ni en conversation particulière, ni generale, aucun mot a echappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit etre mieux exprimé; et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus severe critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun defaut en vos actions, ni en vos parolles: la coquetrie, l'affectation, la pruderie, sont des imperfections que vous n'avois jamais connu.

Et avec tout cela, croyez-vous, qu'il est possible de ne vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain? Quelles bestes en jûppes sont, les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous; en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent foix le jour,—ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces miser-

ables. Sont-ce du même sexe—de même espece de creatures? Quelle cruanté! de faire mepriser autant de gens, qui, sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables. Mais il est tems de vous delasser, et de vous dire adieu! avec tout le respect, la sincerité, et l'estime de monde, je suis, et seray toujours.

For Madame Hester Vanhomri.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

August 12, 1720.

I APPREHENDED, on the return of the porter I sent with my last letter, that it would miscarry, because I saw the rogue was drunk; but yours made me easy. I must neither write to Molkin, nor not write to her. You are like Lord Pembroke, who would neither go nor stay. Glassheel talks of going to see you, and taking me with him, as he goes to his country-house. I find you have company with you these two or three days; I hope they are diverting, at least to poor Molkin. Why should Cad's letters be difficult? I assure you ——'s are not all.

I am vexed that the weather hinders you from any pleasure in the country, because walking, I believe, would be of good use to you and Molkin. I reckon you will return a prodigious scholar, a most admirable nurse-keeper, a perfect housewife, and a great drinker of coffee.

I have asked, and am assured there is not one beech in all your groves to carve a name on, nor purling stream, for love or money, except a great river,* which sometimes roars, but never murmurs,

* The Liffey.

just like Governor Huff.* We live here in a very dull town, every valuable creature absent, and Cad says he is weary of it, and would rather drink his coffee on the barrenest mountain in Wales, than be king here.

> A fig for partridges and quails;—
> Ye dainties, I know nothing of ye;
> But, on the highest mount in Wales,
> Would choose in peace to drink my coffee.

And you know very well that coffee makes us severe, and grave, and philosophical. What would you give to have the history of C d—— and ——— exactly written, through all its steps, from the beginning to this time? † I believe it would do well in verse, and be as long as the other. I hope it will be done. It ought to be an exact chronicle of twelve years from , the time of spilling the coffee,‡ to drinking of coffee; from Dunstable to Dublin, with every single passage since.

There would be the chapter of Madame going to Kensington; the chapter of the blister; the chapter of the colonel going to France; the chapter of the wedding, with the adventures of the lost key; of the sham; of the joyful return; two hundred chapters

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* A name which he gave to Vanessa when she was disposed to assume authority over him.

† The Dean never completed this second part of the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa.

‡ Some jest is alluded to of Vanessa spilling coffee at Dunstable, mentioned in a letter to her mother, 6th June, 1713. With respect to the other circumstances, they must be left chiefly to the charitable construction of the reader; a just penalty to the correspondents who wrap up an innocent meaning in innuendos. But, if any less than innocence were implied, it appears impossible that Vanessa should have received with rapture (as she does in the next letter) the proposal of Cadenus to immortalize these incidents of their intercourse.

of madness; the chapter of long walks; the Berkshire surprise;* fifty chapters of little times; the chapter of Chelsey; the chapter of swallow and cluster; a hundred whole books of myself, &c.; the chapter of hide and whisper; the chapter of who made it so; my sister's money. Cad—— bids me tell you, that if you complain of difficult writing, he will give you enough of it. See how much I have written, without saying one word of Molkin; and you will be whipt before you will deliver a message with honour. I shall write to J. Barber next post, and desire him to be in no pain about his money. I will take not one word of notice of his riches, on purpose to vex him. If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.† I delivered your letter, enclosed, to our friend,‡ who happened to be with me when I received it. I find you are very much in his good grace, for he said a million of fine things upon it, though he would let nobody read a word of it but himself, though I was so kind to shew him yours to me, as well as this, which he had laid a crown with me you will not understand, which is pretty odd for one that sets up for so high an opinion of your good sense. I am ever, with the greatest truth, yours, &c.

August 13.

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* When Vanessa seems to have visited the Dean's retreat near Wantage. See his letter of 12th August, 1714.

† This remarkable sentiment is the sting of Arbuthnot's celebrated epitaph on Chartres. It is applied by the Dean, in a moment of hasty peevishness, to his old friend Barber.

‡ Cadenus, to wit. See a preceding note.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Cellbridge, 1720.

—— CAD, is it possible that you will come and see me? I beg, for God's sake, you will; I would give the world to see you here, (and Molkin would be extremely happy.) Do you think the time long since I saw you?

I did design seeing you this week, but will not stir, in hopes of your coming here. I beg you'll write two or three words by the bearer, to let me know if you think you'll come this week. I shall have the note to-night. You make me happy beyond expression by your goodness. It would be too much once to hope for such a history; if you had laid a thousand pounds that I should not understand your letter, you had lost it. Tell me sincerely, did those circumstances crowd on you, or did you recollect them only to make me happy?

—o—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Thursday morn, ten.

I WILL see you to-morrow, if possible. You know it is not above five days since I saw you, and that I would ten times more, if it were at all convenient, whether your Old Dragon come or no, whom I believe my people cannot tell what to make of, but take him for some conjuror. Adieu.

TO THE SAME.*

October 15, 1720.

I SIT down, with the first opportunity I have, to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send the letter; for all the mornings I am plagued with impertinent visits, or impertinent business, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners, and afternoons, and evenings, are spent abroad, and in walking to ——, and to avoid spleen as far as I can; so that, when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel, and be Governor, but to impute it to my situation; and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect, esteem, and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve, because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read, and still farther improve your mind, and the talents that nature has given you. [I had a letter from your friend J. B.† in London, in answer to what I told you that Glassheel said about the money. J. B.'s answer is, that you are a person of honour; that you need give yourself no trouble about it; that you will pay when you are able, and he shall be content till then. These are his own words; and you see he talks in the style of a very rich man, which he says he yet is, though terribly pulled down by the fall of stocks. I am glad you did not sell your annuities, unless somebody were to

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* About one half of this letter has been printed; the passages within crotchets now appear for the first time.

† John Barber.

manage and transfer them while stocks were high.] I am in much concern for poor Molkin, and the more, because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both your * sakes, and read pleasant things, that will make you laugh, and not sit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do Molkin more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm clothes be provided; and so it would to you; and, if you lose any skin, you know Job says, "Skin for skin will a man give for his life;" it is either Job or Satan says so, for ought you know. [Oct. 17.—I had not a moment to finish this since I sat down to it. A person was with me just now, and interrupted me as I was going on, with telling me of great people here losing their places, and now some more are coming about business. So adieu, till by and by, or to-morrow.] Oct. 18.—I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about the garden, and then —— drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. [Glassheel takes up abundance of my time in spite of my teeth.] Everybody grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic, which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money. [I had a thousand times hear the Governor chide two hours without reason.

Oct. 20.—The Governor was with me at six o'clock this morning, but did not stay two minutes, and deserves a chiding, which you must give when you drink your coffee next. I hope to send this

* In former editions, this is printed *our sakes;* a variation slight in sound, but important in sense.

letter to-morrow. I am a good deal out of order in my head, after a little journey I made; ate too much, I suppose, or travelling in a coach after it. I am now sitting at home alone, and will go write to Molkins. So adieu.]

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Cellbridge, 1720.

You had heard from me before, but that my messenger was not to be had till to-day, and now I have only time to thank you for yours, because he was going about his business this moment, which is very happy for you, or you would have had a long letter, full of spleen. Never was human creature more distressed than I have been since I came. Poor Molkin has had two or three relapses, and is in so bad a way, that I fear she will never recover. Judge now what a way I am now in, absent from you, and loaded with melancholy on her score. I have been very ill with a stitch in my side, which is not very well yet.

FROM THE SAME.

Cellbridge, 1720.

Believe me it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your goodnature is such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable, without being sensibly touched;

yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. 'Tis now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh, how have you forgot me! You endeavour by severities to force me from you, nor can I blame you; for, with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that 'tis not in the power of time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for ——.

Put my passion under the utmost restraint, send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, don't flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change on you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell me tenderly: No; don't tell it, so that it may cause my present death, and don't suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

FROM THE SAME.*

Cellbridge, 1720.

TELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote last to you. No, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not at ease. I have worn on my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of ——, who thinks not of me. How many letters must I send you before I shall receive an answer? Can you deny me in my misery the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect, and shew some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to do so great a charity. I firmly believe, could I know your thoughts, (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you,) I should find you have often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven; but that would not spare you,—for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by?—you are at present everywhere;

* This letter has been published with some literal and minute inaccuracies, which are here corrected from Mr. Berwick's MS.

your dear image is always before mine eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

—o—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Four o'clock.

I DINED with the provost, and told him I was coming here, because I must be at prayers at six. He said you have been with him, and would not be at home this day, and went to Cellbridge to-morrow. I said I could, however, go try. I fancy you told him so, that he might not come to-night; if he comes, you must piece it up as you can, else he will think it was on purpose to meet me, and I hate anything that looks like a secret.

I cannot possibly call after prayers: I therefore came here in the afternoon while people were in church, hoping certainly to find you. I am truly affected for poor Moll, who is a girl of infinite value, and I am sure you will take all possible care of her, and I hope to live to see the sincerest friendship in the world long between you. I pray God of Heaven protect you both, and am, entièrement.

—o—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Monday.

I AM surprised and grieved beyond what I can express. I read your letter twice before I knew what it meant, nor can I yet well believe my eyes. Is that poor good creature dead?* I observed she looked a little ghastly on Saturday, but it is against the usual way for one in her case to die so sudden. For God's sake get your friends about you to advise, and to order everything in the forms. It is all you have to do. I want comfort myself in this case, and can give little. Time alone must give it you. Nothing now is your part but decency. I was wholly unprepared against so sudden an event, and pity you most of all creatures at present.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.†

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had more than ordinary mind to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last, though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you to take more care of your health

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* Miss Mary Vanhomrigh.

† All this letter has appeared excepting a short passage within crotchets.

by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences in the world to, if all the advantages in life can be any defence against it. Cad. assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life, but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men in all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health; what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from everything agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and converse with fools and impertinents, to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking your coffee, and [become] so low as to have no spirits. [I answer all your questions that you were used to ask Cad., and he protests he answers them in the affirmative. How go your law affairs? you were once a good lawyer, but Cad. hath spoiled you. I had a weary journey in an Irish stage coach, but am pretty well since.] Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulation, or else Cad. shall know it and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I confirm myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folk's plantations and ditchings, as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them.

Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise to make Cad. and yourself

miserable? Settle your affairs and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire.

I can say no more, being called away; mais soyez assurée que jamais personne du monde a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous. I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu!

—o—

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.*

Clogher, June 1, 1722.

[THIS is the first time I have set pen to paper since I left Dublin, having not been in any settled place till ten days ago, and I missed one post by ignorance, and that has stopt me five days. Before that time I was much out of order by the usual consequences of wet weather and change of drink, neither am I yet established, though much better than I was.] The weather has been so constantly bad, that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a-week to have met Kendall, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining tête-à-tête, and drinking coffee again till seven. [I answer all the questions you can ask me in the affirmative. I remember your detesting and despising the conversation of the world. I have been so mortified with a man and

* An extract from this letter has been published; the passages restored are marked with crotchets.

his lady here two days, that it has made me as peevish as, (I want a comparison.) I hope you are gone, or going to your country-seat, though I think you have a term upon your hands. I shall be here long enough to receive your answer, and perhaps to write to you again; but then I shall go farther off, (if my health continues,) and shall let you know my stages. I have been for some days as splenetic as ever you was in your life, which is a bold word. Remember I still enjoin your reading and exercise for the improvement of your mind, and health of your body, and grow less romantic, and talk and act like a man of this world. It is the saying of the world, and I believe you often say, I love myself, but I am so low, I cannot say it, though your new acquaintance were with you, which I heartily wish for the sake of you and myself.] God send you through your law and your reference; and remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh, but without the two former you cannot drink it right; and remember the china in the old house, and Rider Street, and the Colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the sick lady at Kensington, and the indisposition at Windsor, and the strain by the box of books at London. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry; this year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same, [and I give you leave to be ———, and will be answerable for them. I hope you will let me have some of your money when I see you, which I will pay honestly you again. Repondez moy si vous entendez bien tout cela,] et croyez que je seray toujours tout ce que vous desirez. Adieu.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.*

Loughgall, county of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

[I HAVE received yours, and have changed places so often since, that I could not assign a place where I might expect an answer from; and if you be now in the country, and this letter does not reach you in the due time after the date, I shall not expect to hear from you, because I leave this place the beginning of August.] I am well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so, is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in, is that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days a-piece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point,—I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber.

The use I have made of it was to read I know not how many diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours,—the worse the better. There is a

* Extracts from this letter have appeared. The restored passages are marked with crotchets.

pleasure in being reverenced, and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in life is, to drink your coffee when you can, and when you cannot, to be easy without it; while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathise with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write, for, I believe, coffee once a-week is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions, as I used to do, but then I gave all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than I ever did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left the town;—I always drew up the clothes with my left hand, which is a superstition I have learnt these ten years. [These country posts are always so capricious, that we are forced to send our letters at a call on a sudden, and mine is now demanded, though it goes not out till to-morrow. Be cheerful, and read, and ride, and laugh, as Cad—— used to advise you long ago. I hope your affairs are in some better settlement.] I long to see you in figure and equipage: pray do not lose that taste. Farewell.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

—— CAD. . I thought you had quite forgot both me and your promise of writing to me. Was it not very unkind to be five weeks absent without sending me one line to let me know you were well, and remembered me? Besides, you have had such bad

weather, that you could have no diversion abroad; what then could you do, but write and read? I know you do not love cards, neither is this a time of year for that amusement. Since I saw you, I have gone more into the world than I did for some time past, because you commanded me, and I do protest here that I am more and more sick of it every day than another. One day this week I was to visit a great lady that has been a-travelling for some time past, where I found a very great assembly of ladies and beaux, (dressed as I suppose to a nicety.) I hope you'll pardon me now I tell you that I heartily wished you a spectator, for I very much question if in your life you ever saw the like scene, or one more extraordinary. The lady's behaviour was blended with so many different characters, I cannot possibly describe it without tiring your patience. But the audience seemed to be a creation of her own, they were so very obsequious. Their forms and gestures were very like those of baboons and monkeys; they all grinned and chattered at the same time, and that of things I did not understand. The rooms being hung with arras, in which were trees very well described, just as I was considering their beauty, and wishing myself in the country with ——, one of these animals snatched my fan, and was so pleased with me, that it seized me with such a panic that I apprehended nothing less than being carried up to the top of the house and served as a friend of yours was,* but in this ——— one of their own species came in, upon which they all began to make their grimaces, which opportunity I took and made my escape. I have not made one

* This passage plainly shews that Vanessa had read the manuscript of Gulliver's Travels, which were not published until 1726, about four years after her death.

single step in either law or reference since I saw you. I meet with nothing but disappointments, yet am obliged to stay in town attending Mr. P., &c., which is very hard. I do declare I have so little joy in life, that I don't care how soon mine ends. For God's sake write me soon, and kindly, for in your absence, your letters are all the joy I have on earth, and sure you are too good-natured to grudge one hour in a week to make any human creature happy. —— Cad., think of me and pity me.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.*

I AM this moment leaving my present residence, and if I fix anywhere, shall let you know it, [for I would fain wait till I got a little good weather for riding and walking, there never having been such a season as this remembered; though I doubt you know nothing of it, but what you learn by sometimes looking out at your back window to call your people. I had your last, with a splendid account of your law affairs. You were once a better solicitor, when you could contrive to make others desire your consent to an act of Parliament against their own interest to advance yours. Yet at present you neither want power nor skill, but disdain to exercise either. When you are melancholy, read diverting or amusing books: it is my receipt, and seldom fails. Health, good humour, and fortune, are all that is

* A partial extract of the letter, dated 7th August 1722, has been printed. The additions from Mr. Berwick's MS. are marked as usual with crotchets.

valuable in this life, and the last contributes to the two former. I have not rode in all above poor 400 miles since I saw you, nor do I believe I shall ride above 200 more till I see you again; but I desire you will not venture to shake me by the hand, for I am in mortal fear of the itch, and have no hope left, but that some ugly vermin called ticks have got into my skin, of which I have pulled out some, and must scratch out the rest. Is not this enough to give me the spleen? for I doubt no Christian family will receive me: and this is all a man gets by a northern journey. It would be unhappy for me to be as nice in my conversation and company as you are, which is the only thing wherein you agree with Glassheel, who declares there is not a conversable creature in Ireland except Cad. What would you do in these parts, where politeness is as much a stranger as cleanliness? I am stopt, and this letter is intended to travel with me; so adieu till the next stage. Aug. 8.

Yesterday I rode 29 miles without being weary, and I wish little *Heskinage* could do as much. Here I leave this letter to travel on one way while I go another, but where I do not know, nor what cabins or bogs are in my way. I see you this moment as you are visible at ten in the morning, and now you are asking your questions round, and I am answering them with a great deal of affected delays, and the same scene has passed forty times as well as the other, from two till seven, longer than the first by two hours, yet each its *ses agremens particuliers.*] A long vacation. Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the fields and groves of your country seat, or among your cousins in town, or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you, and then reasoning and forming teazing conclusions from mistaken thoughts?

The best company for you is a philosopher, whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. [Go over the scenes of Windsor, Cleveland Row, Rider Street, St. James's Street, Kensington, the Sluttery, the Colonel in France, &c. Cad. thinks often of these, especially on horseback,* as I am assured.] What a foolish thing is time, and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopt as if it passed! But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing and thinking myself fast into a spleen, which is the only thing that I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in, [if I fix at all till I return, and that I leave to fortune and the weather.]

—o—

[As a supplement to this remarkable correspondence, I insert Miss Vanhomrigh's last will, from a regular official extract.]

COPY OF THE WILL OF ESTHER VANHOMRIGH,

FROM THE REGISTRY OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT IN IRELAND.

Extracted from the Registry of his Majesty's Court of Prerogative in Ireland.

In the name of God, Amen.—I Esther Vanhomrigh, one of the daughters of Bartholomew

* Cadenus somewhat resembles Hotspur in this respect;

"And when I am on horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely."

Vanhomrigh, late of the city of Dublin, Esq., deceased, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner and form following, that is to say:—First, I recommend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, and my body I commit to the earth, to be buried at the discretion of my executors herein after named. In the next place, I give and devise all my worldly substance, whether in lands, tenements, hereditaments, or trusts, and all my real and personal estate, of what nature or kind soever, unto the Reverend Doctor George Berkly, one of the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, and Robert Marshall of Clonmell, Esq., their heirs, executors, and administrators, chargeable nevertheless with, and subject and liable to, the payment of all such debts of my own contracting, as I shall owe at the time of my death, as also unto the payment of the several legacies hereinafter bequeathed, or which shall hereafter be bequeathed by any codicil to be annexed to this my last will and testament: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto Erasmus Lewis of London, Esq., the sum of twenty-five pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto Francis Annesly of the city of London, Esq., twenty-five pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto John Hooks, Esq. of Gaunts in Dorsetshire, twenty-five pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give unto the Right Reverend Father in God, William King, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, twenty-five pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto the Right Reverend Father in God Theop. Bolton, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, twenty-five pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto Robert Lindsey of the city of Dublin, Esq., twenty-five pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto Edmund

Shuldam of the city of Dublin, Esq., twenty-five pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto William Lingin of the Castle of Dublin, Esq., twenty-five pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto the Rev. Mr. John Antrobus, my cousin, the like sum of money, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto Bryan Robinson, doctor of physic in the city of Dublin, fifteen pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto Mr. Edward Cloker, of the city of Dublin, fifteen pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto Mr. William Marshall, of the city of Dublin, fifteen pounds sterling, to buy a ring: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto John Finey, son of George Finey, of Kildrought, in the county of Kildare, and godson to my sister, the sum of twenty-five pounds sterling, to be paid when he shall attain the age of twenty-one years: Also, I give and bequeath to his mother, Mrs. Mary Finey, the sum of ten pounds sterling, to buy mourning; and to Mrs. Ann Wakefield, her sister, in the parish of St. Andrews in the city of Dublin, the like sum, to buy mourning: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto Ann Kindon, who is now my servant, the sum of five pounds sterling, to buy mourning; and to her daughter, Ann Clinkskells, the like sum of money, to buy mourning: *Item*, I give and bequeath unto every servant that shall live with me at the time of my death, half a year's wages; and to the poor of the parish, where I shall happen to die, five pounds sterling: And I do hereby make, constitute, and appoint, the said Dr. George Berkly, and Robert Marshall, Esq., of Clonmell, sole executors of this my last will and testament: And I do hereby revoke and make void all former and other wills and testaments by me, in any wise heretofore made, either in word or

writing, and declare this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I, the said Esther Vanhomrigh, have hereunto set my hand and seal, this first day of May, in the year of our Lord 1723.

E. VANHOMRIGH. (*Seal.*)

Signed, published, and declared by the said Esther Vanhomrigh, for and as her last will and testament, in presence of us, who attest the same by subscribing our names in the presence of her the said testatrix.

JAS. DOYLE. ED. THRUSH. DARBY GAFNY.

The last will and testament of Esther Vanhomrigh, late deceased (having, and so forth,) was proved in common form of law, and probate granted by the most Reverend Father in God Thomas, and so forth, to the Reverend George Berkly and Robert Marshall, the executors, they being first sworn personally.—Dated the 6th of June, 1723.

A true copy, which I attest,

JOHN HAWKINS, *Dep. Reg.*

There is also before the editor a copy of a commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Archbishop of Dublin, to grant a probate to Miss Vanhomrigh's executors, dated London, 26th November 1725.

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